

HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**  
**THE SEVEN**  
**CRYSTAL BALLS**



MAGNET





# THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS

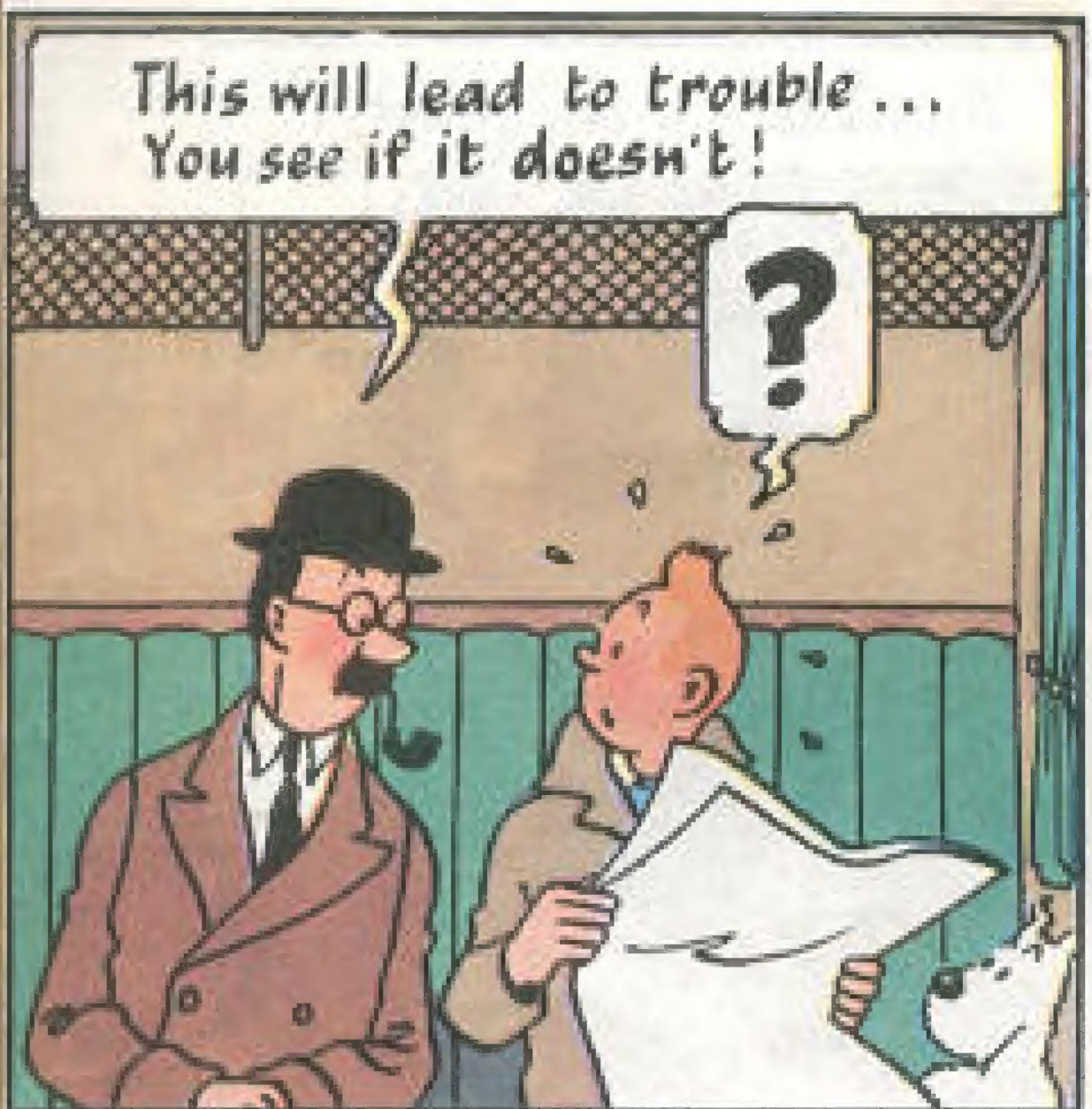
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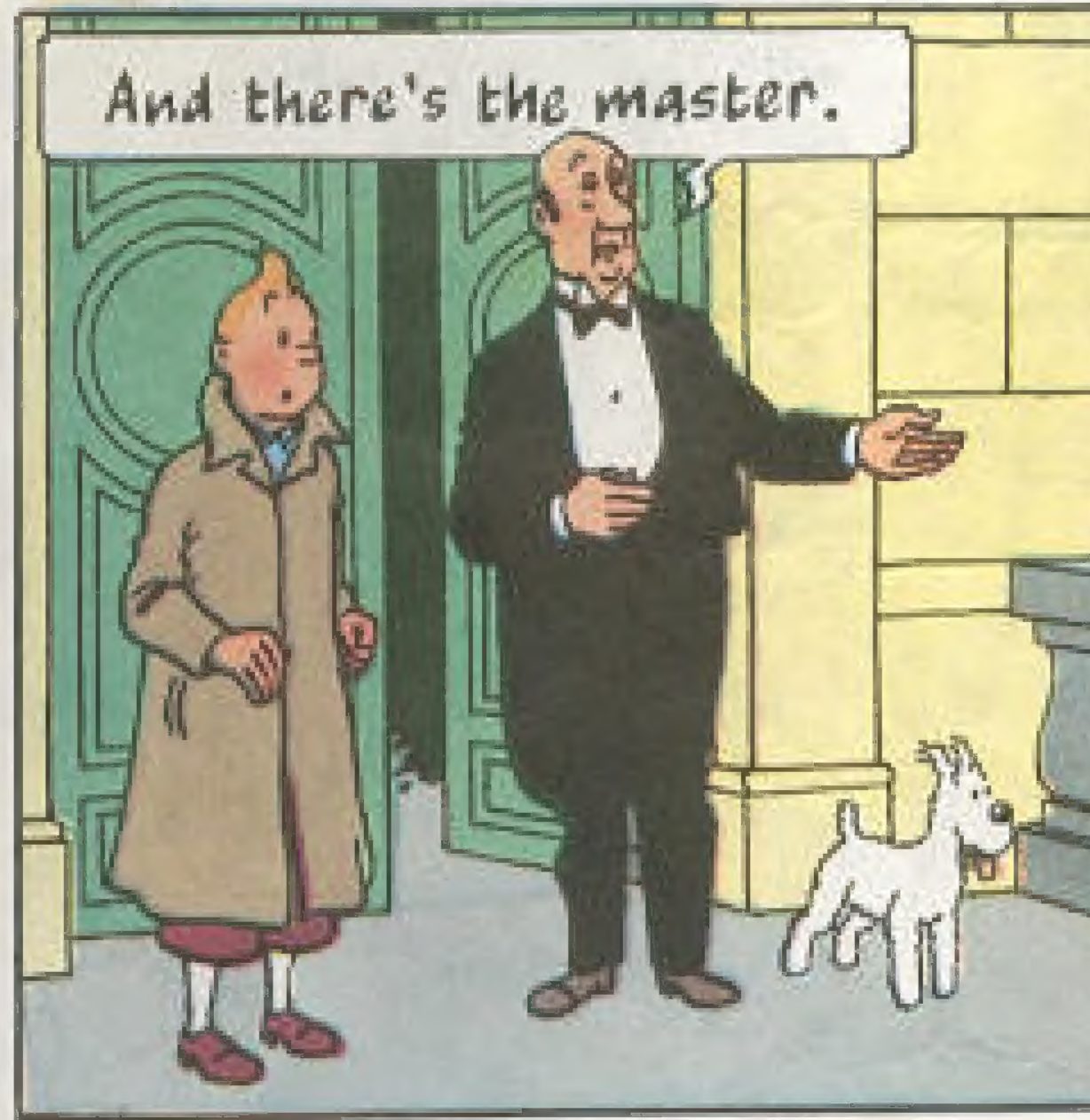
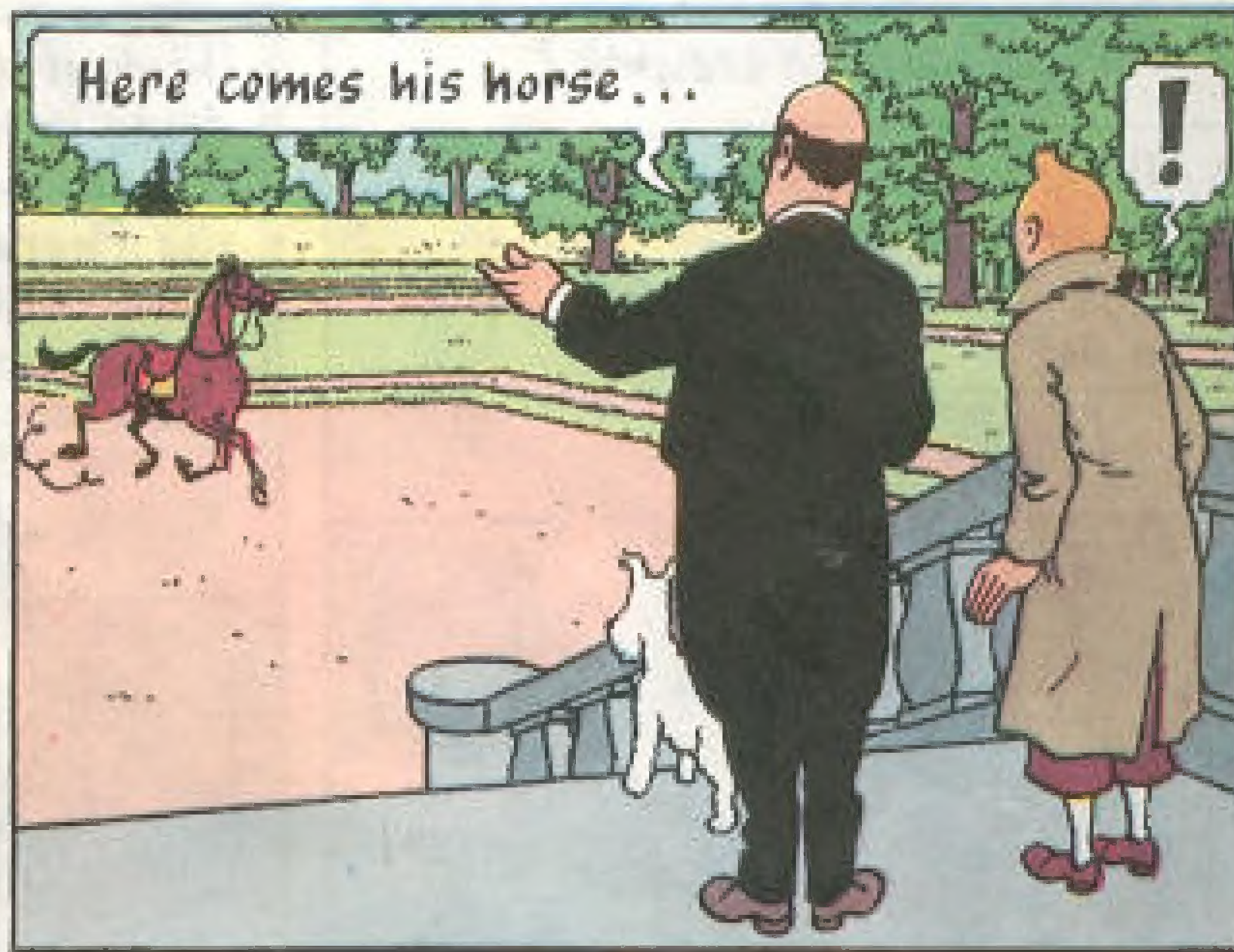
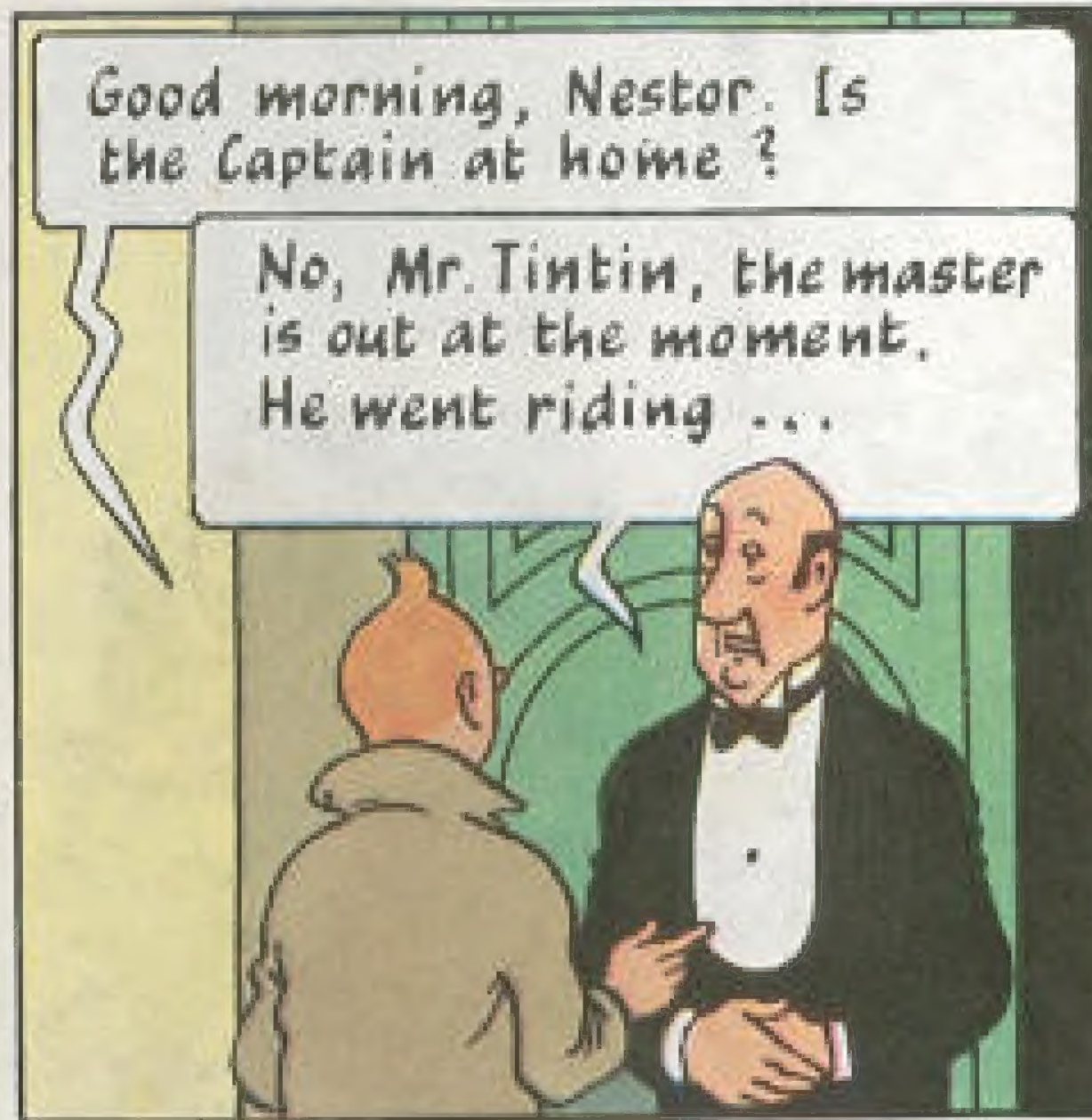
## HOME AFTER TWO YEARS

### *Sanders-Hardiman Expedition Returns*

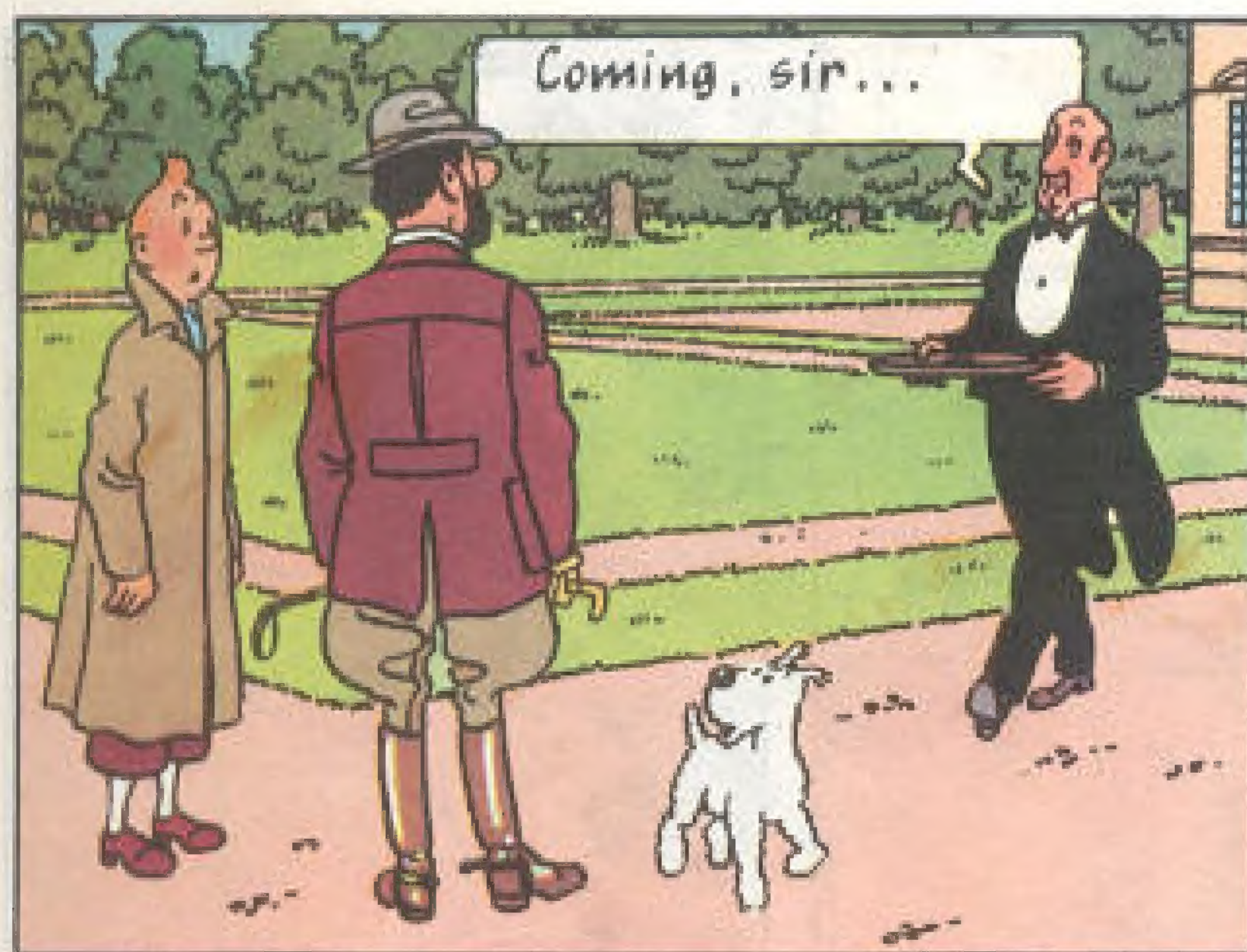
LIVERPOOL, *Thursday.* The seven members of the Sanders-Hardiman Ethnographic Expedition landed at Liverpool today. Back in Europe after a fruitful two-year trip through Peru and Bolivia, the scientists report that their travels took them deep into little-known territory. They discovered several Inca tombs, one of which contained a mummy still wearing a 'borla' or royal crown of solid gold. Funerary inscriptions establish beyond doubt that the tomb belonged to the Inca Rascar Capac.



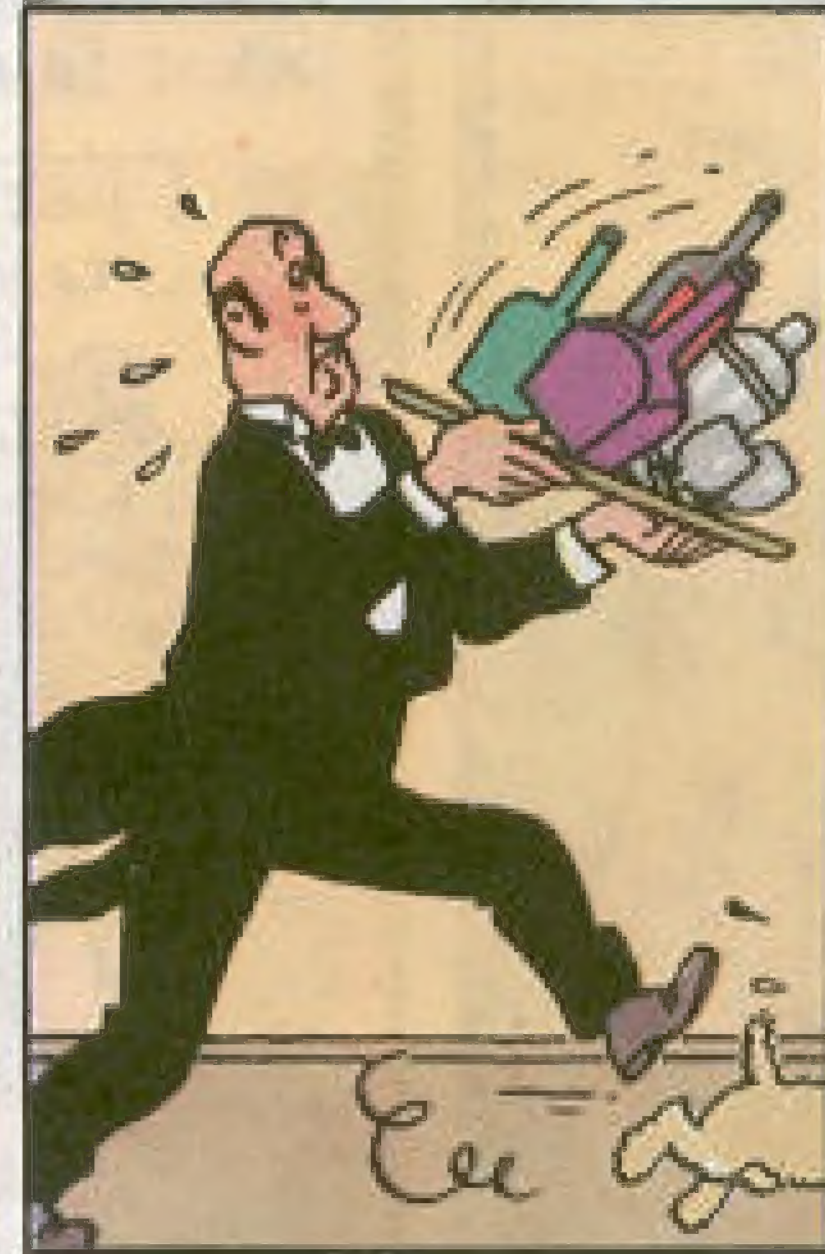
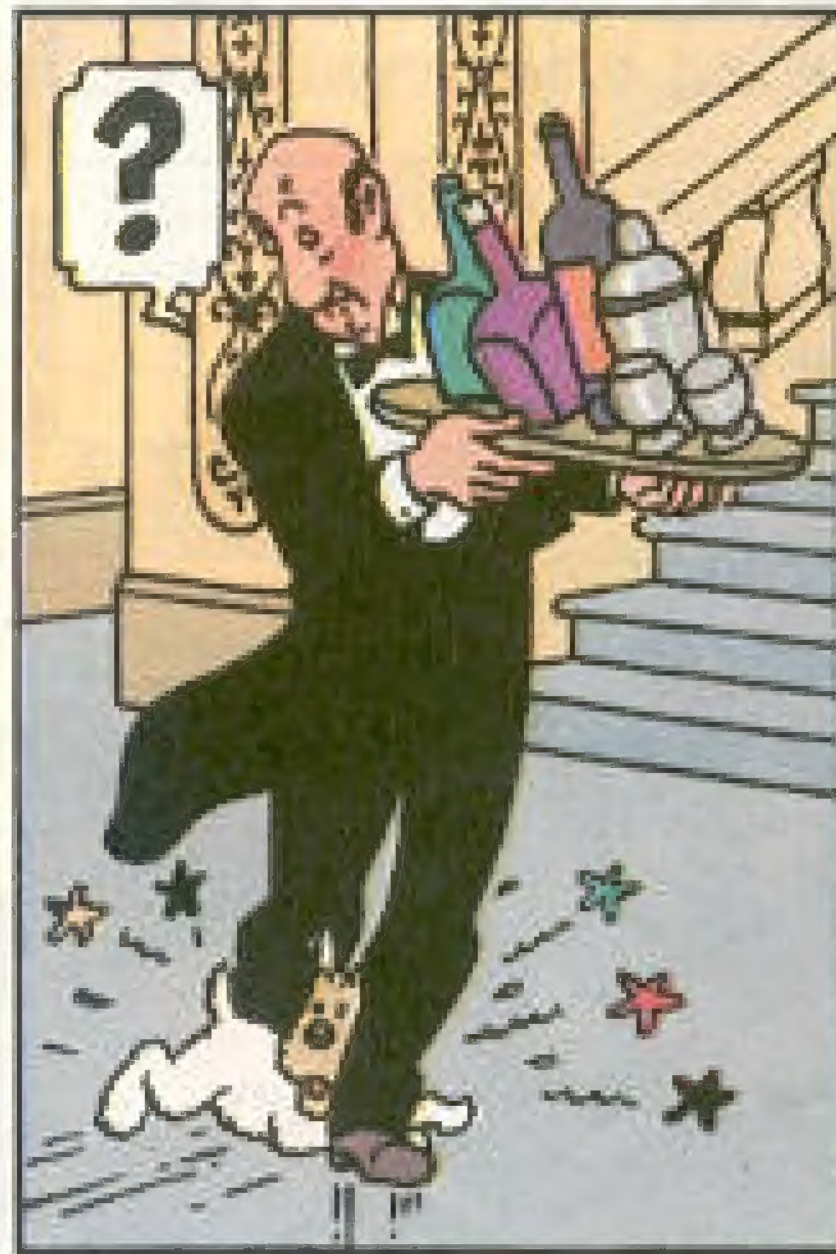
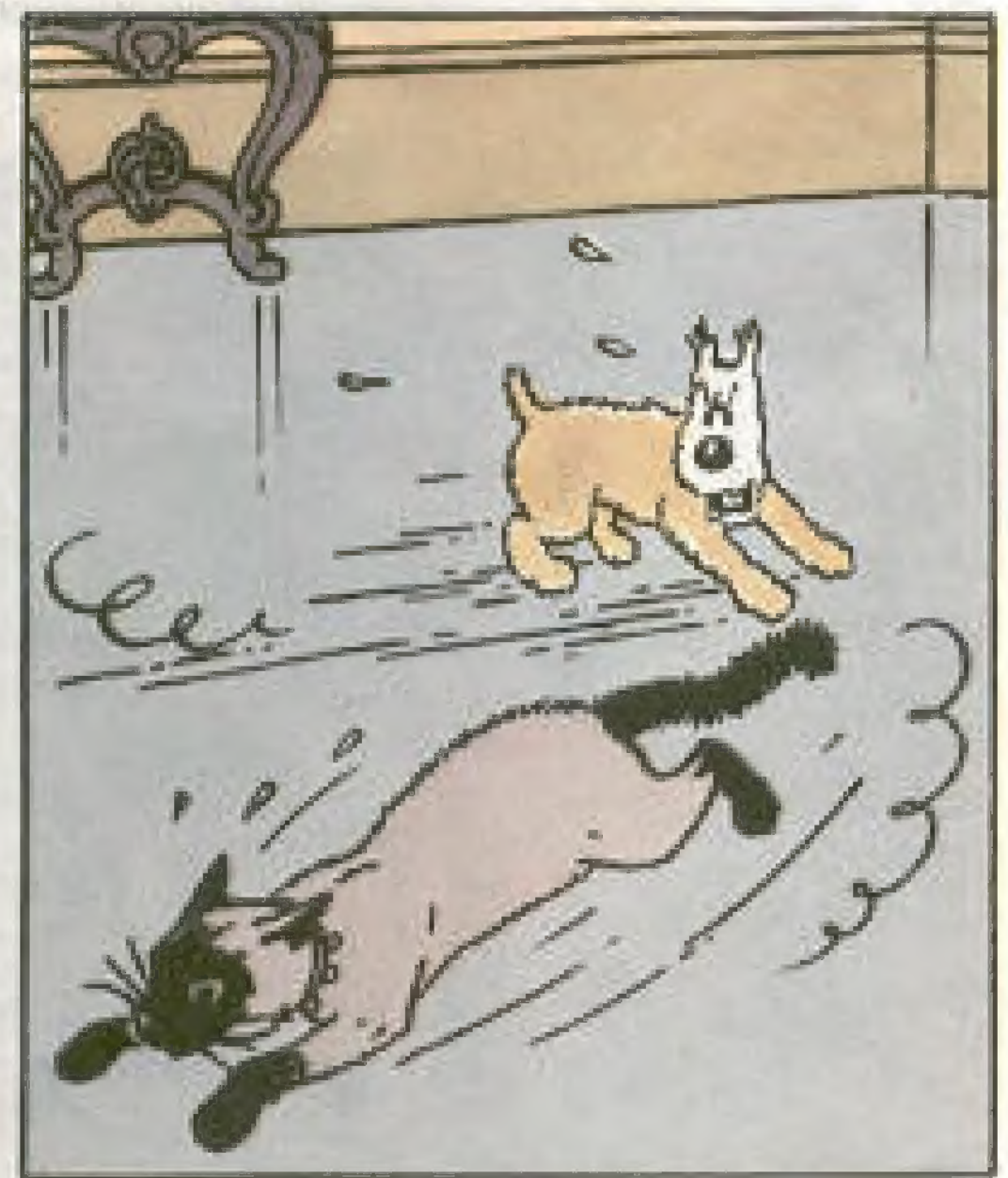
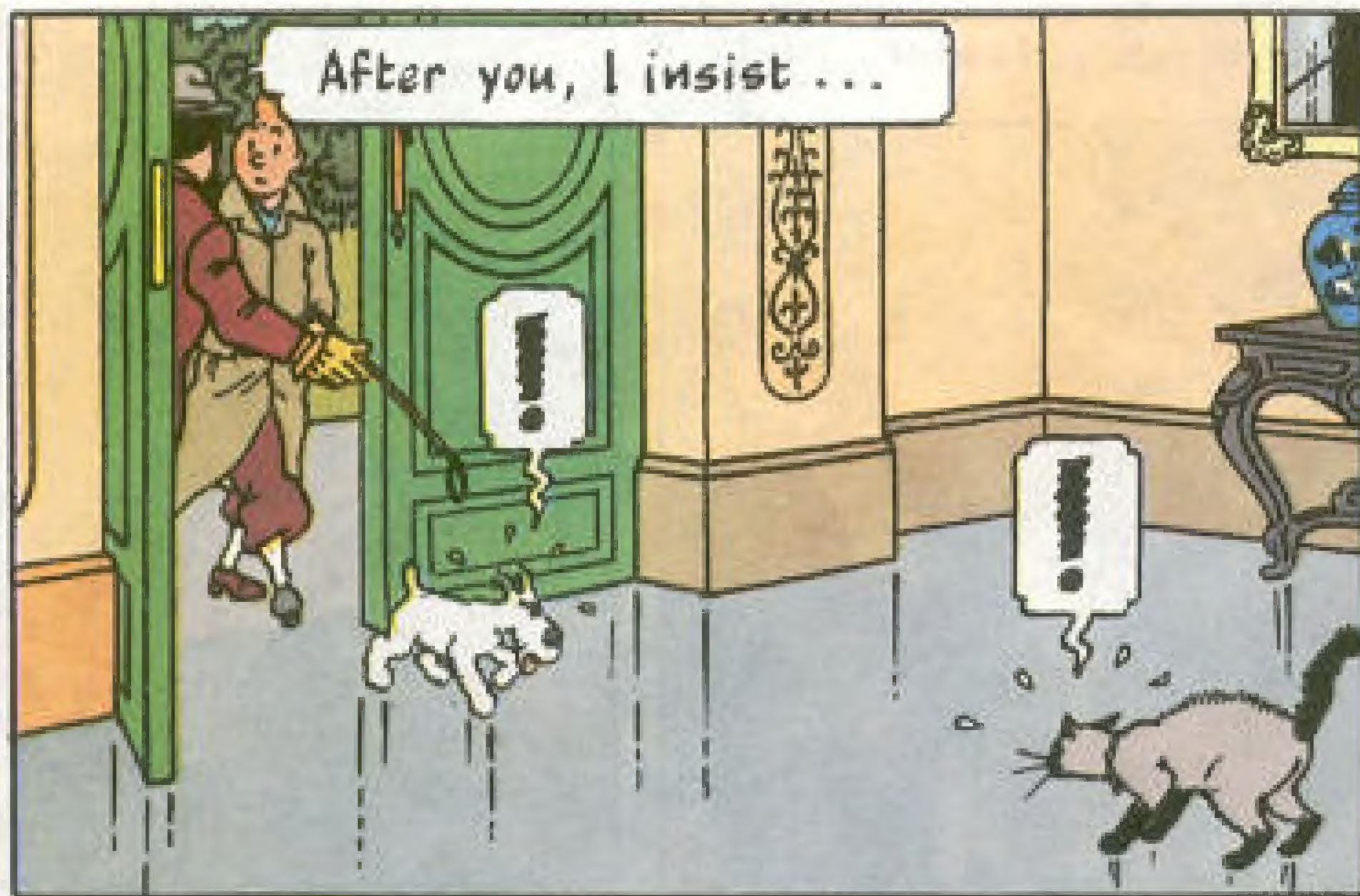




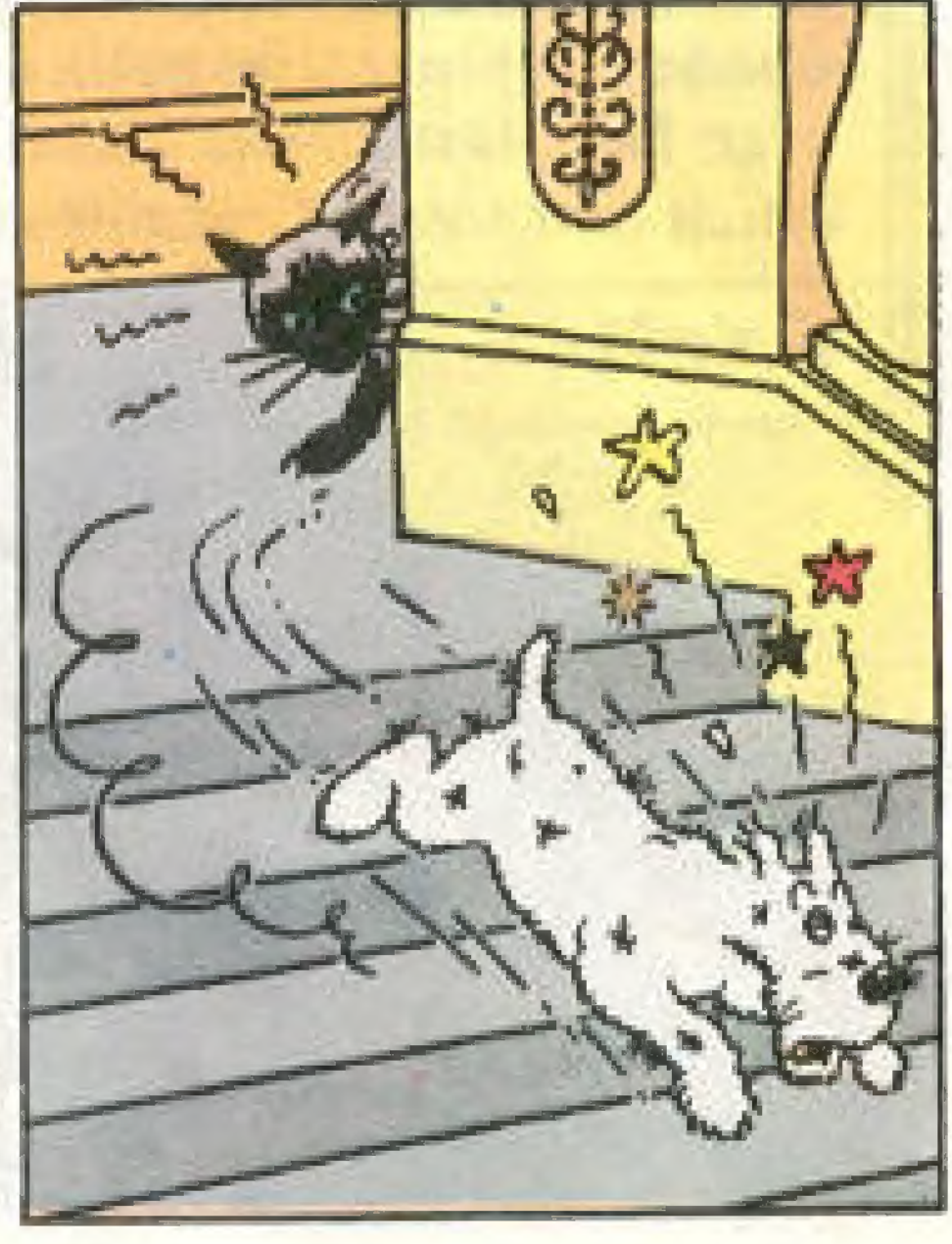
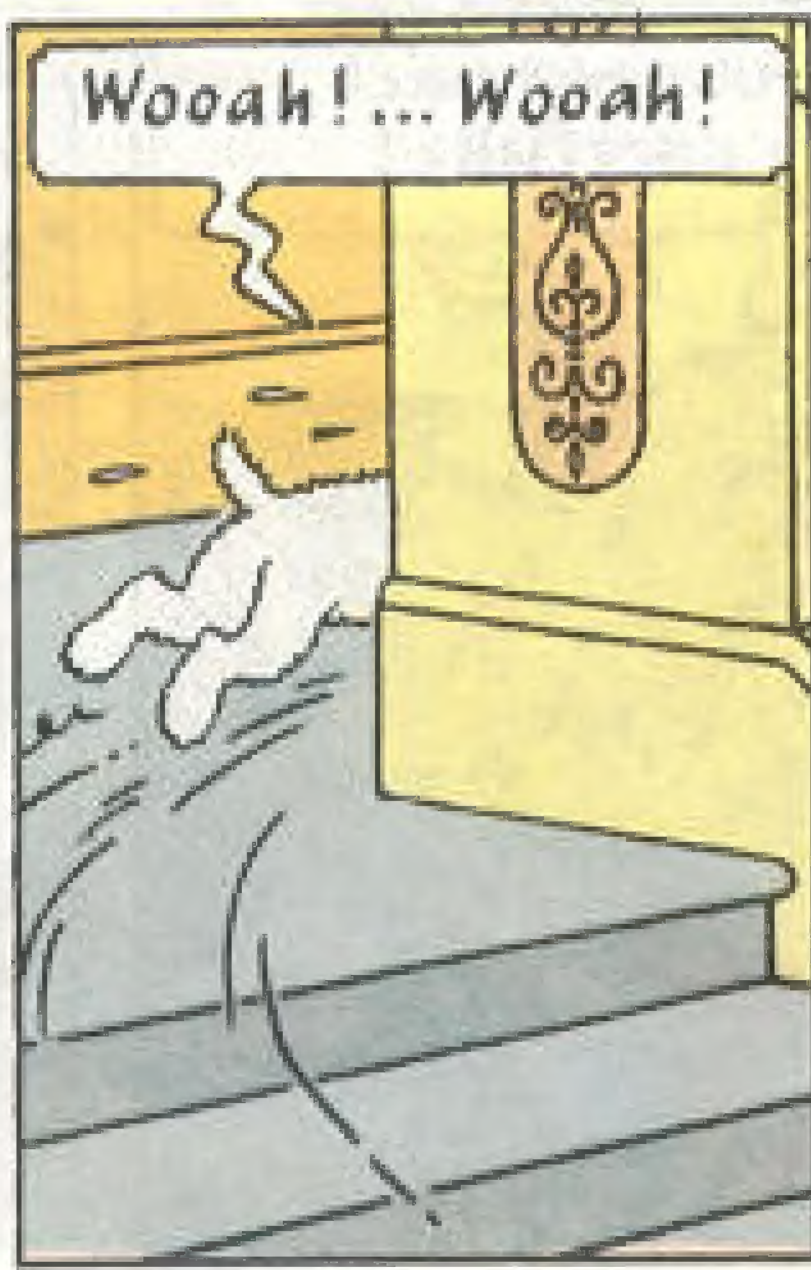




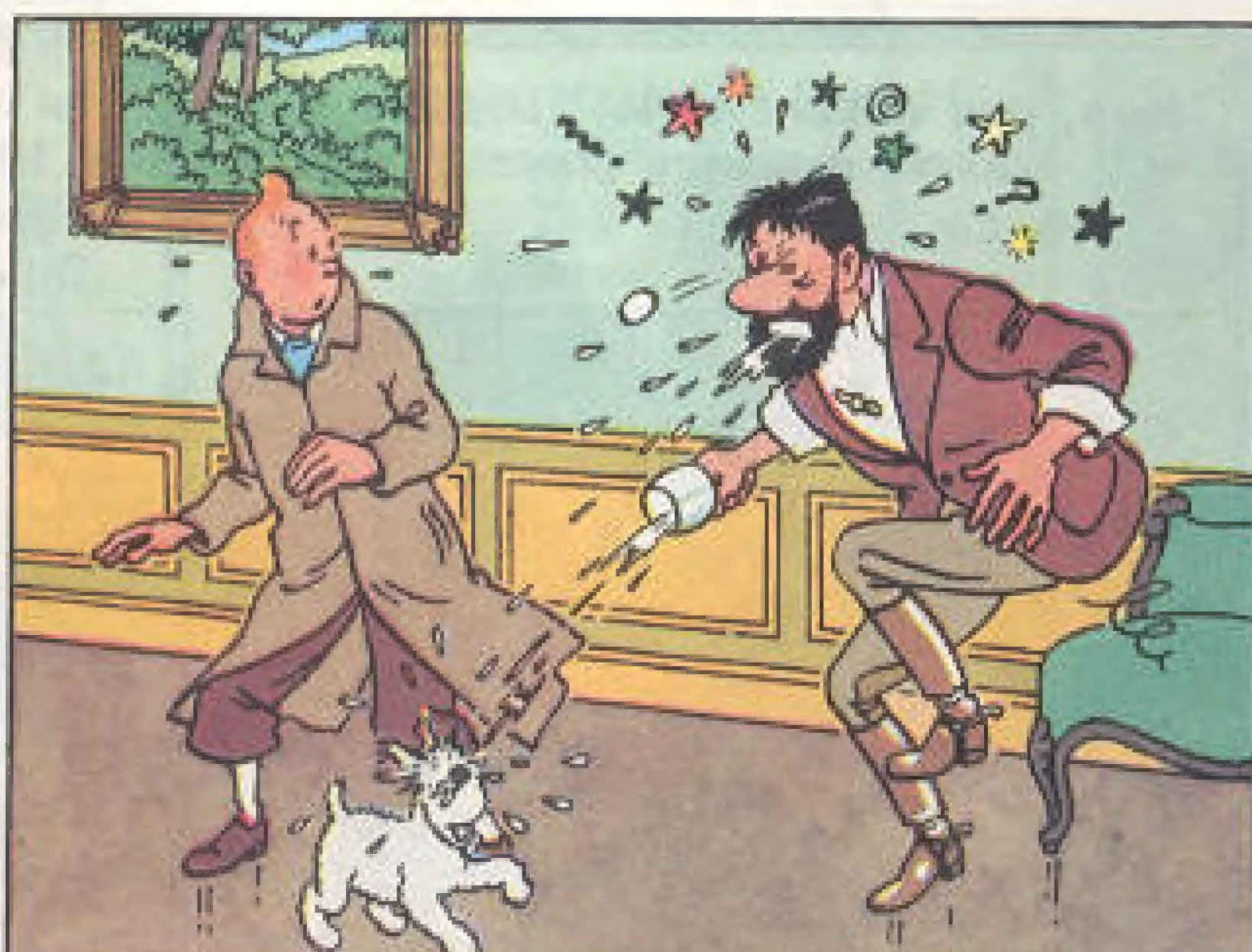
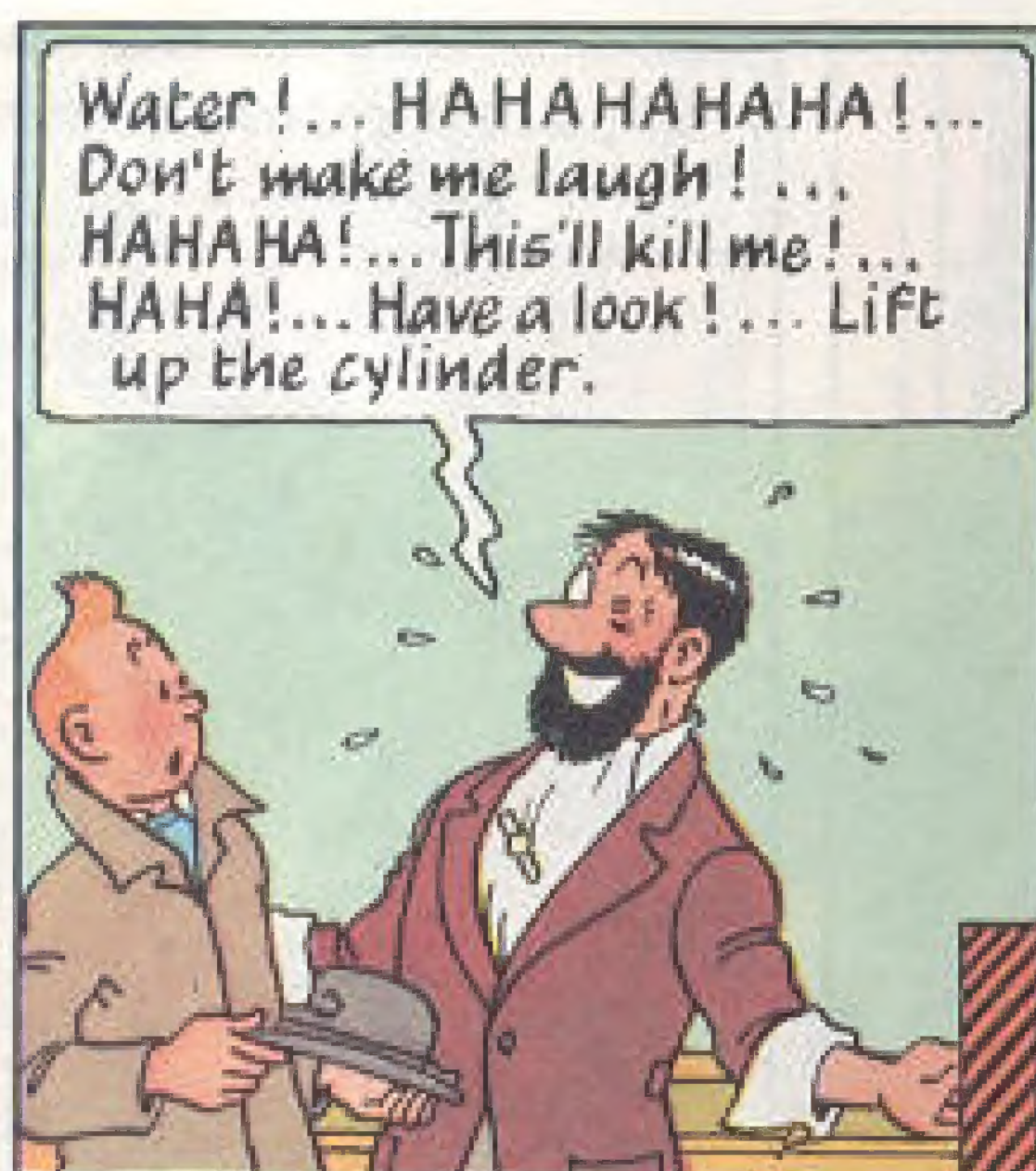
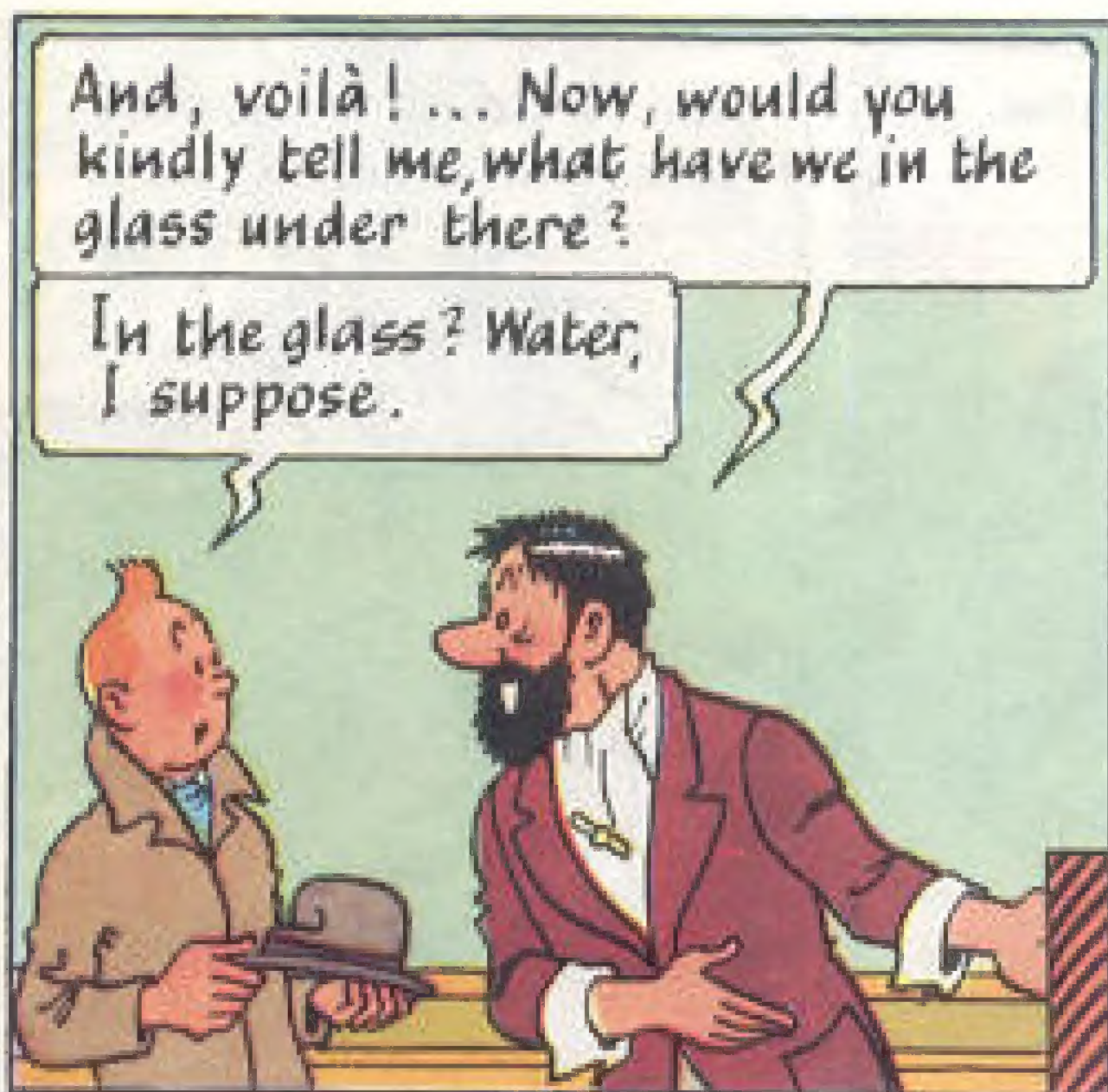
















But what on earth did you expect it to be?

Whisky, by thunder! ... Whisky!

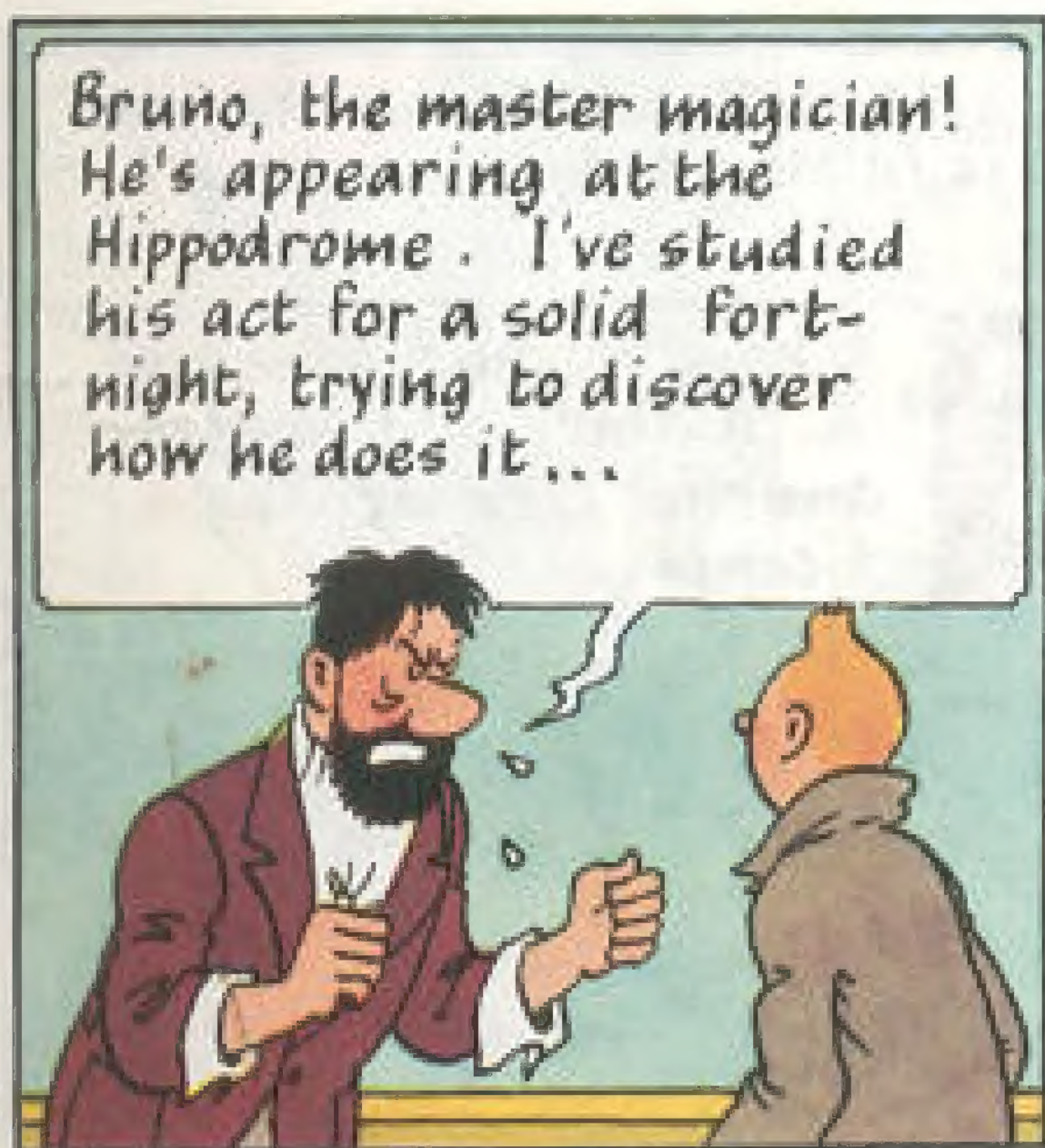


Whisky? ... Come now, Captain, you can't be serious. How in the world could water turn itself into whisky? ... It's impossible!

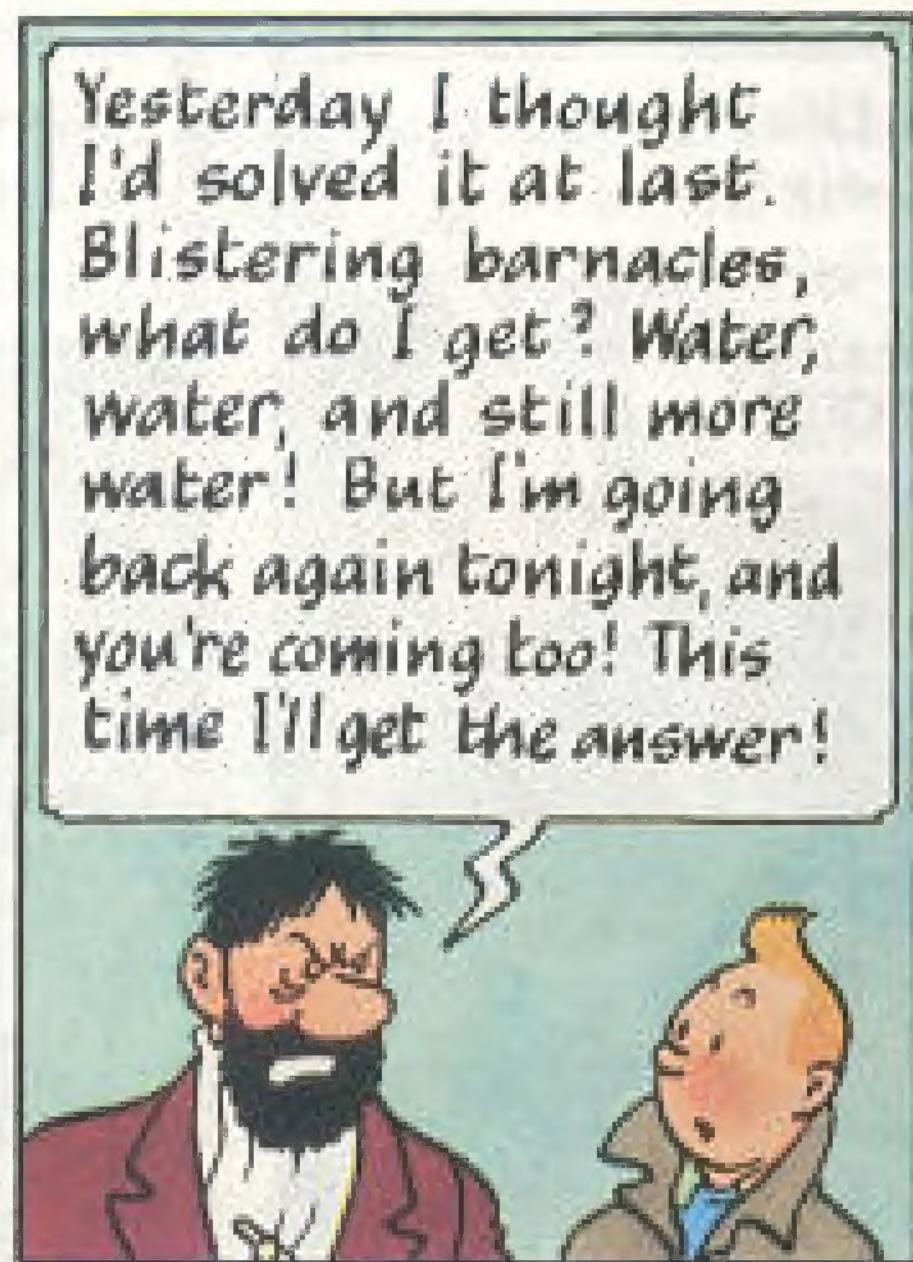


Impossible! Impossible! ... No, blistering barnacles, it's not impossible. He manages it every time!

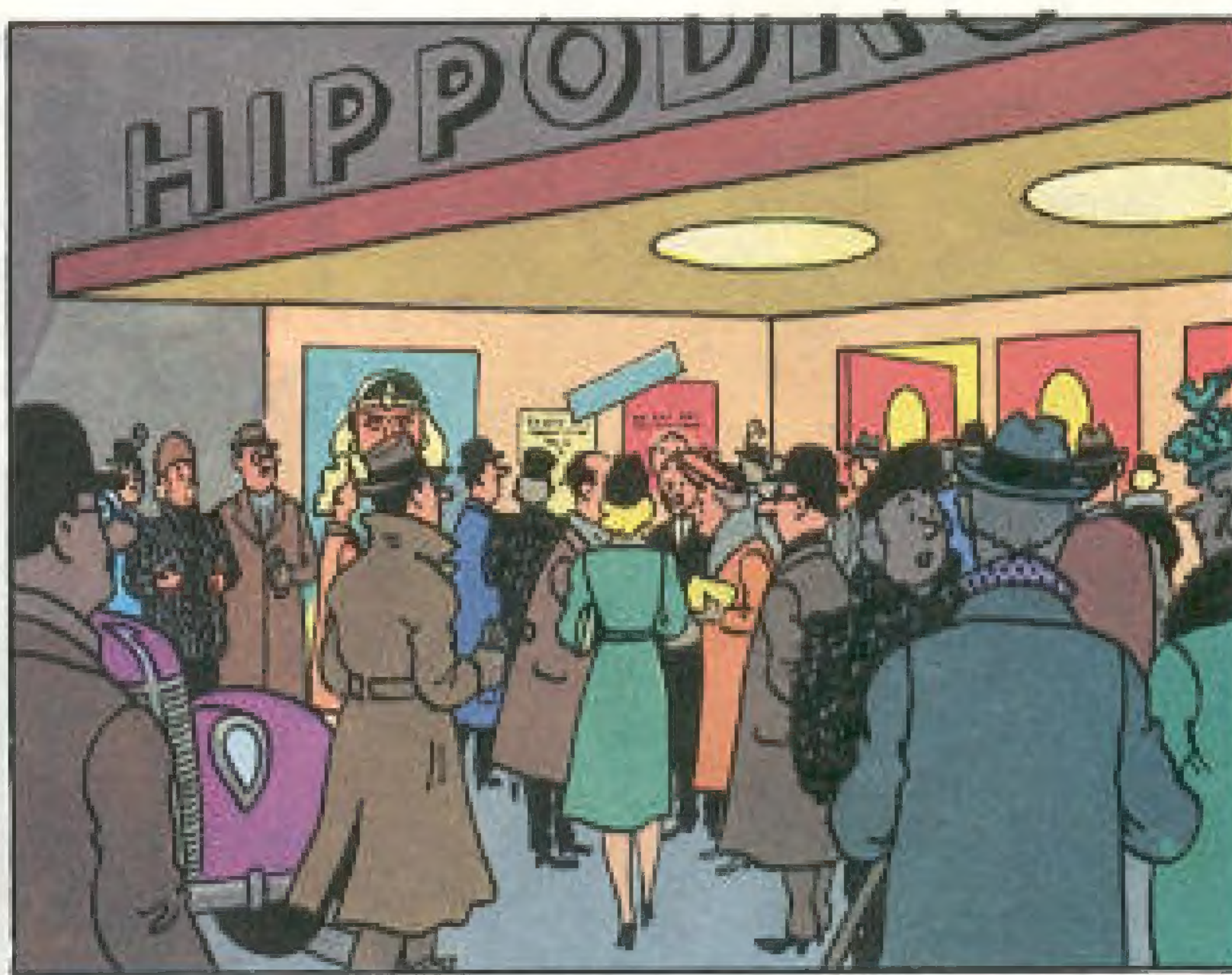
Who's he?



Bruno, the master magician! He's appearing at the Hippodrome. I've studied his act for a solid fortnight, trying to discover how he does it ...



Yesterday I thought I'd solved it at last. Blistering barnacles, what do I get? Water, water, and still more water! But I'm going back again tonight, and you're coming too! This time I'll get the answer!



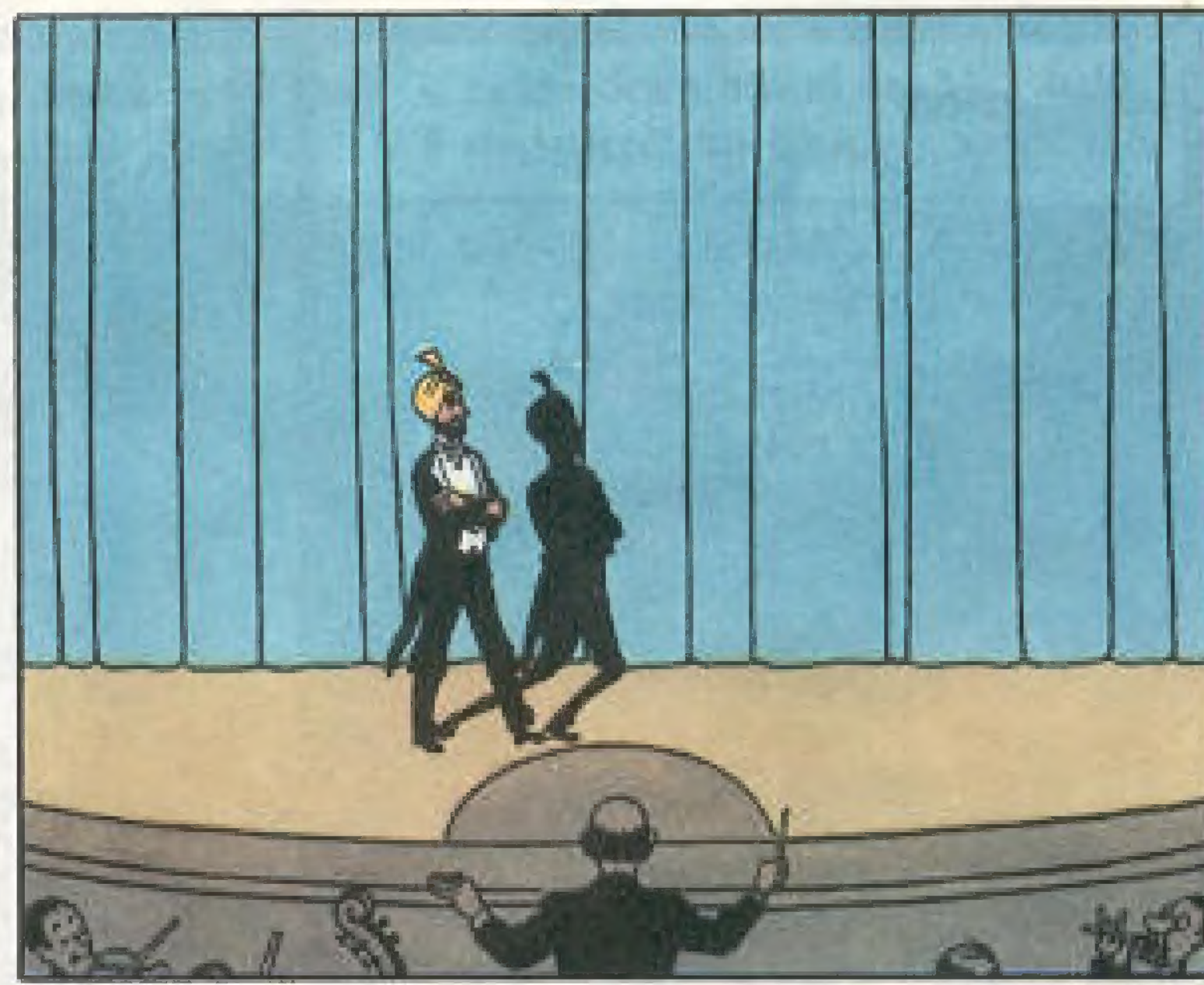
You must watch carefully to see exactly what he does ...

We've got plenty of time. There are several other turns before he comes on.

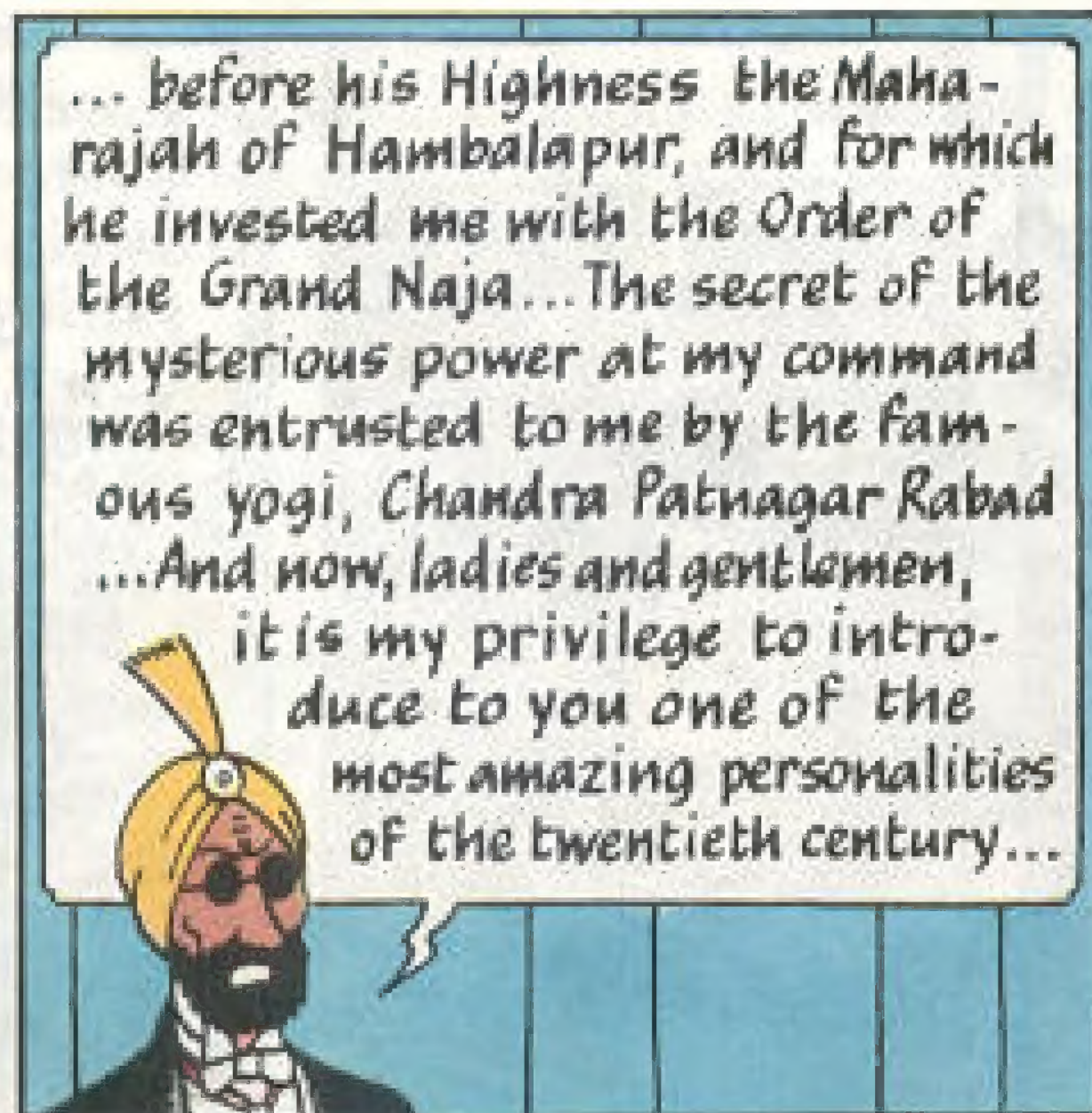


First we have Ragdalah the fakir, with Yamilah, the amazing clairvoyante. Then Ramon Zarate, the knife-thrower. Next ...

Ssh! Here comes Ragdalah the fakir. He's incredible too.



Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in inviting you to participate in a remarkable experiment: an experiment I had the honour to conduct...



... before his Highness the Maharajah of Hambalapur, and for which he invested me with the Order of the Grand Naja... The secret of the mysterious power at my command was entrusted to me by the famous yogi, Chandra Patnagar Rabad ... And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you one of the most amazing personalities of the twentieth century...



I present: Madame Yamilah!





First I will put Madame Yamilah into a hypnotic trance...



Madame Yamilah, are you ready to answer me?

Yes, master...



Good... Tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is this gentleman's Christian name?

Augustus.



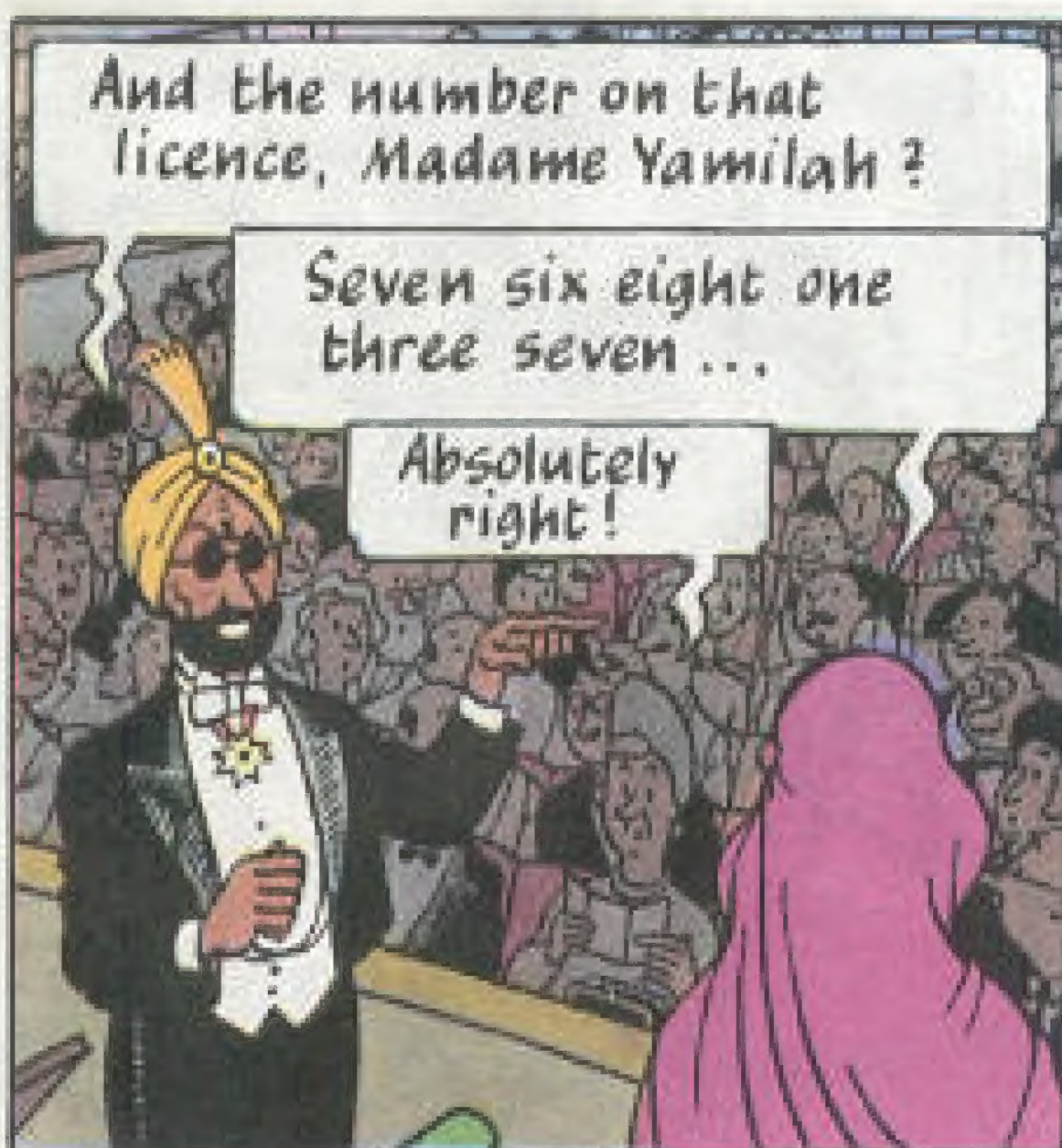
Is that correct, sir?

Yes... quite correct!



Good... Now tell me, Madame Yamilah, what is in this lady's handbag?

A handkerchief, some keys, ... a diary... a powder compact... a driving licence...



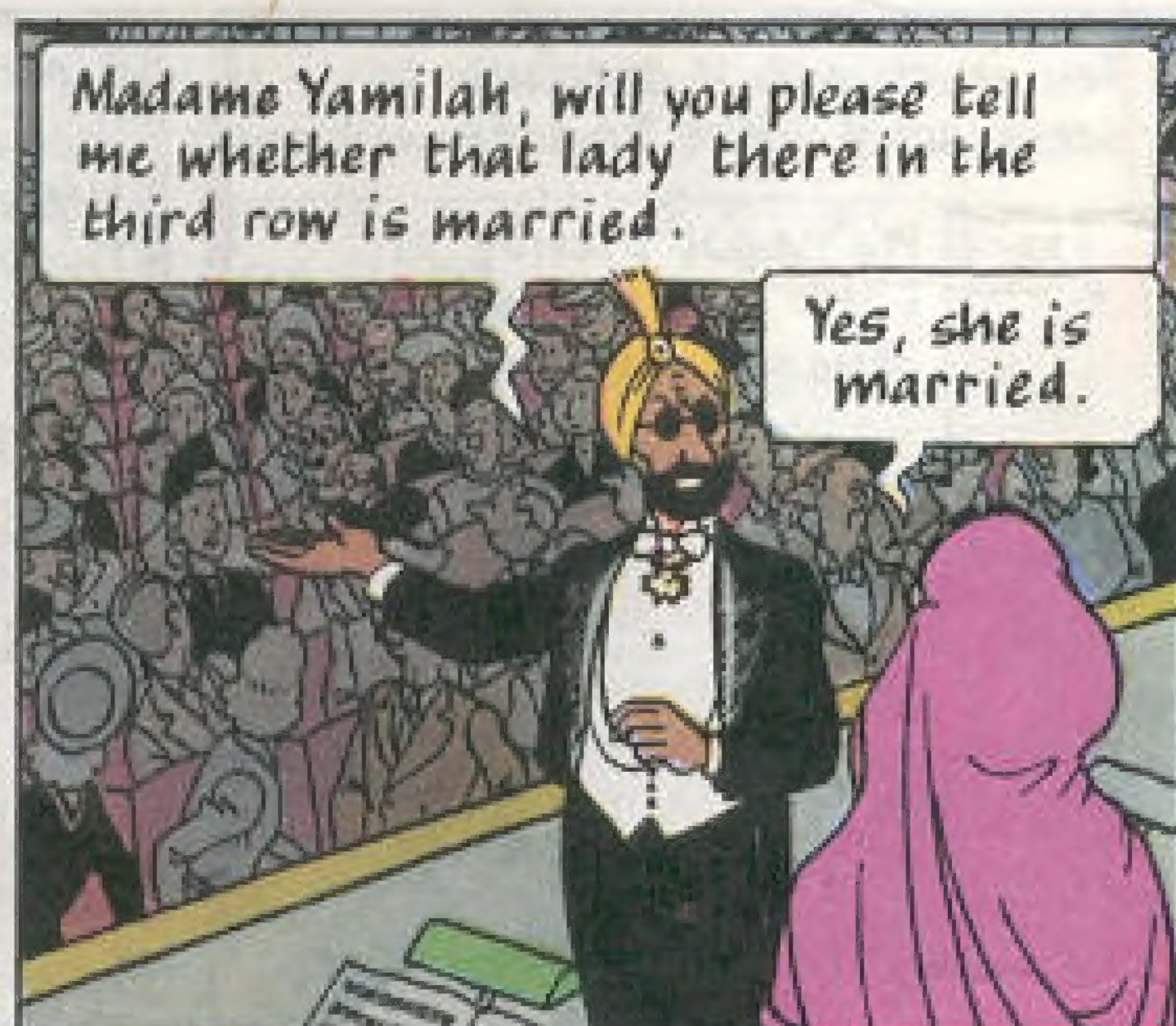
And the number on that licence, Madame Yamilah?

Seven six eight one three seven...

Absolutely right!

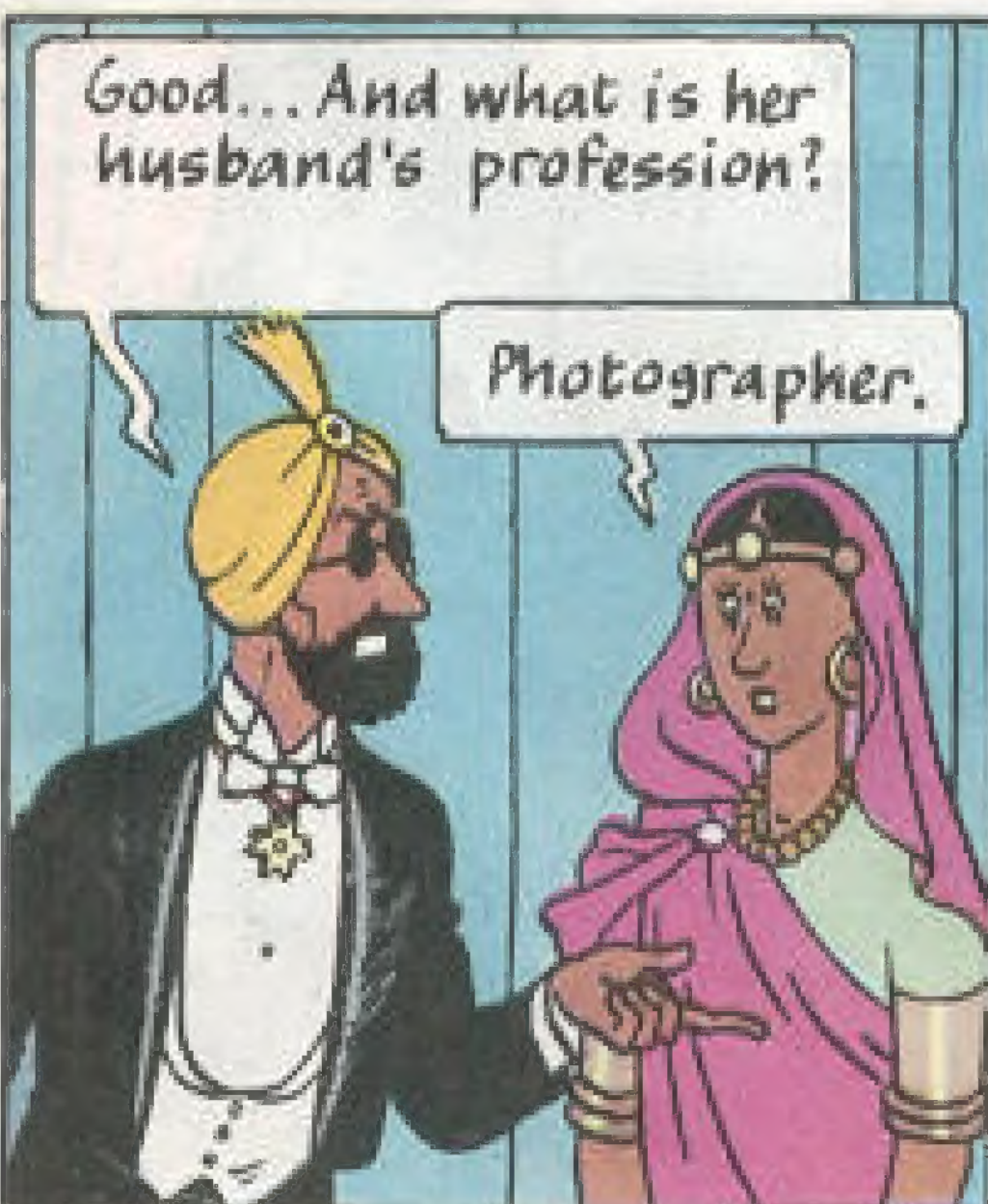


Fantastic, isn't it?



Madame Yamilah, will you please tell me whether that lady there in the third row is married.

Yes, she is married.



Good... And what is her husband's profession?

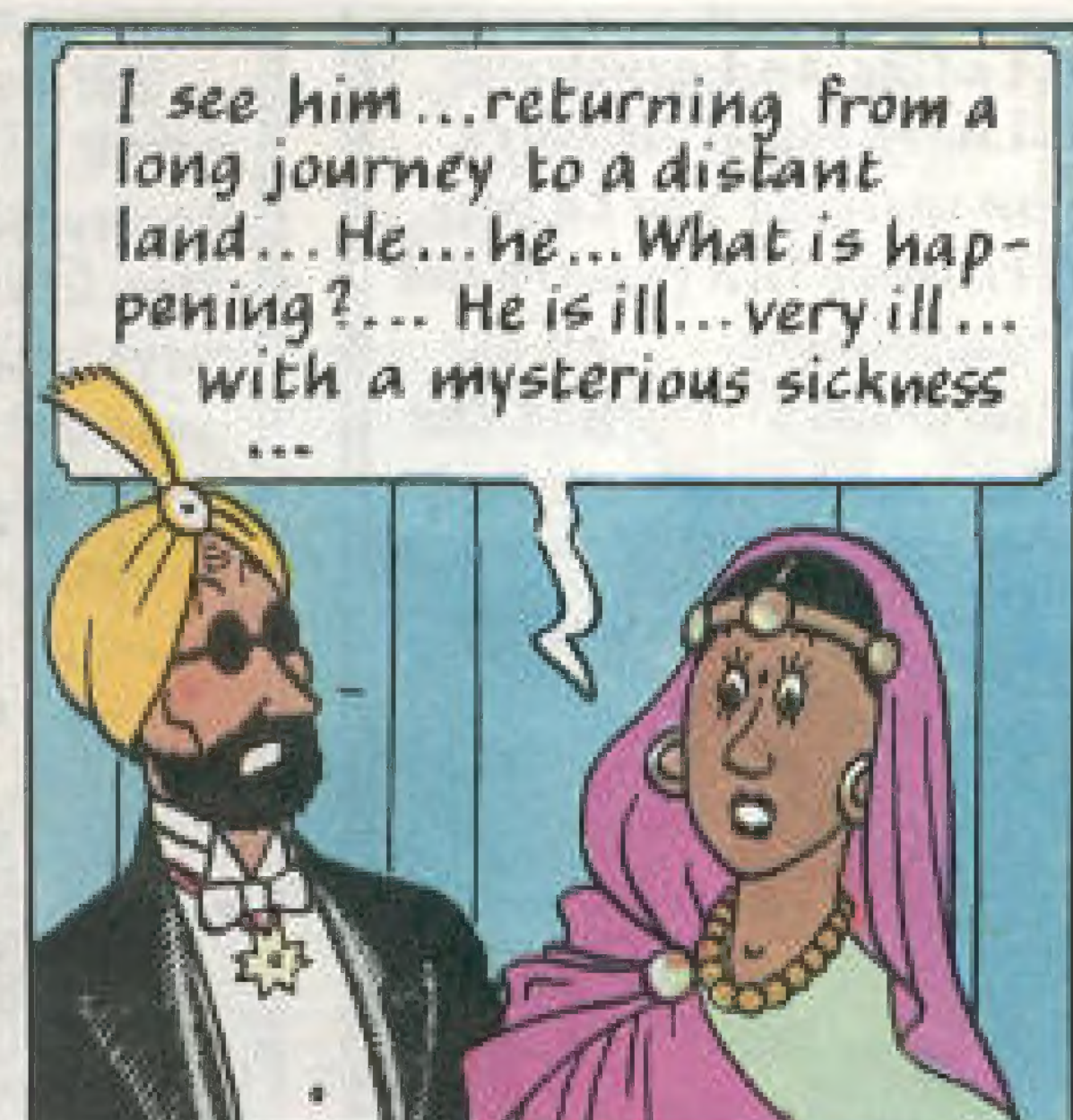
Photographer.



Is that right, madam?

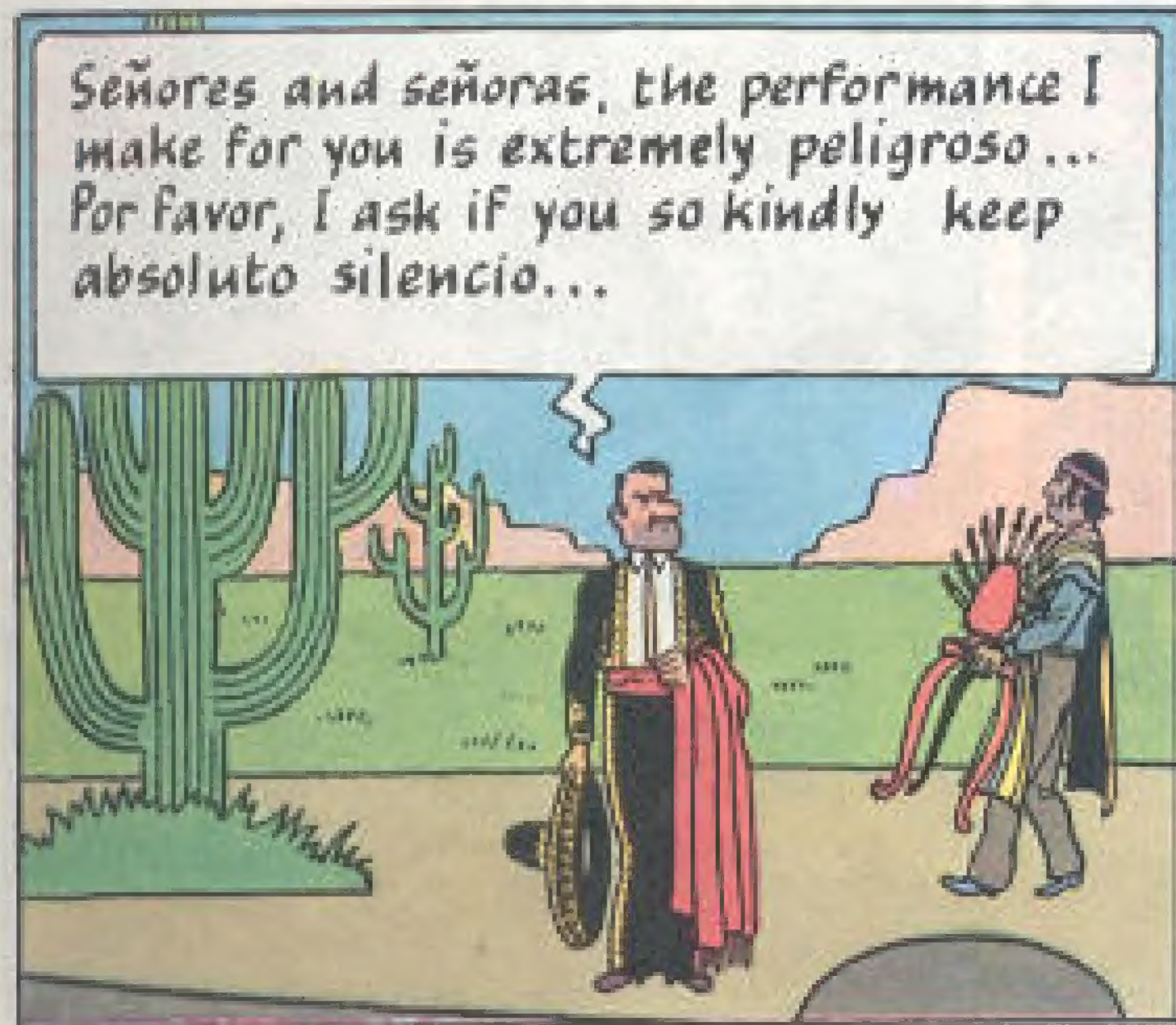
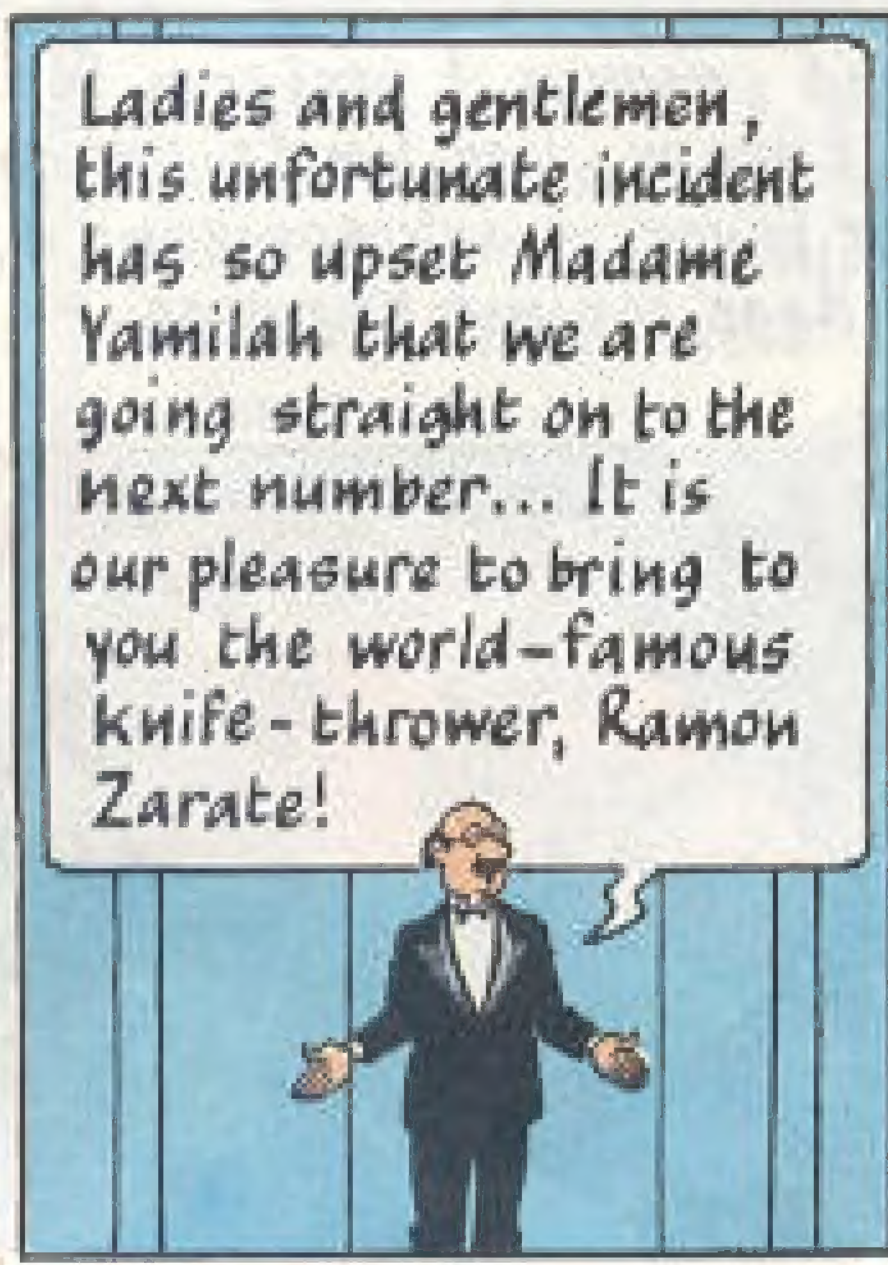
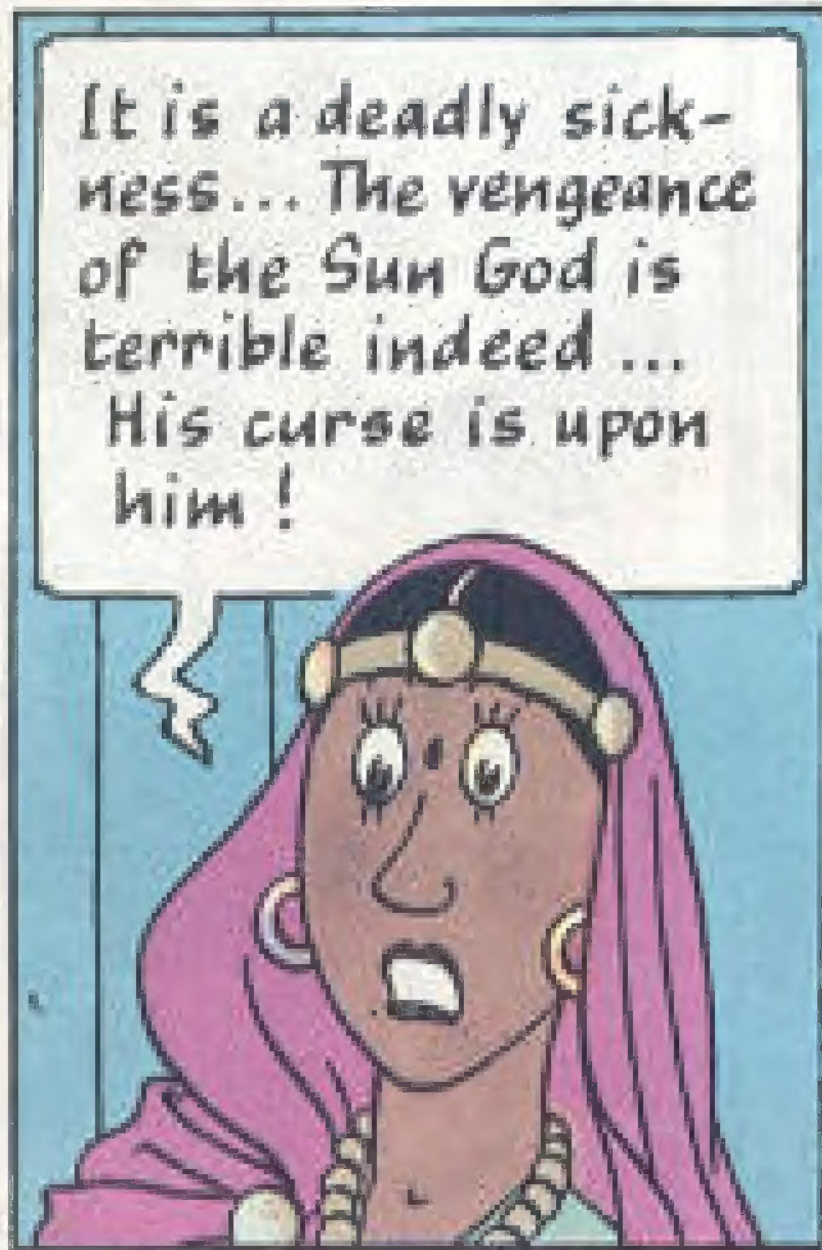
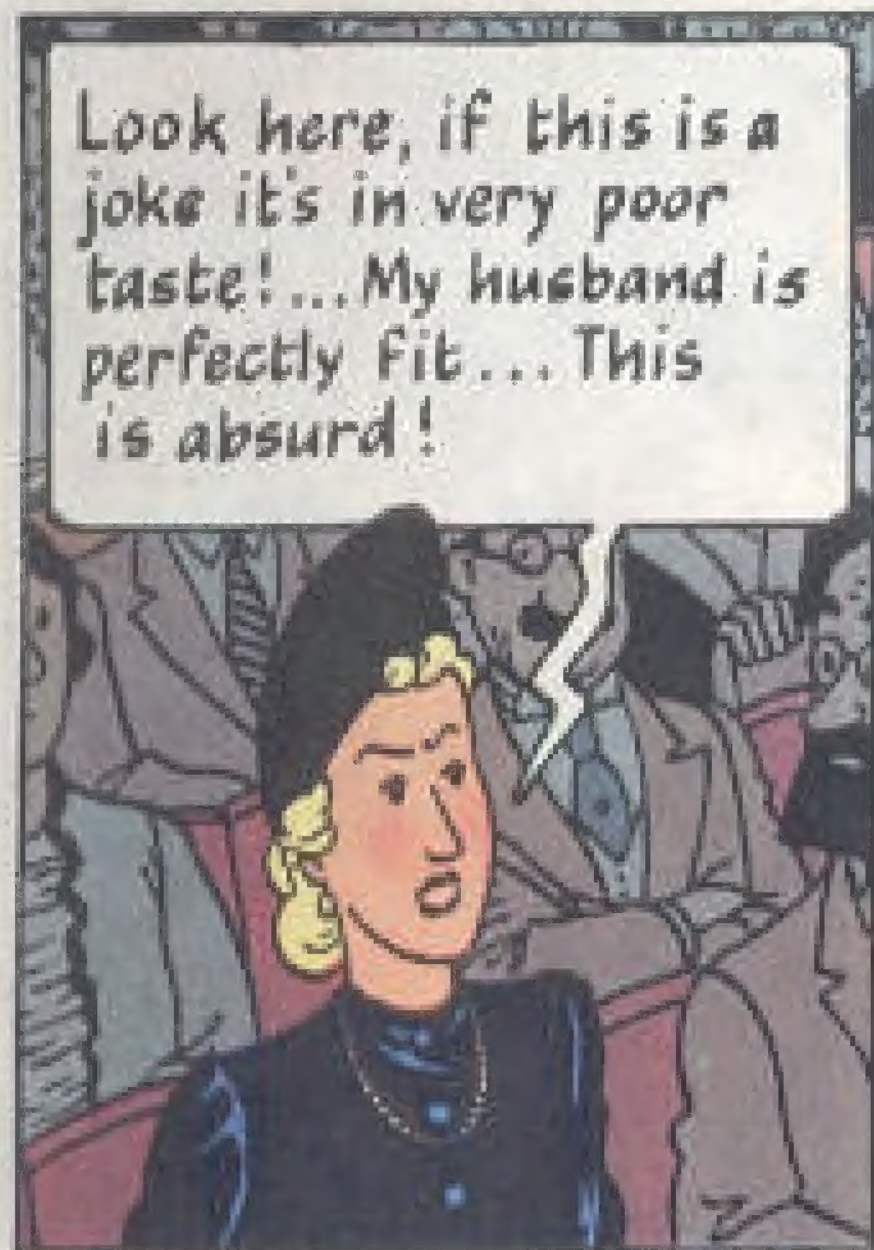


Quite right.

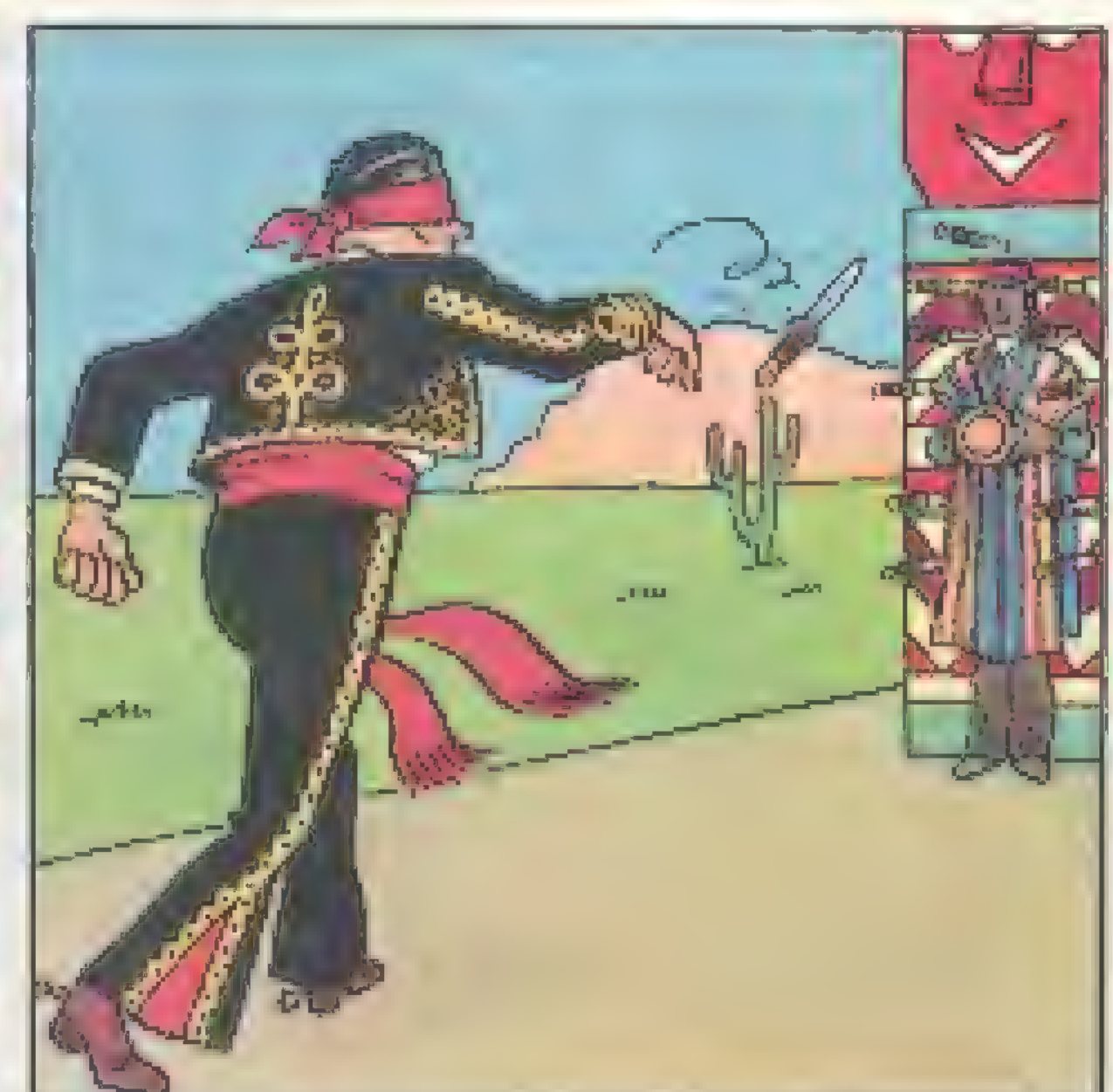
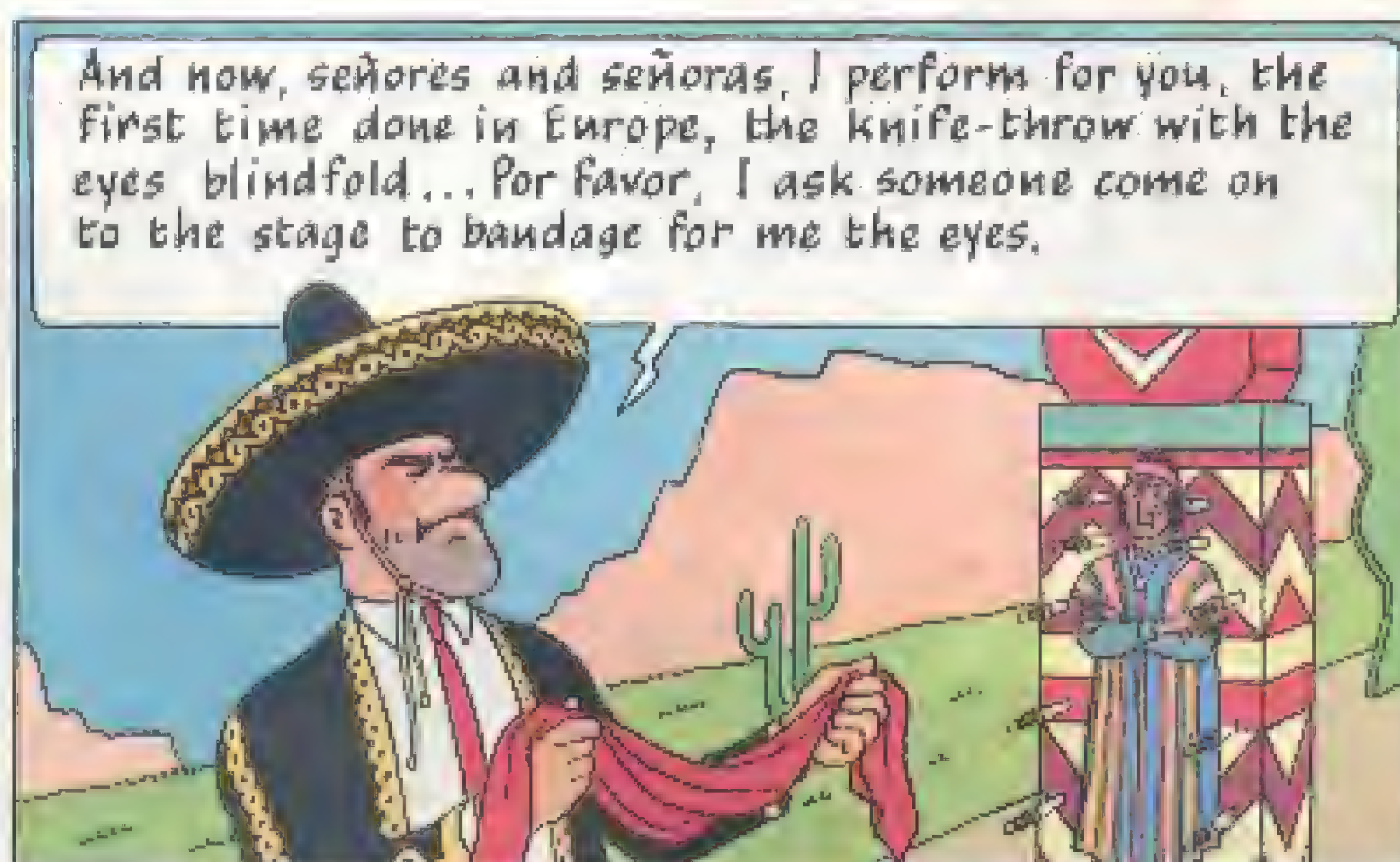
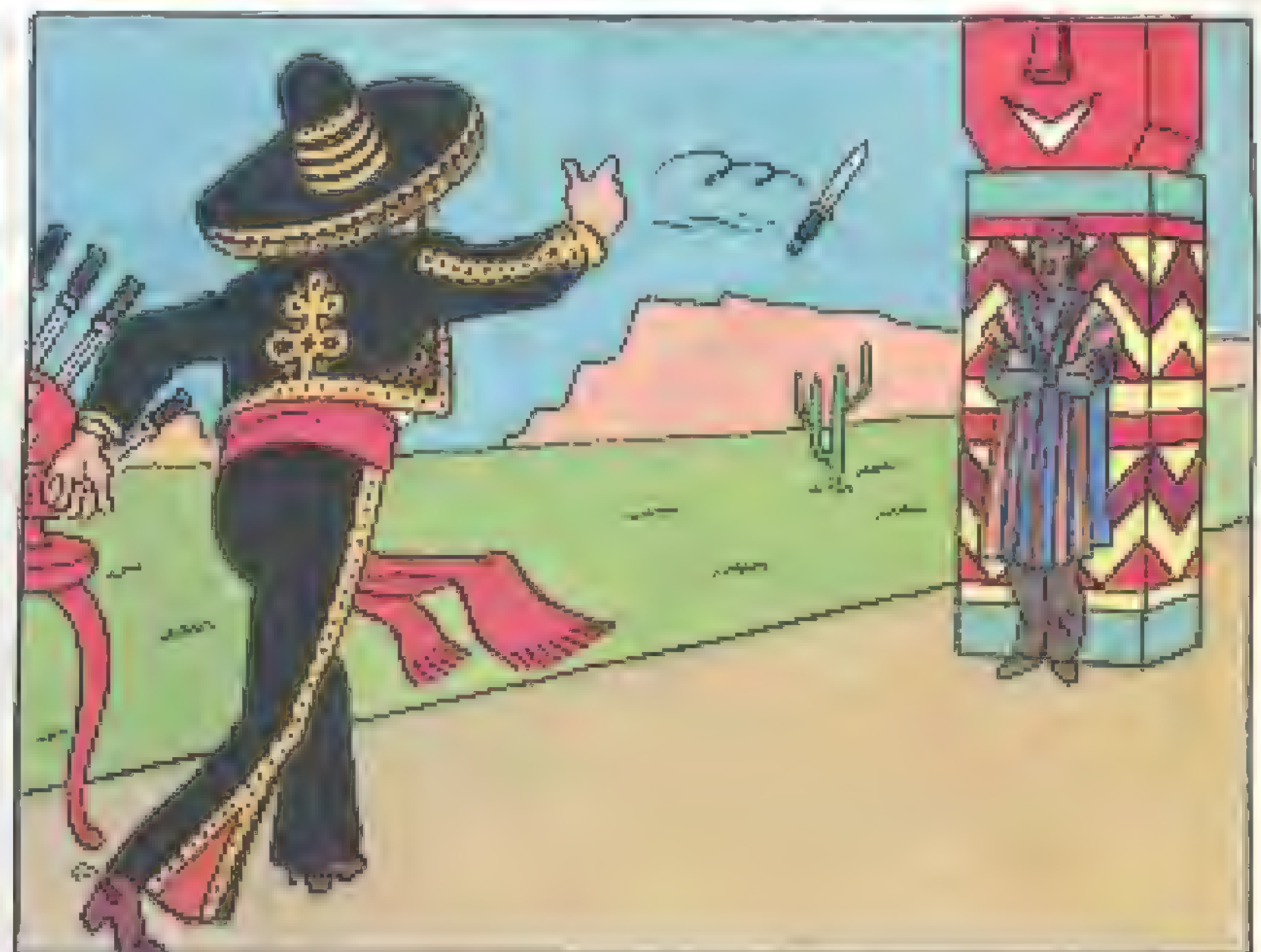
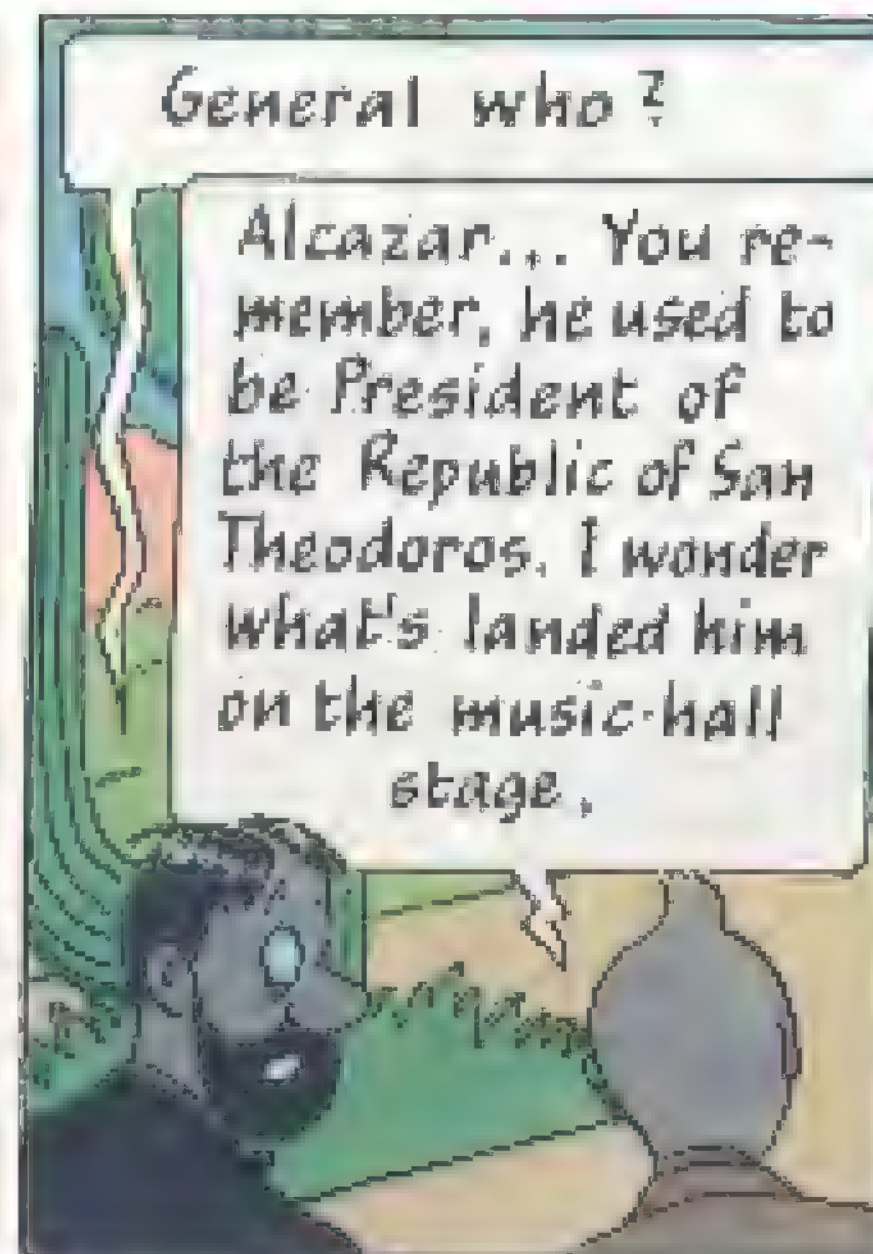


I see him... returning from a long journey to a distant land... He... he... What is happening?... He is ill... very ill... with a mysterious sickness...

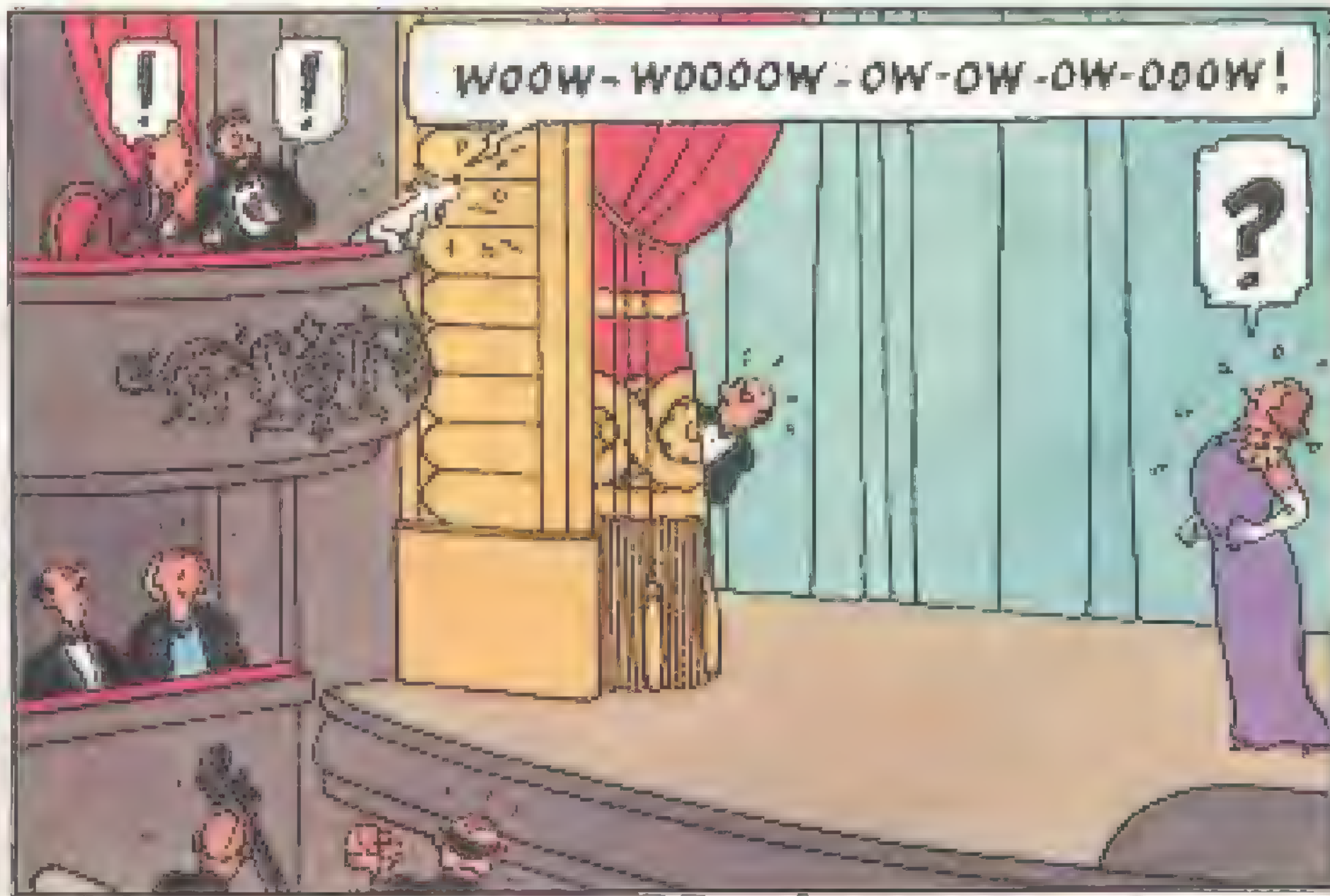
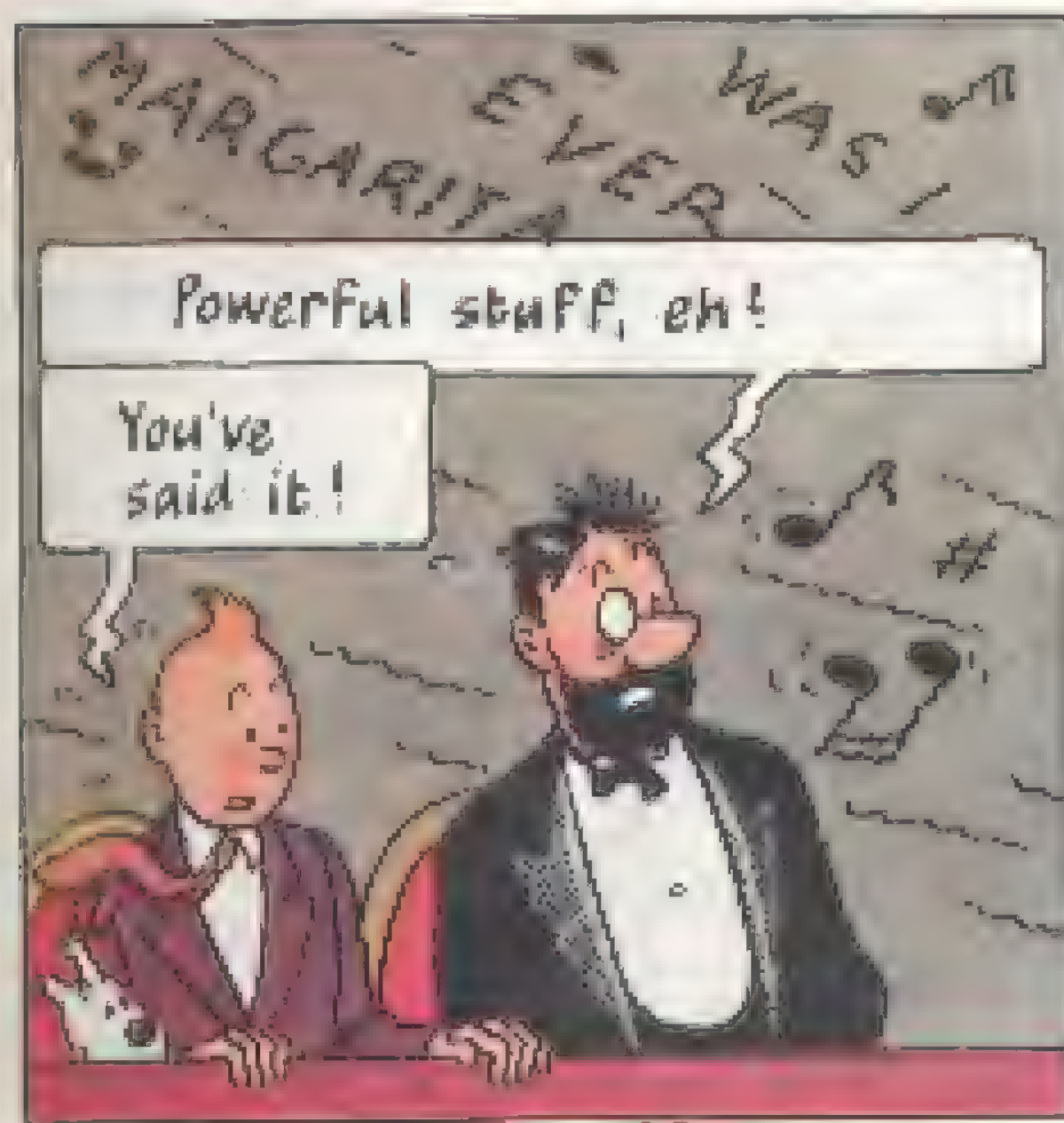
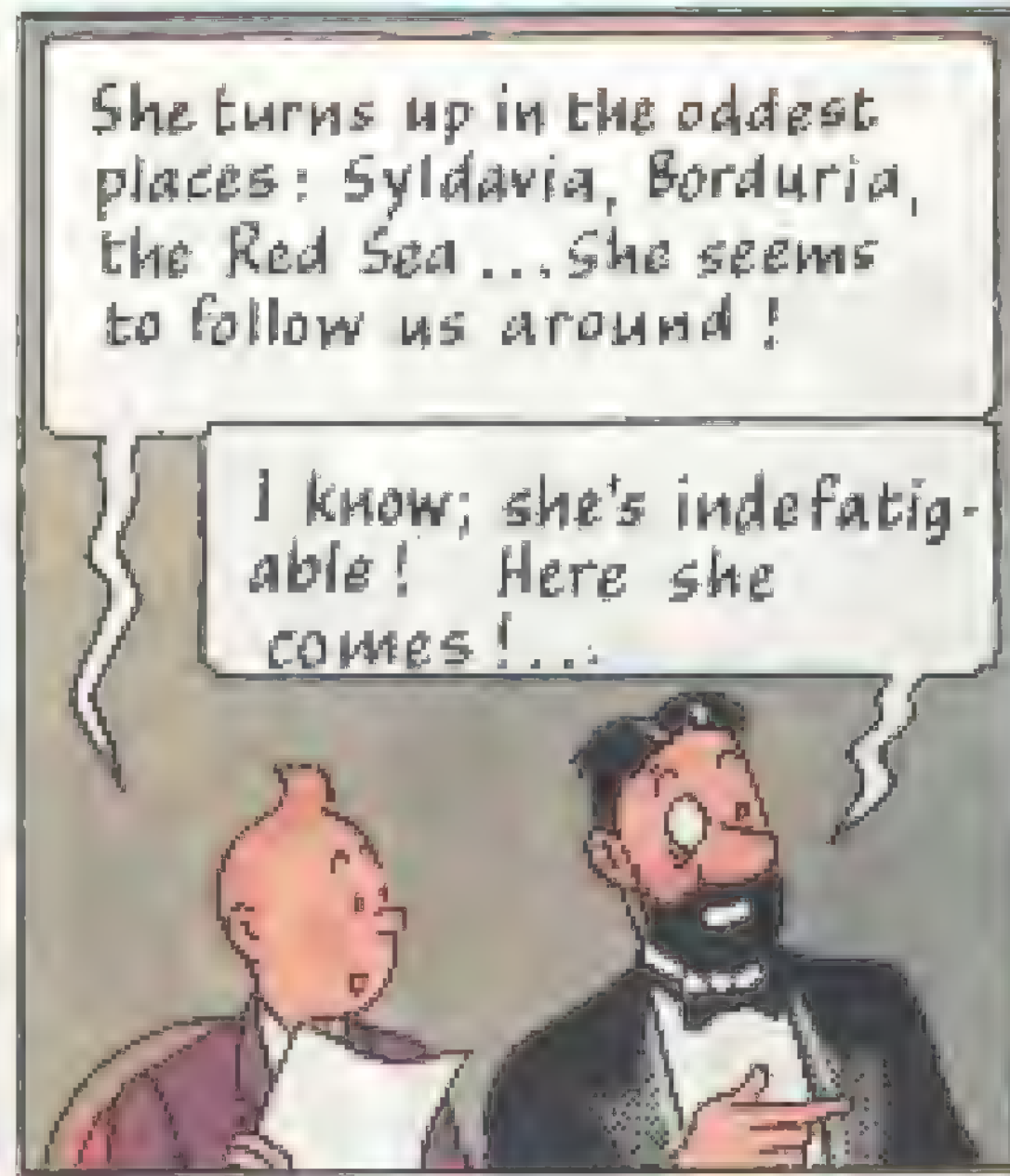








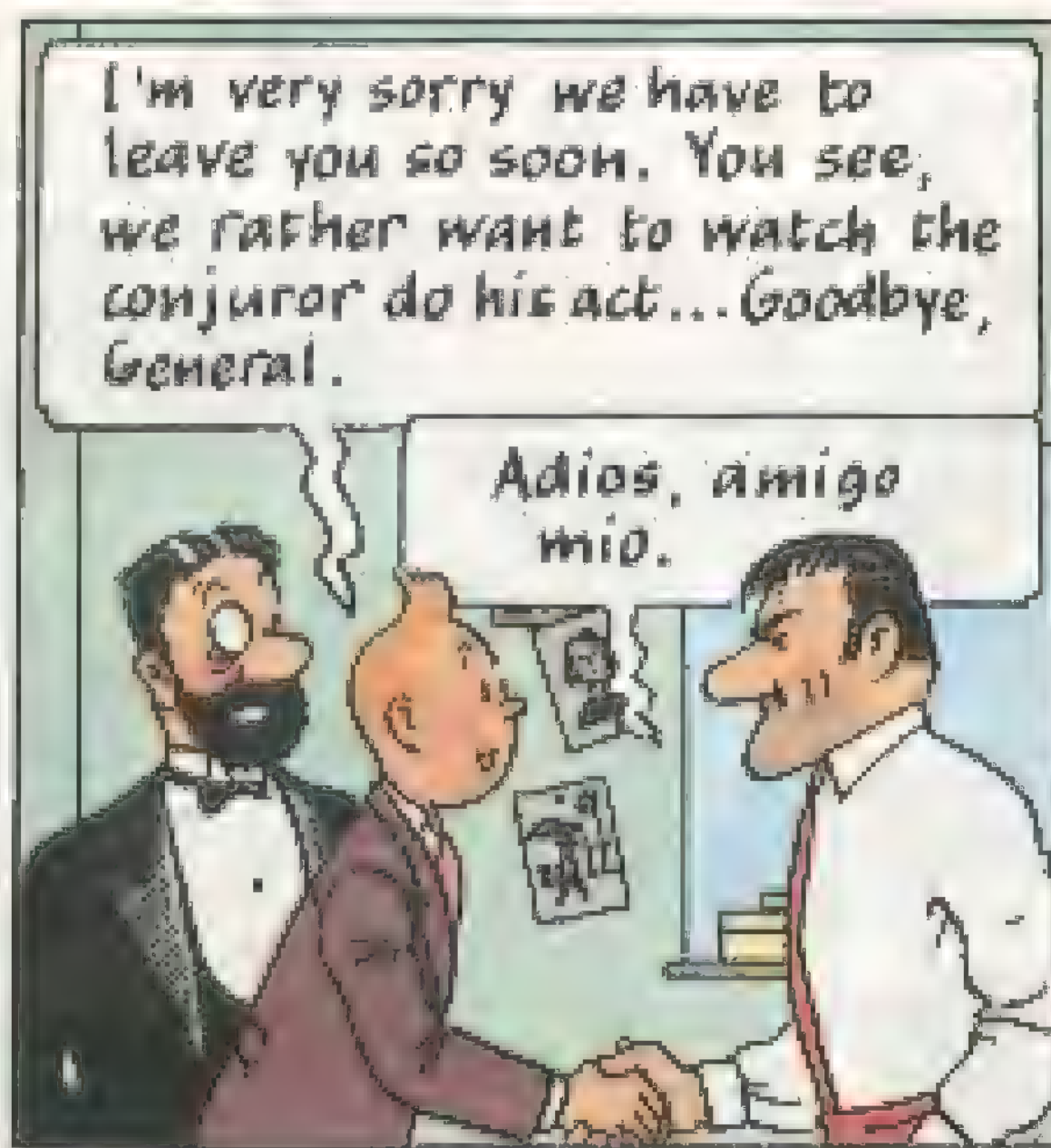
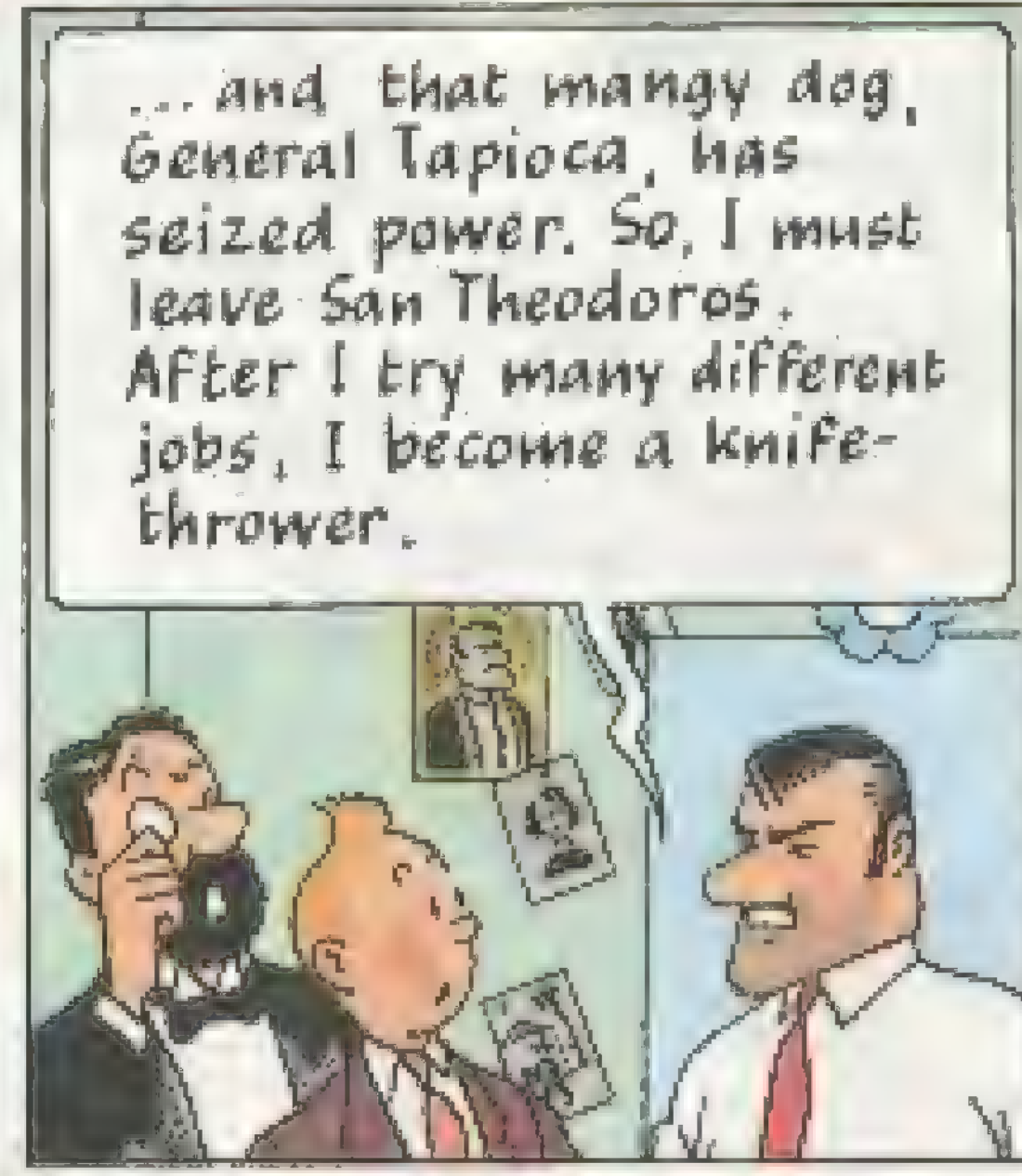
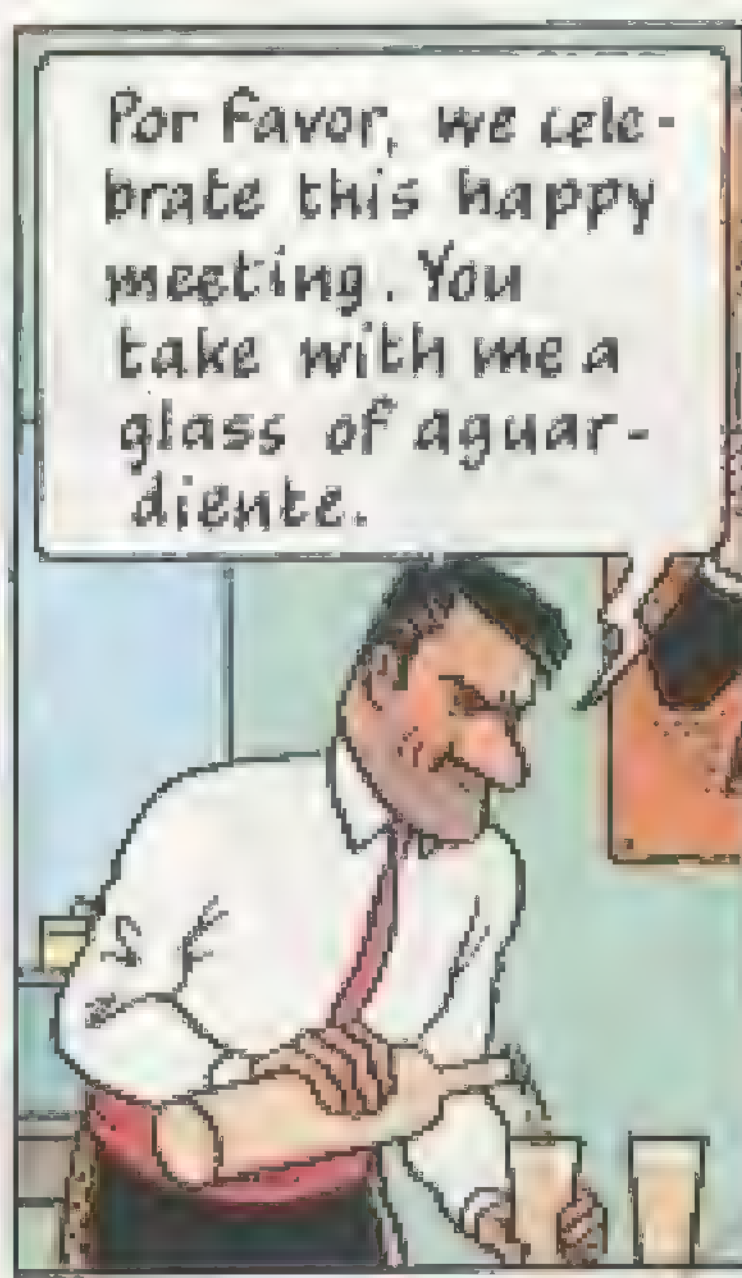
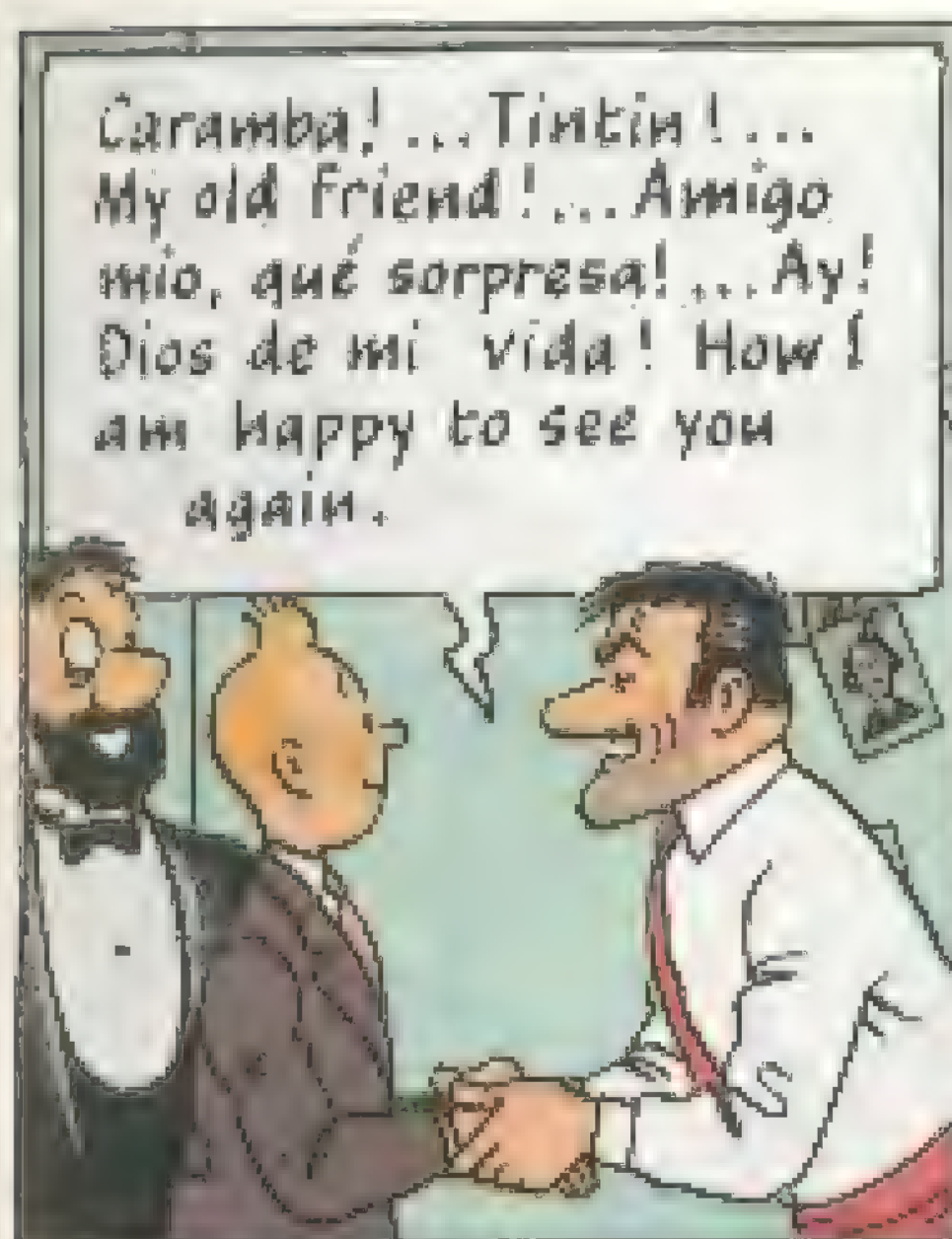




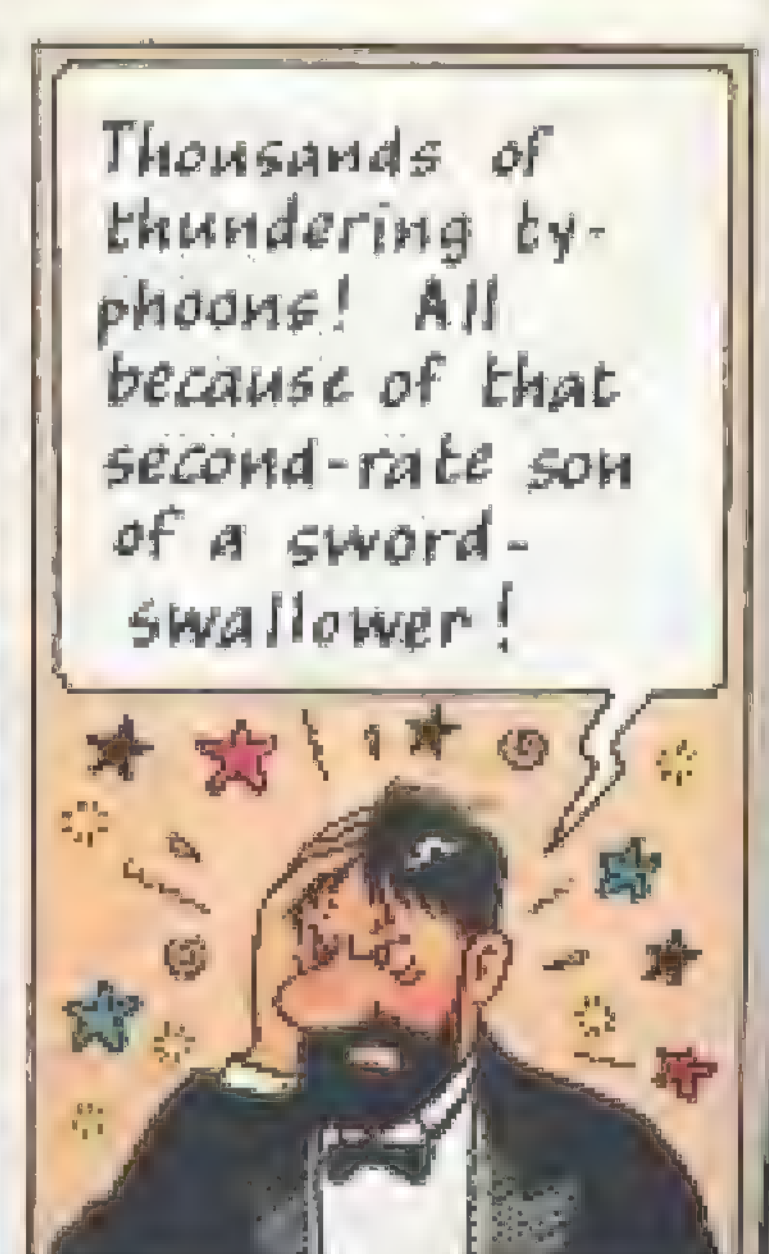
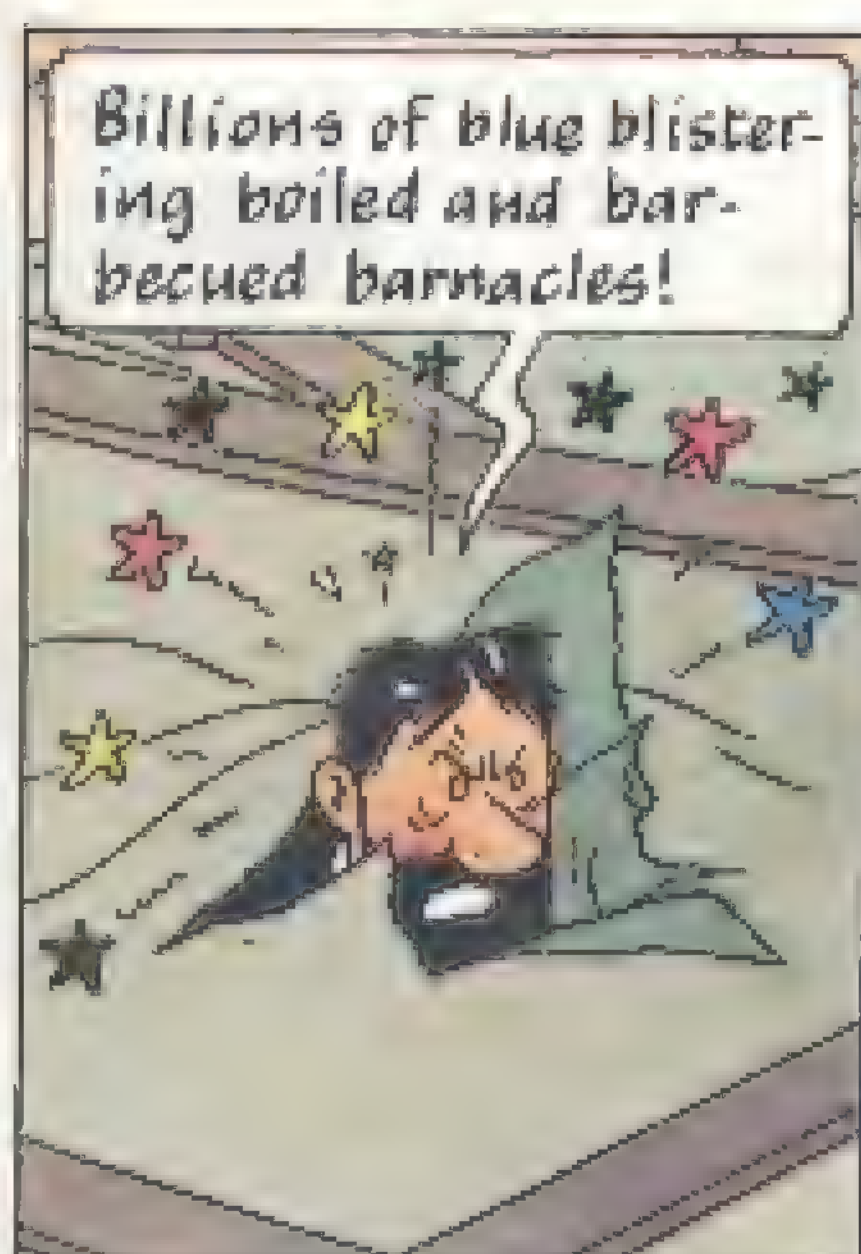
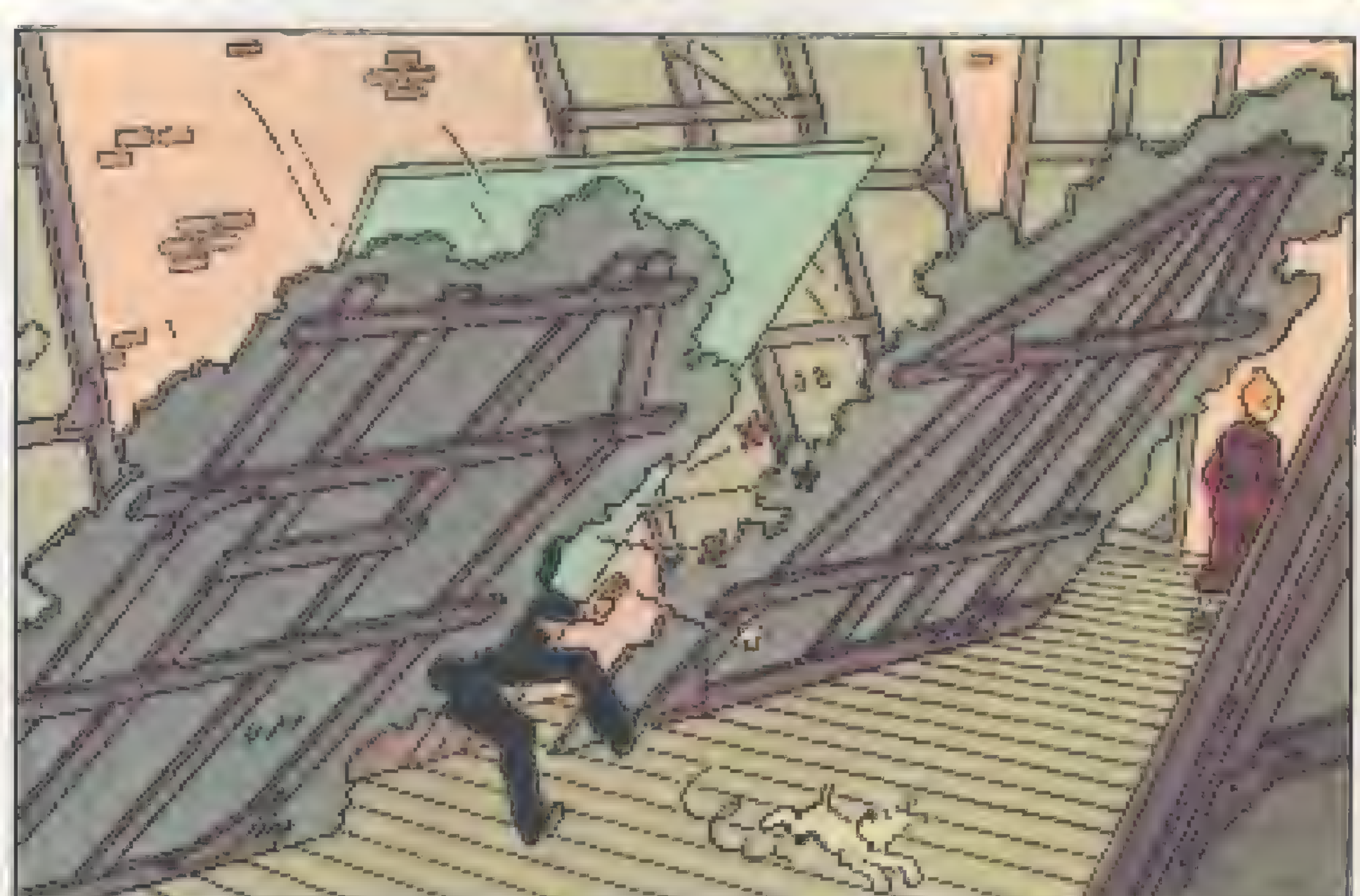
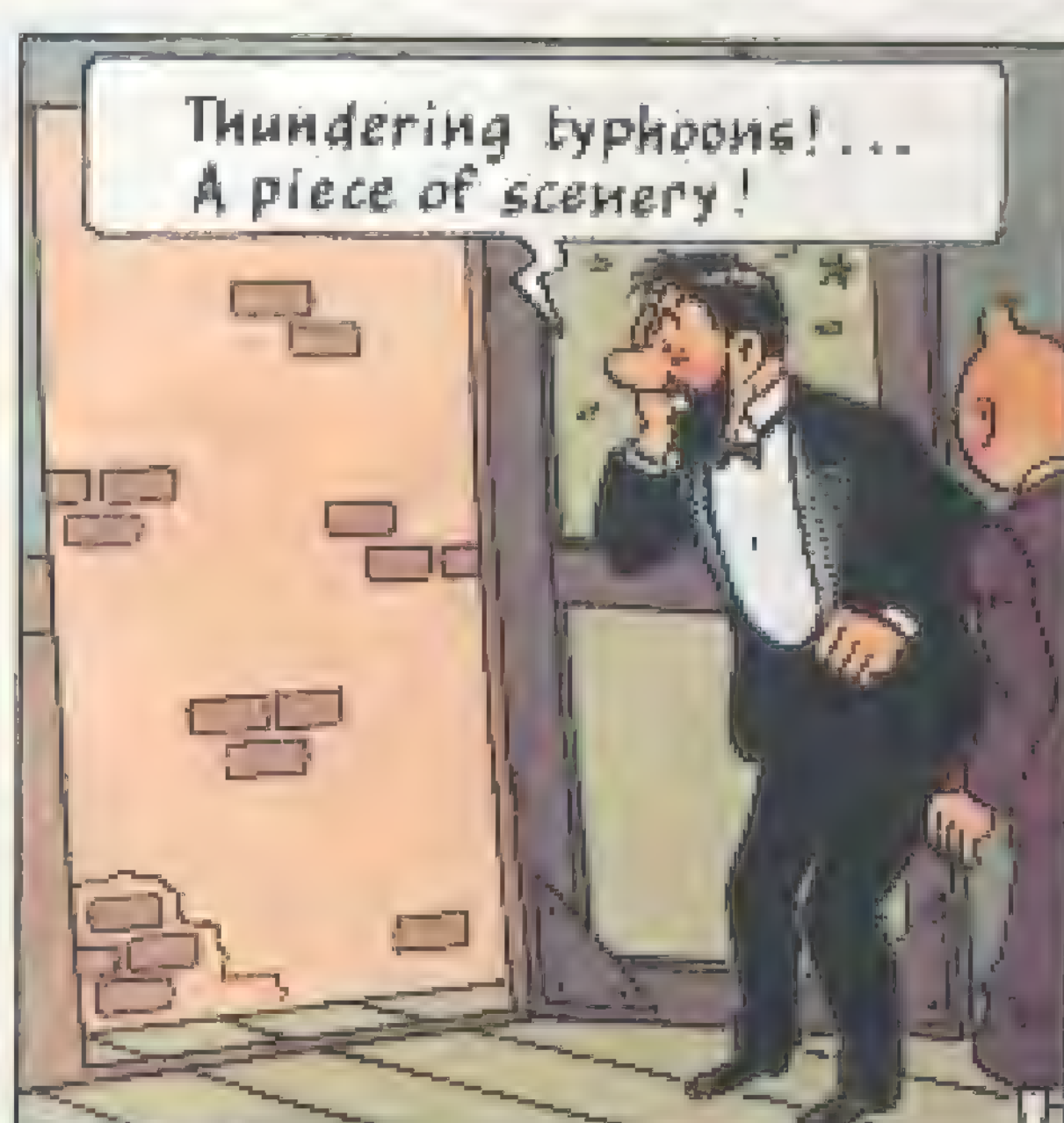




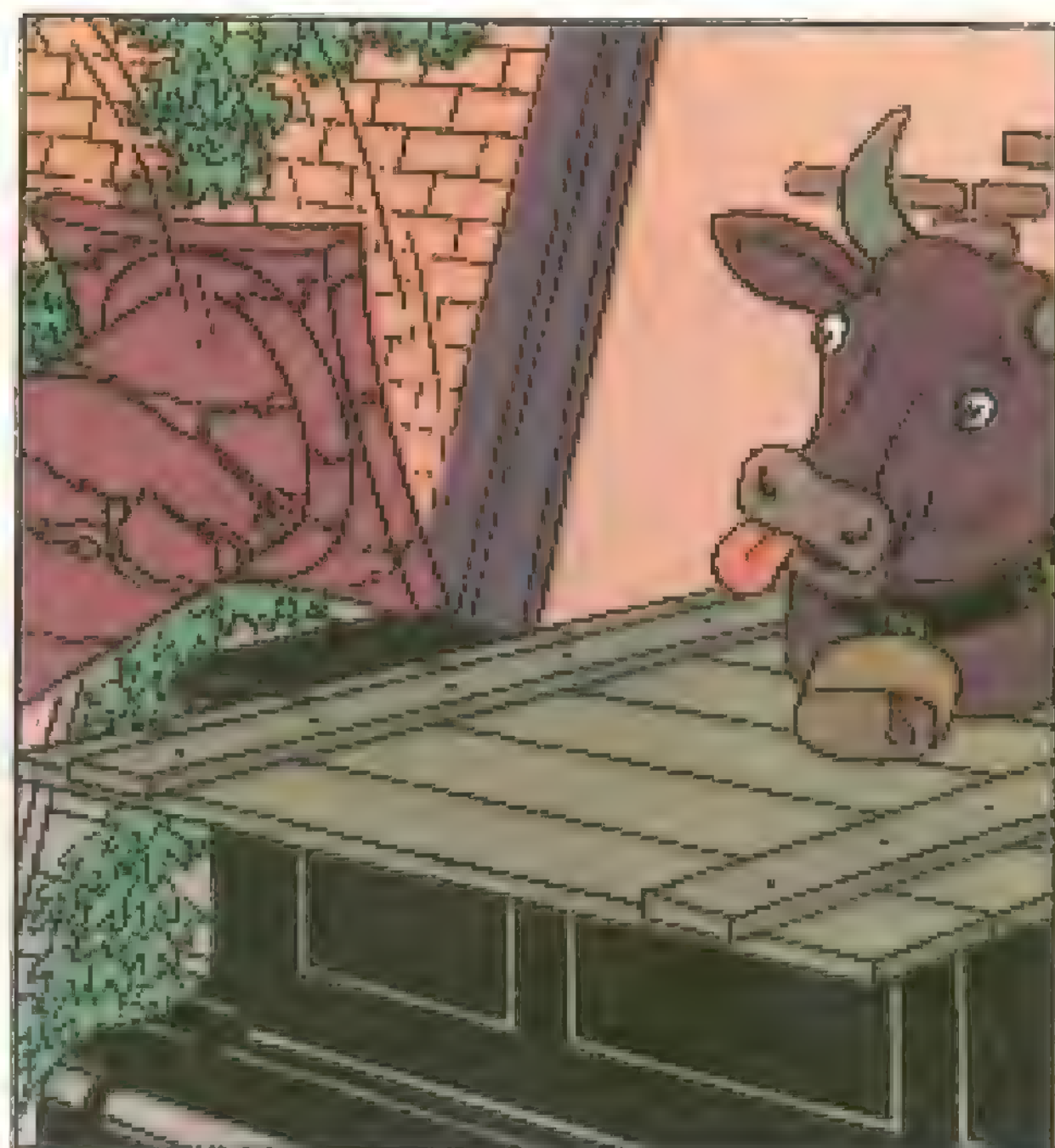
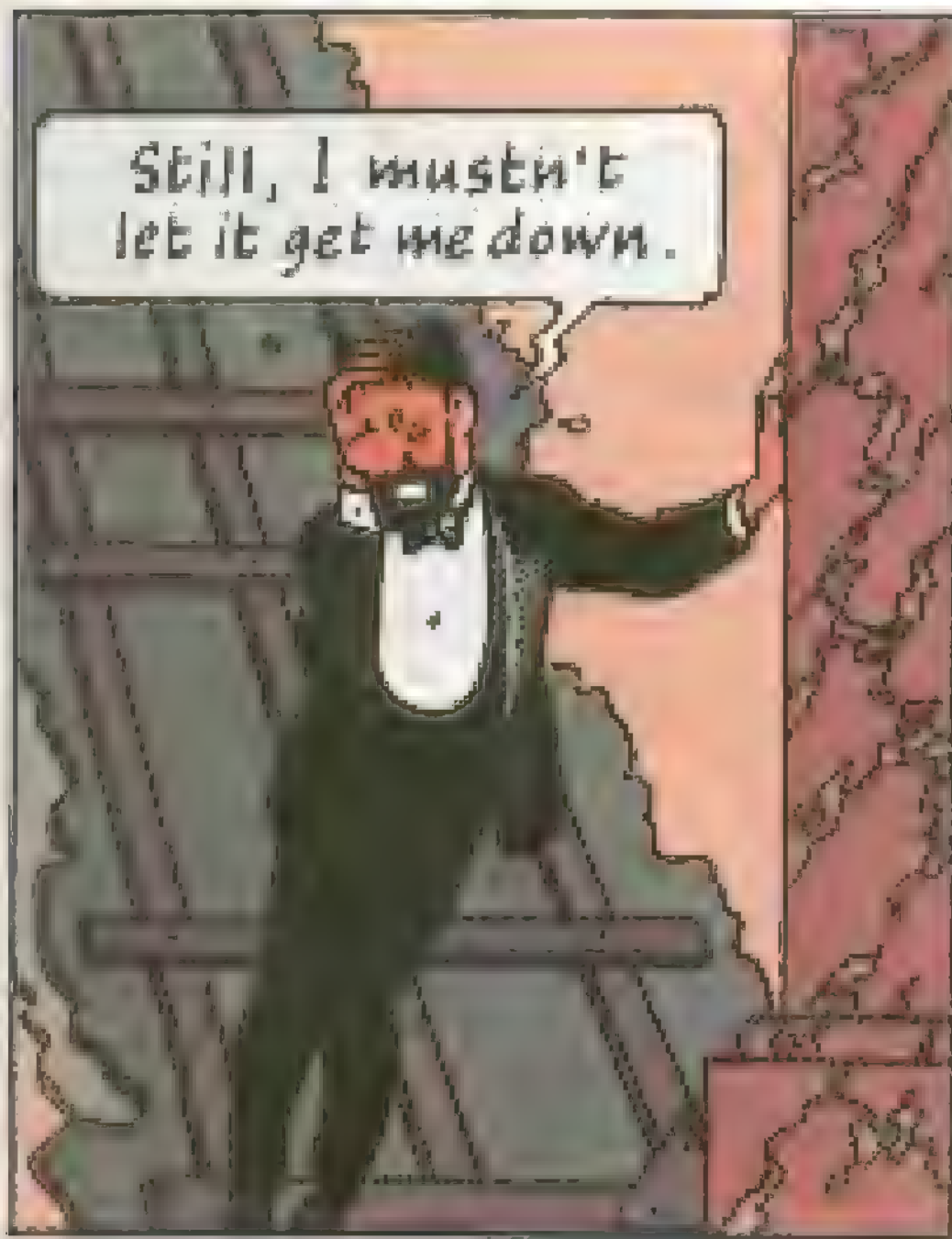




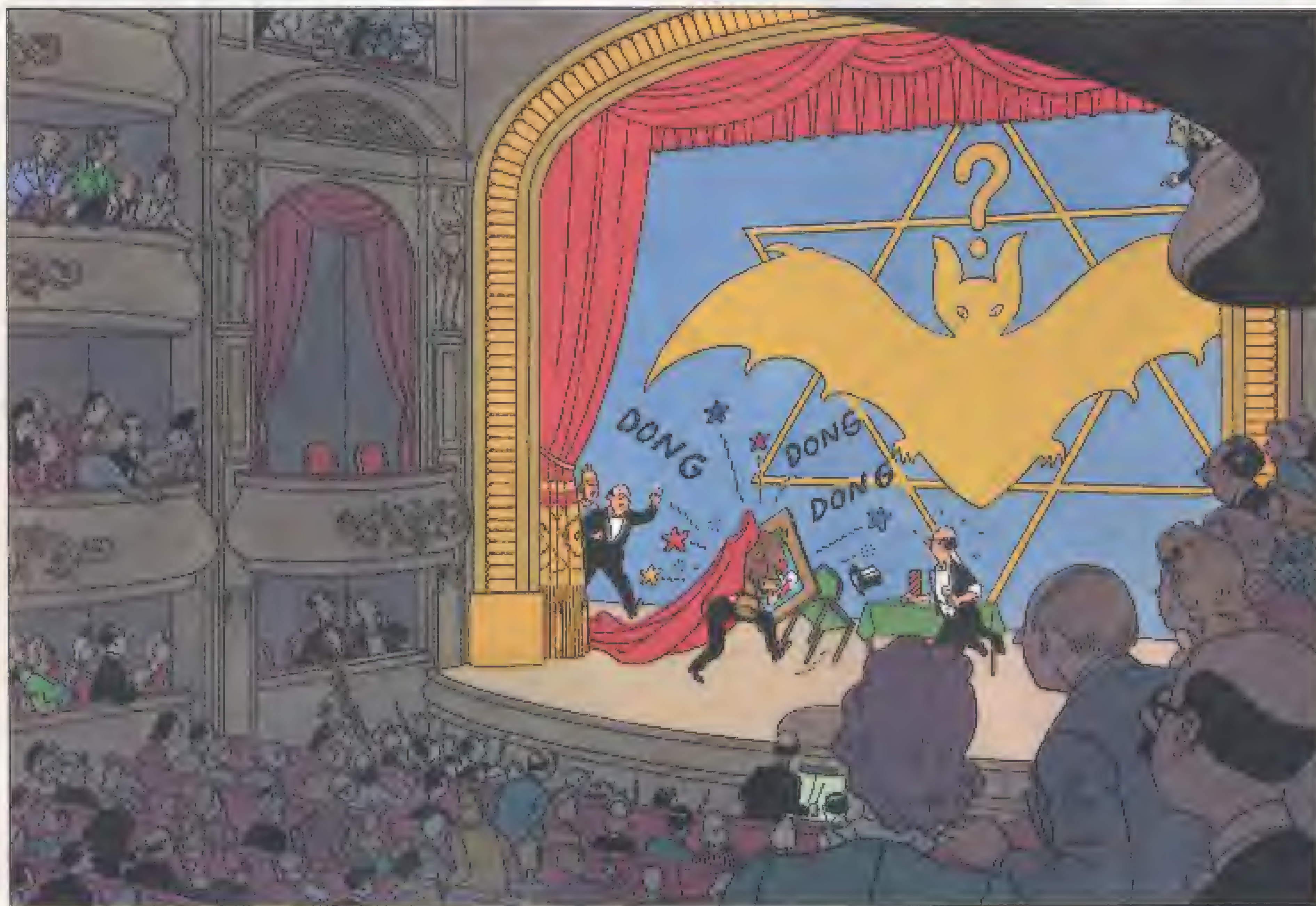
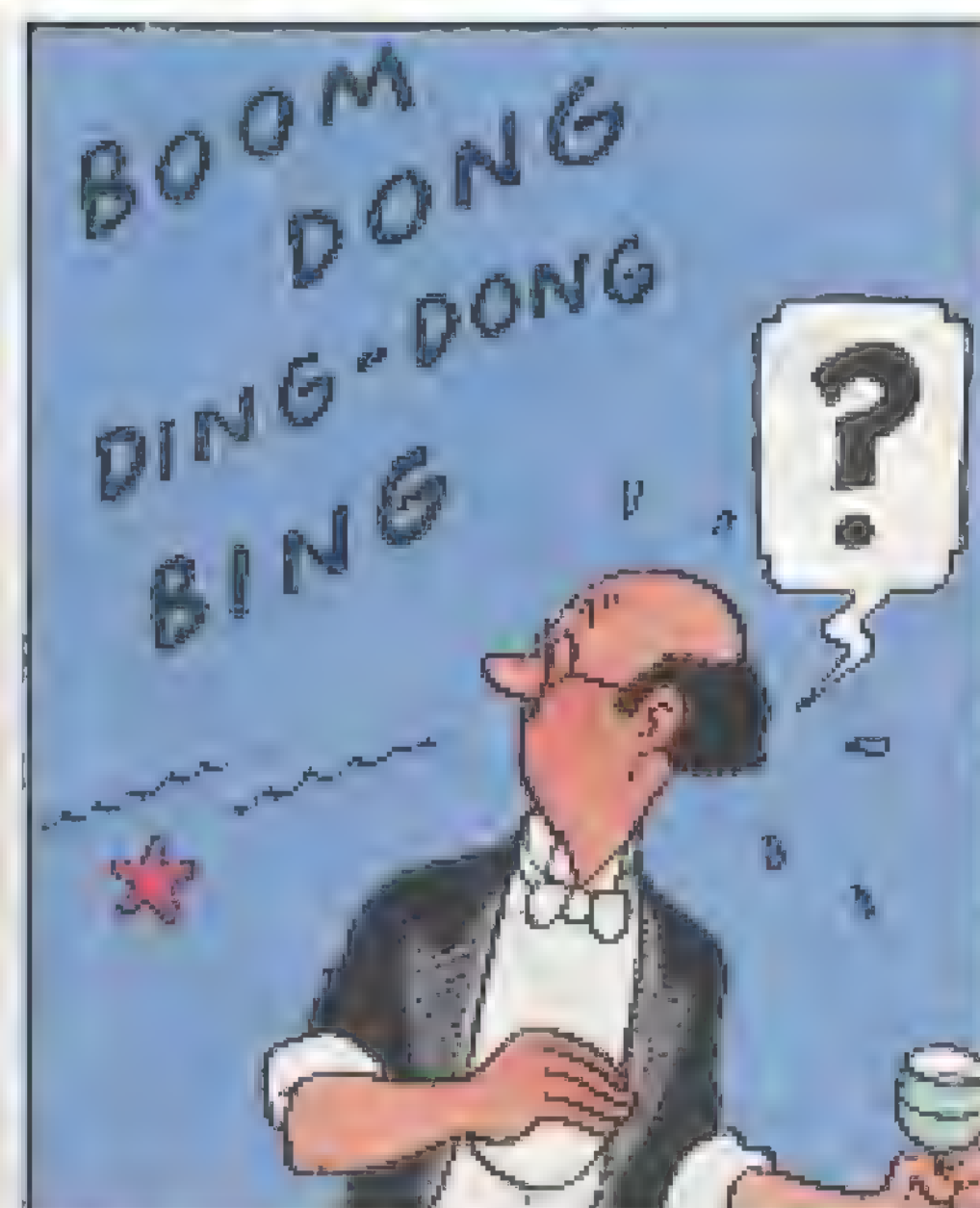




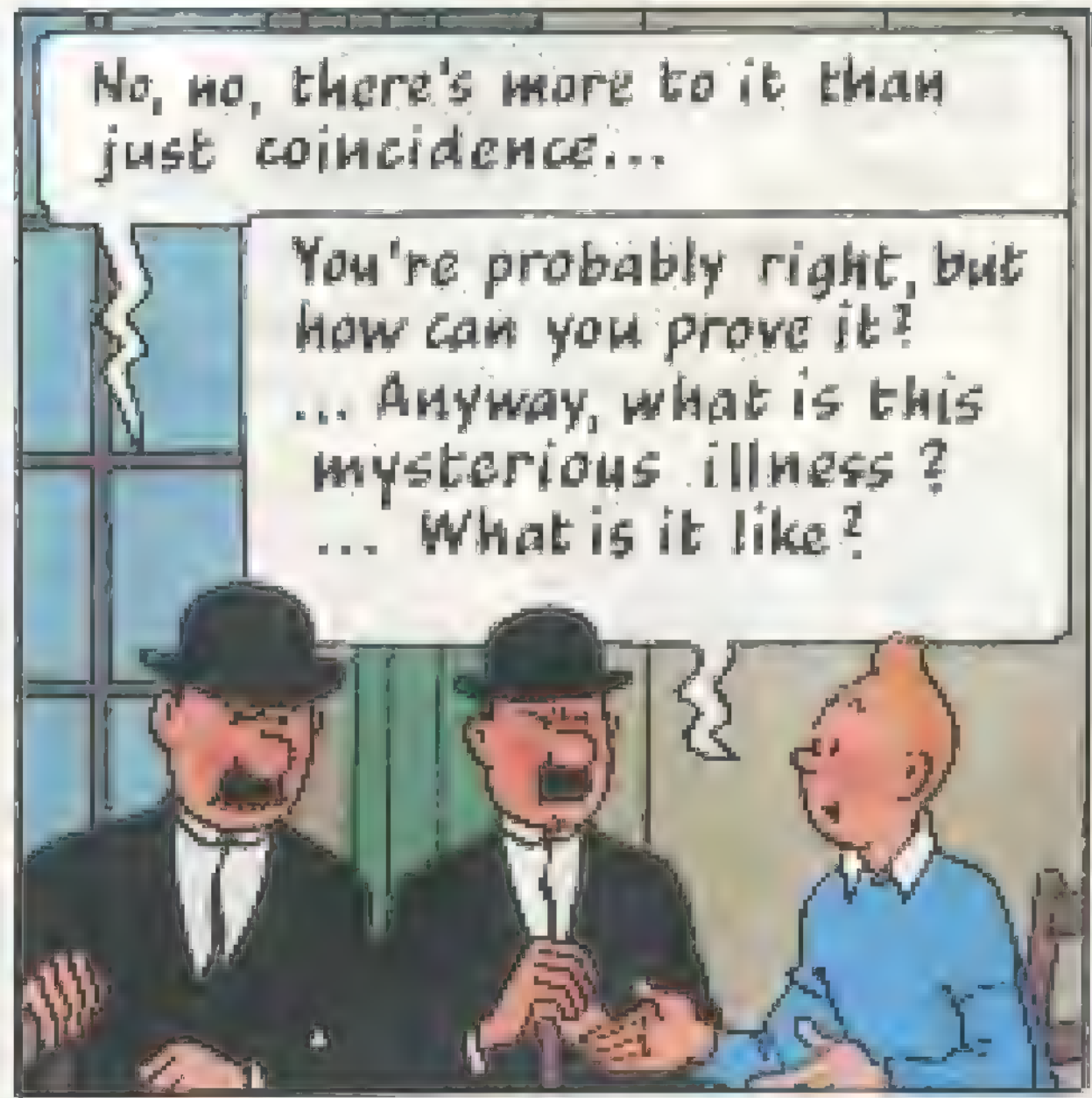
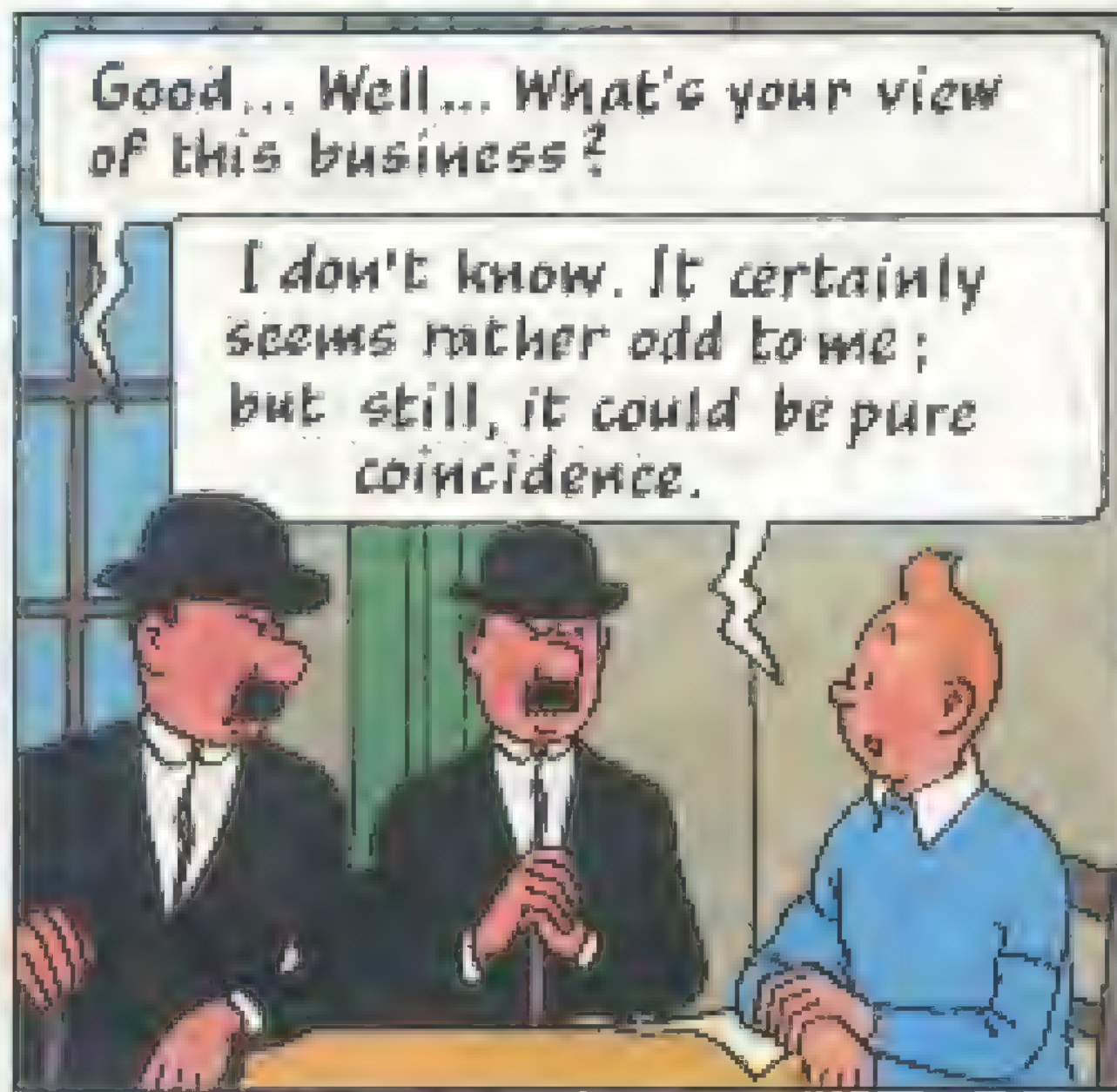
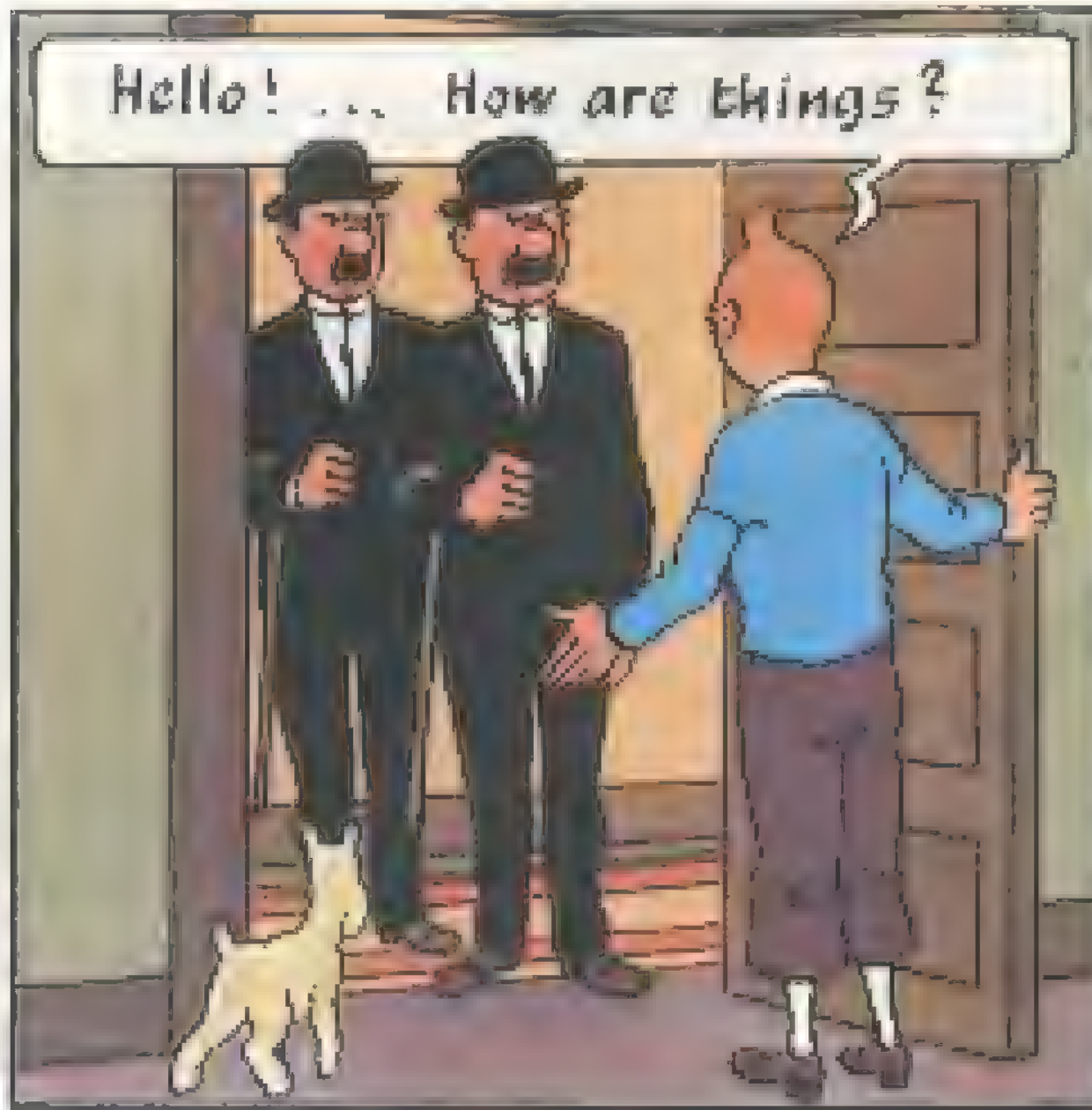
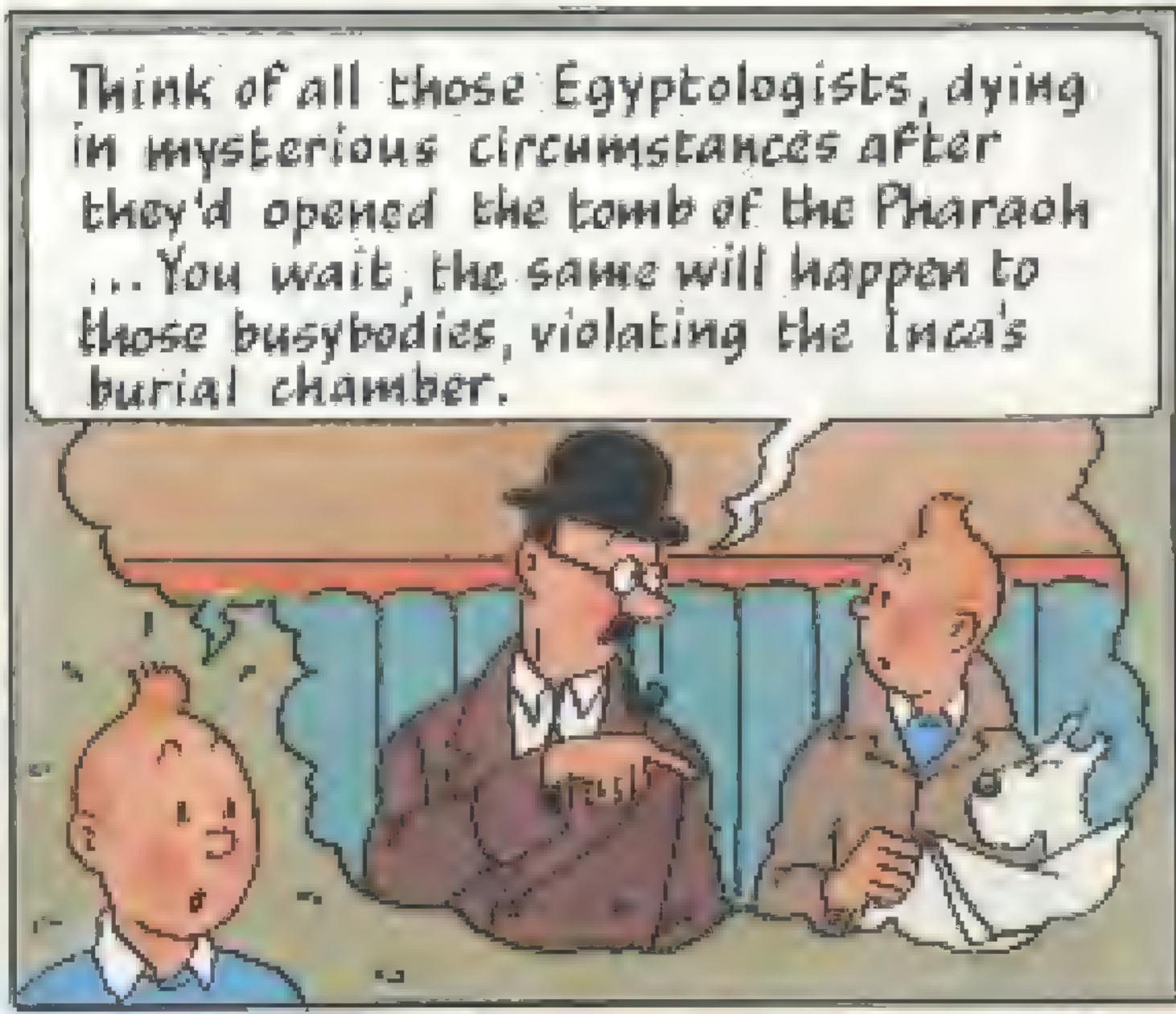
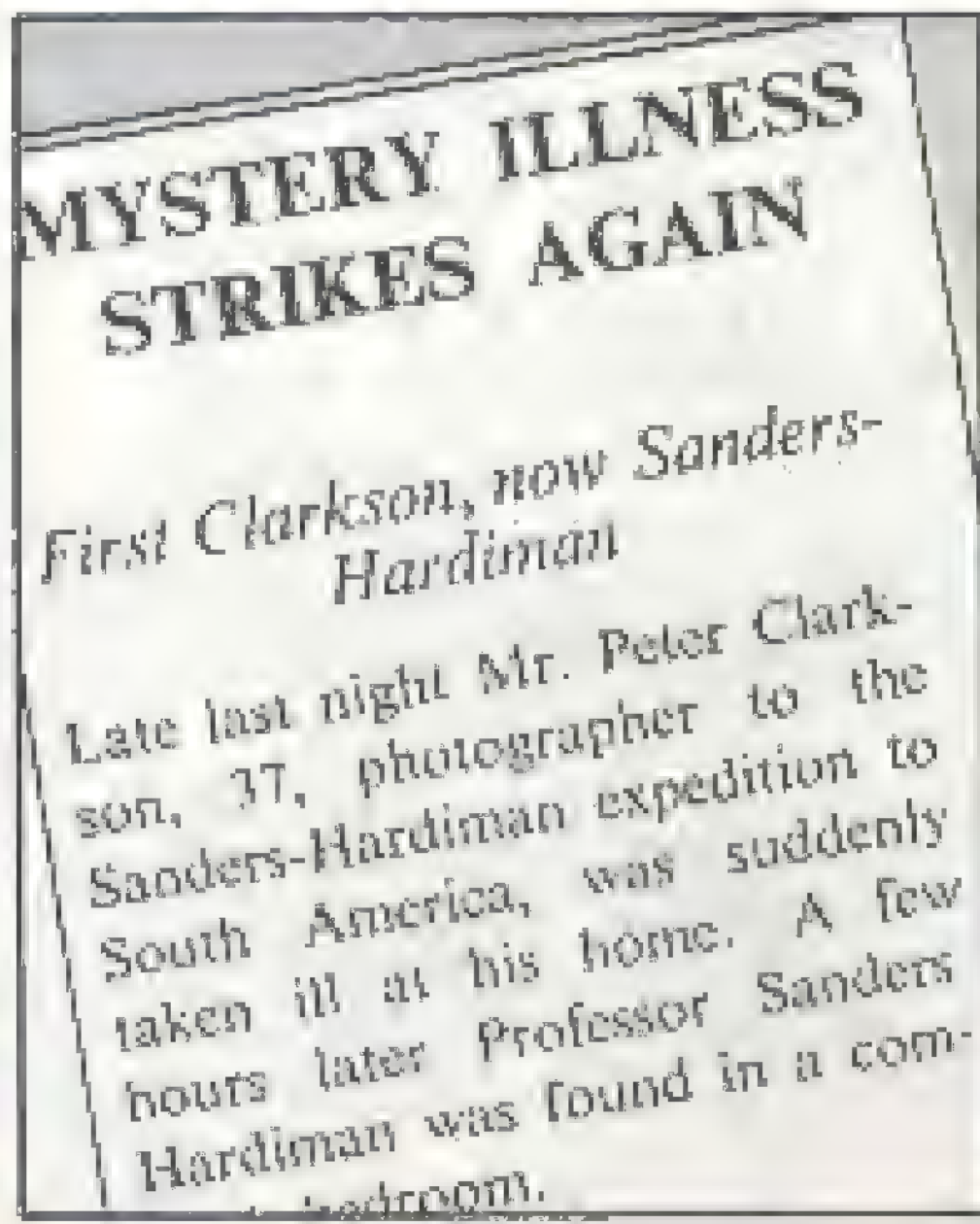














Strictly speaking, it isn't exactly an illness... The two victims were found asleep: one at his desk, the other in his library. According to a preliminary report, the explorers seem to have fallen into some sort of deep coma or hypnotic sleep...



But have a look here...



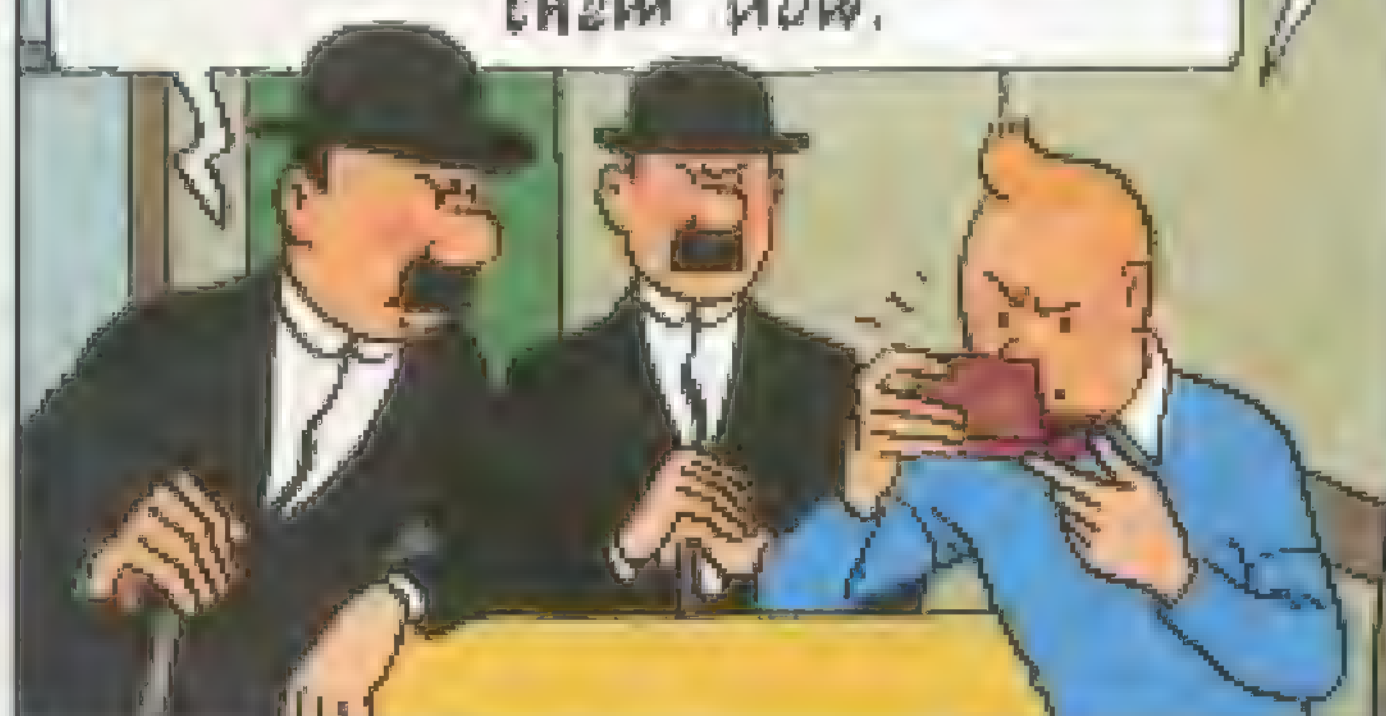
Well?... They're little pieces of glass.

Pieces of crystal... they were found close to the two victims.



Have you thought of having these crystal fragments analysed?

Yes, I've left some of them at the laboratory at police headquarters. They're working on them now.



There it is: that's all we know so far.

Anyway, it's enough for us to rule out the theory of simple coincidence... What we need now is the result of the police analysis. I wonder...



I'll ring up the laboratory. Perhaps they've got the answer already.

Good.



Hello?... Headquarters?... Put me through to the laboratory, please... Hello, Doctor Simons?... This is Thomson... No, without a P, as in Venezuela... Yes... the analysis... Well?



What??



Professor Reedbuck!... It's fantastic!... Found asleep in his bath... Yes... They discovered the same crystal fragments... Incredible!... I say, how is the analysis getting on?... Have you...?



Nothing definite yet... We've established that the glass particles come from little crystal balls... These probably contained the substance...



... which sent the unfortunate victims into a sort of coma... The substance? We have absolutely no idea... Yes, we're pressing on with our tests... I'll let you know how things are going. Goodbye.



I can't believe it! Professor Bath-tub, found asleep in the reeds!

Number three!





We must warn the other members of the expedition at once! And we must get police protection for them.

Why?... You don't think that they... that we... that it...?

Of course! There's no reason why this should stop. Everyone who took part in the expedition is in danger. Let's see... Sanders-Hardiman, Clarkson, Reedbuck: that's three... Who were the others? ... Oh, yes! Mark Falconer. Ring up Mark Falconer.

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?

It's always the same with the telephone: whenever you need it, it's guaranteed to be out of order!

There's no reply?

I hate to interfere, but if I were you I'd try using that.

Is that Mark Falconer?

Yes, Falconer speaking...

Yes... yes... yes, I was just reading the paper... What? Professor Reedbuck too?... And... no... What's that? Crystal fragments! ... By Jupiter, so he was telling the truth!

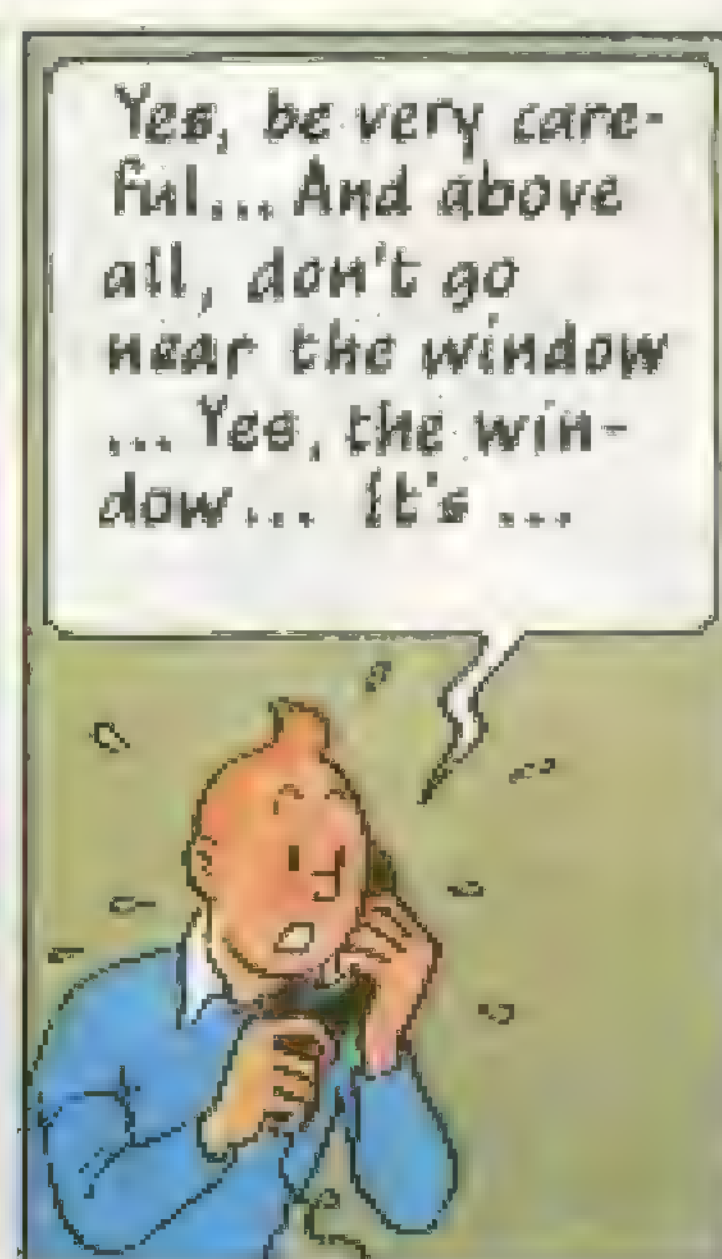
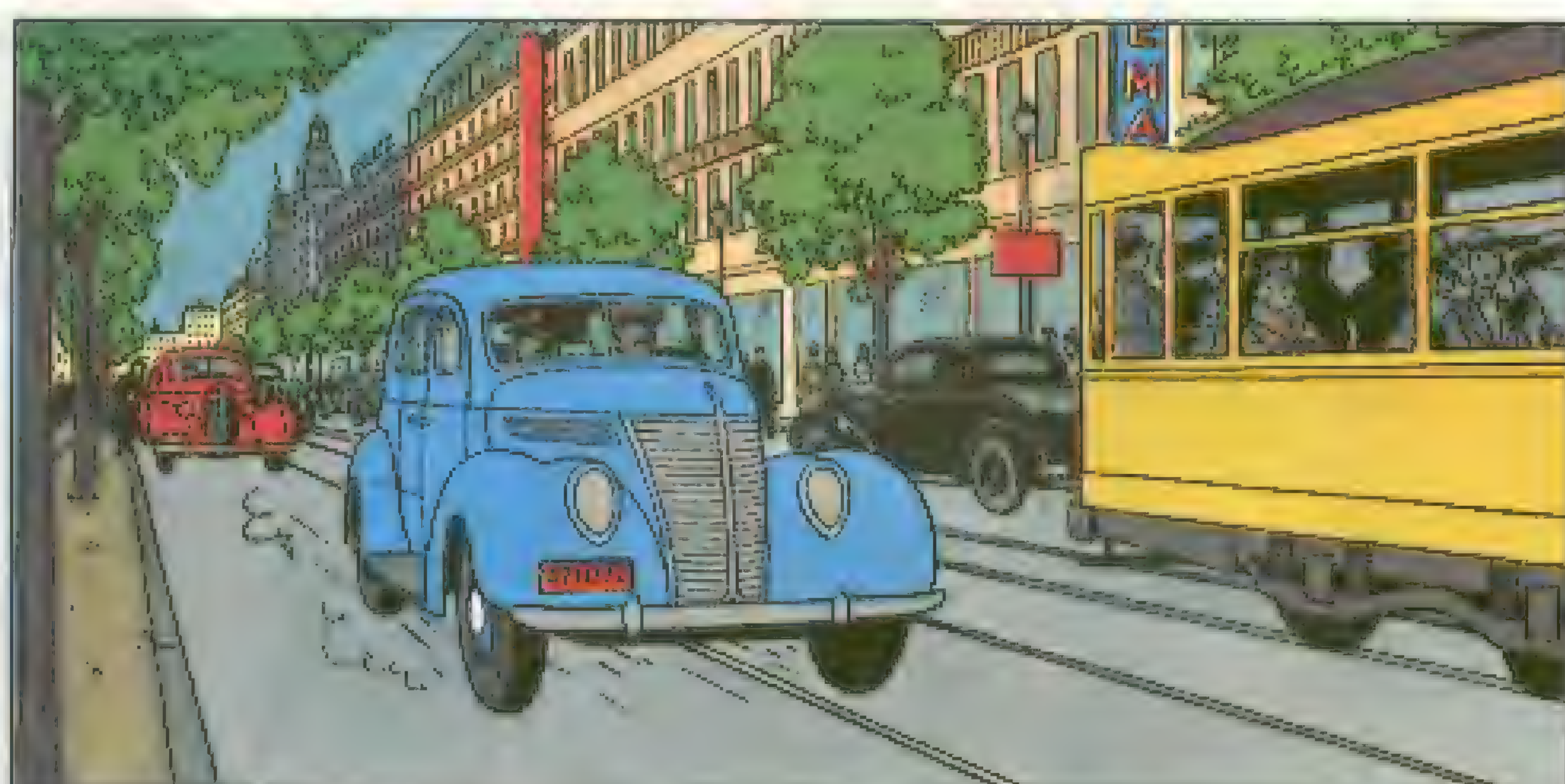
Who?... An old Indian, who got drunk on coca one night. He told me... No, I can't explain over the telephone... No, I'll come along and see you... Where?... Good!

I'll pick up a taxi and be with you right away. Meanwhile, warn Cantonneau, Midge and Tarragon. Tell them to stay indoors. And above all to keep away from the windows... Yes, windows... Me? Don't worry, I shall be on my guard... Goodbye for now. I'll be with you soon.

He's coming here. He seemed to know all about it... He said we should warn the other explorers, telling them not to go out, and to keep away from the windows.

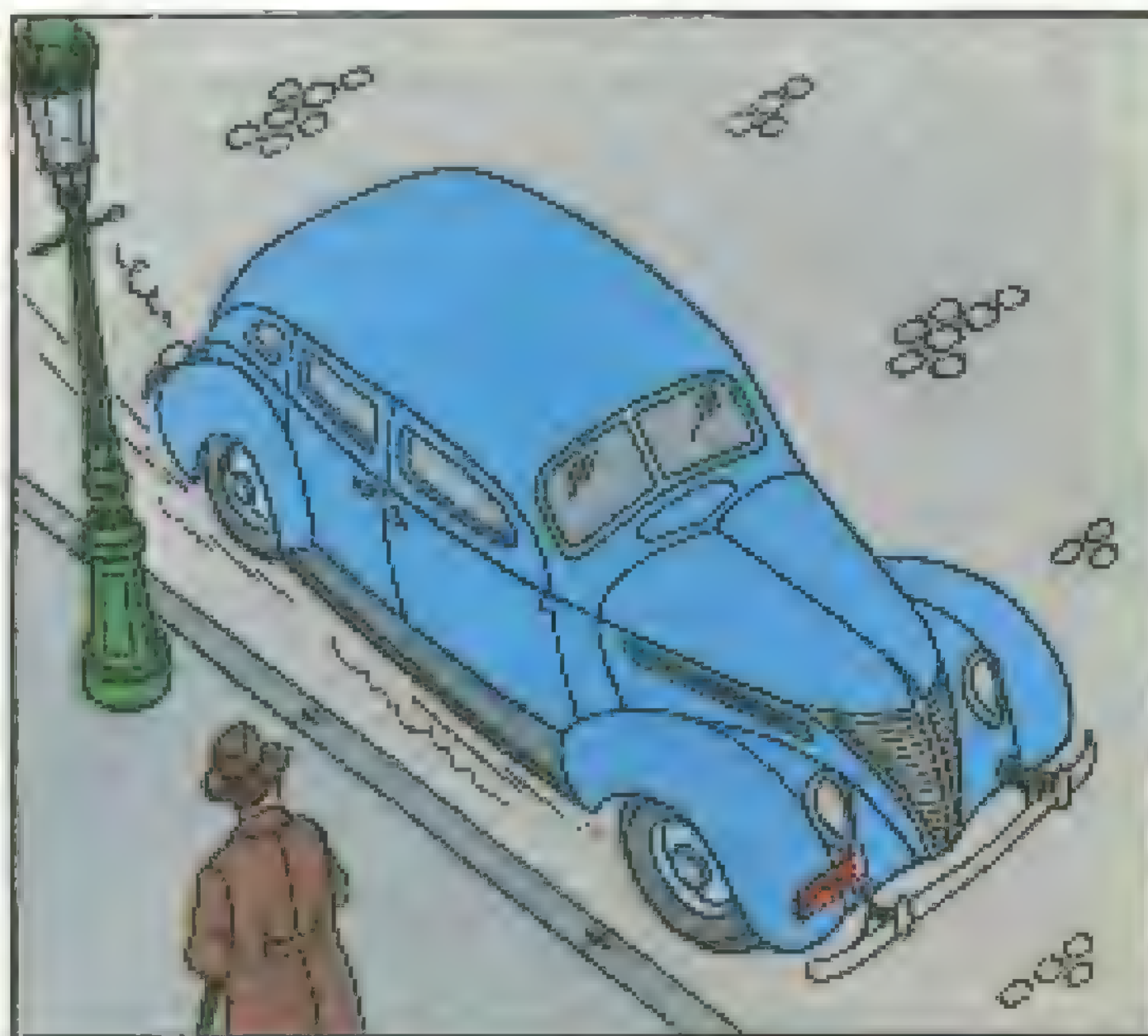
Good, I'll warn Professor Cantonneau...







Something's happened to Professor Cantonneau!... I'm going straight round there... You stay here and warn the other two explorers at once.



There's a taxi pulling up outside the door.

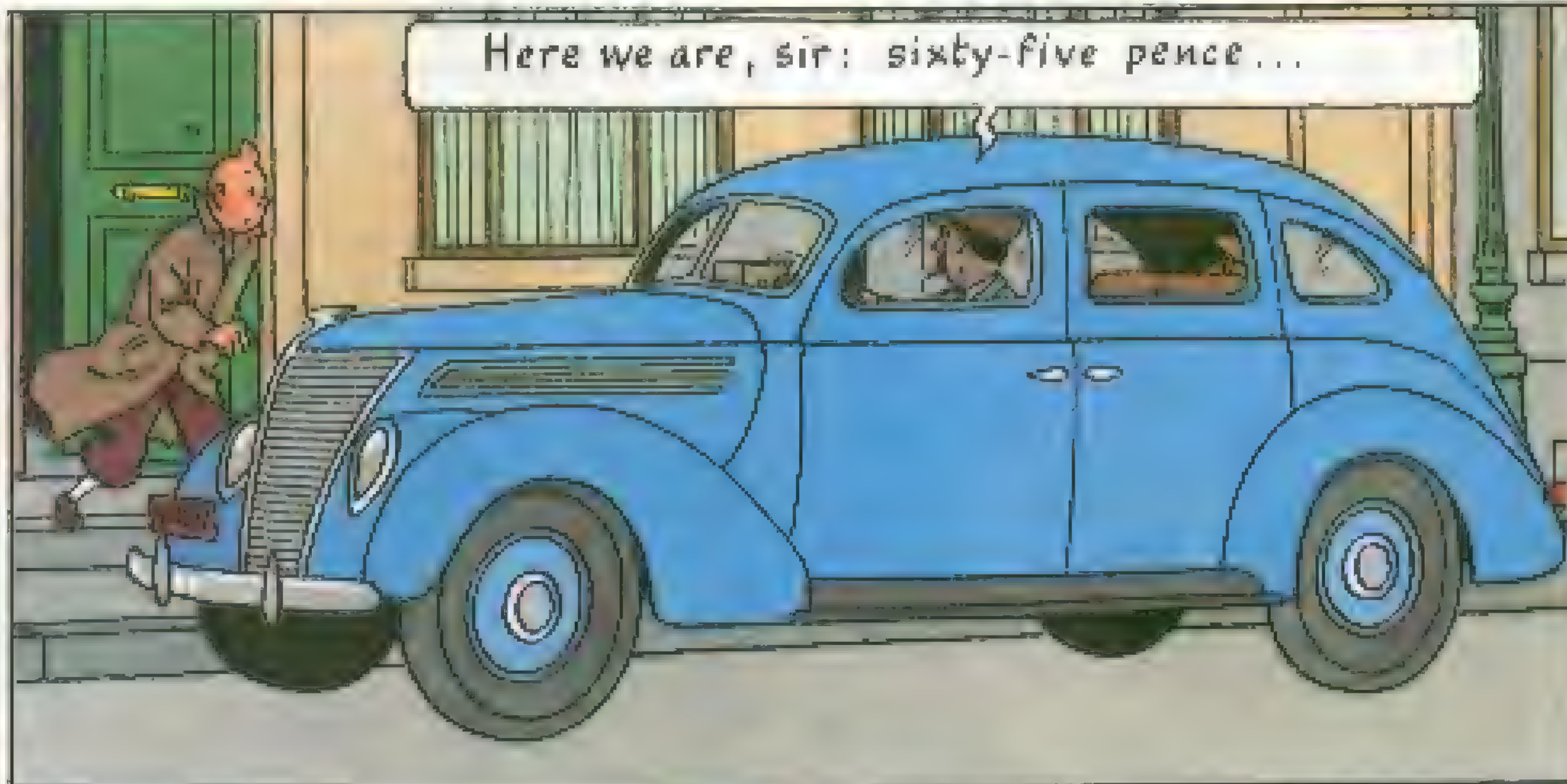
I expect it's brought Mr Falconer... I'll take it on.



Hurry, Snowy! Hurry!



Here we are, sir: sixty-five pence...



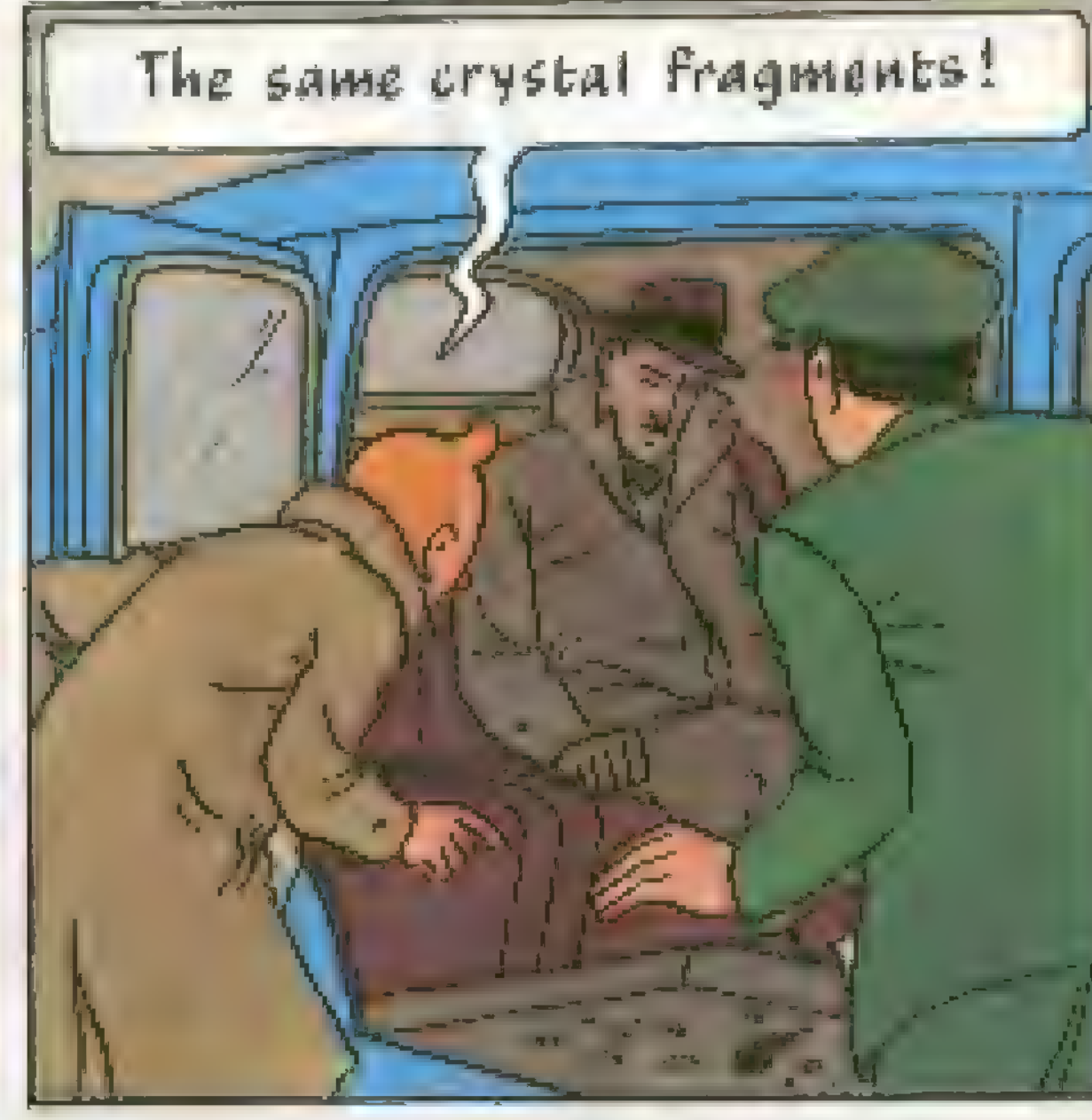
?



!



The same crystal fragments!



Your passenger - he's been attacked! Tell me, did you stop anywhere on the way?

No... oh, yes. Once, at a junction, when the lights were against me.



Now I remember! It must have happened then... Another taxi drew up alongside mine, and I heard a faint sound of glass breaking. I didn't think much of it at the time. The lights changed, and we moved off.



I see. Go into the house and up to the first floor, where you'll find two police officers. Tell them your story. I'm off to warn Doctor Midge.

Righto!





The Plot Thickens. Mark Falcon collapses in T...

**MYSTERY OF THE CRYSTAL BALLS**

The Police are new victims. The Police are intensive enquiries into the attack on members of the expedition.

**AN INCA TUT-ANKH-AMEN?**

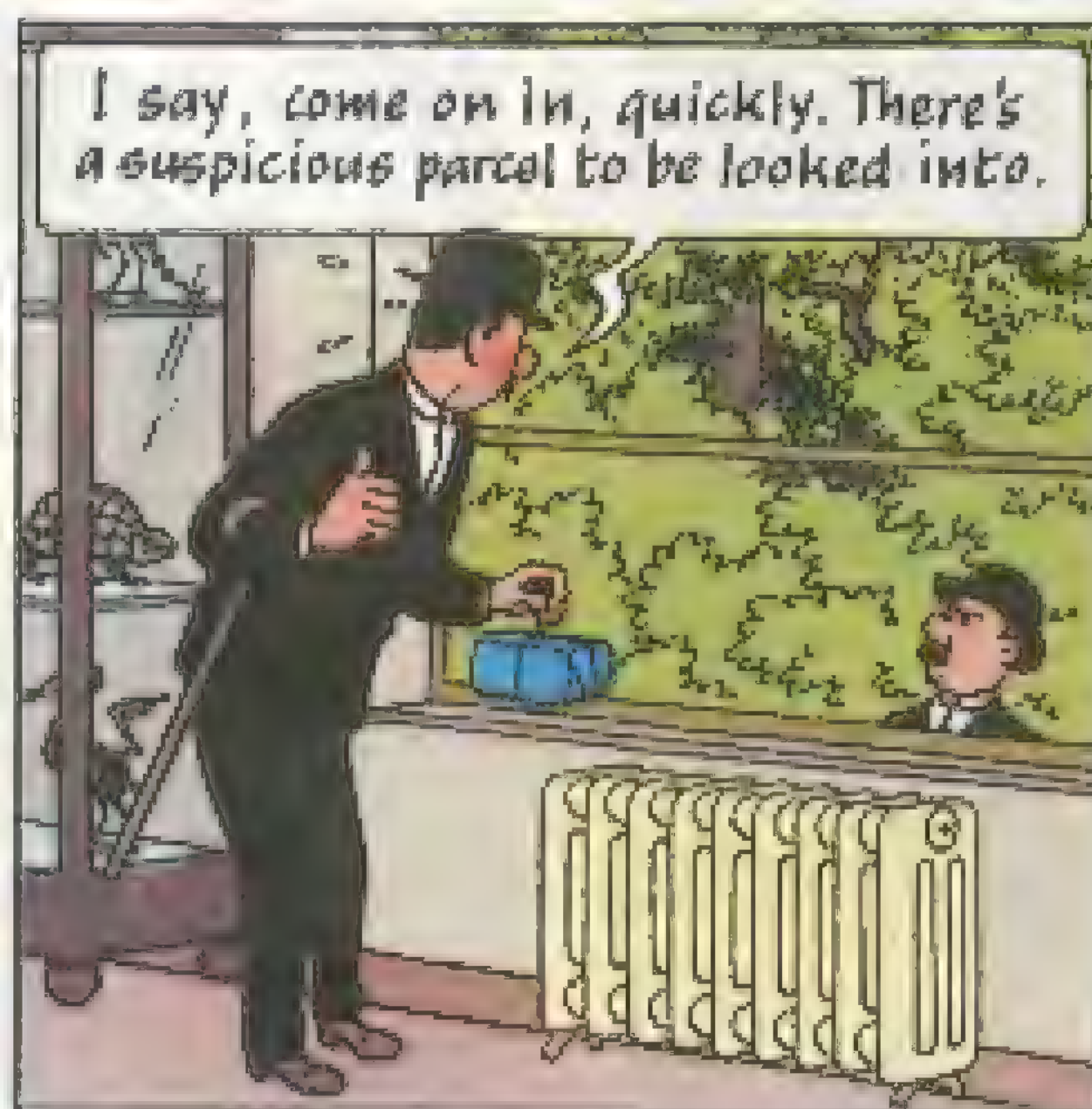
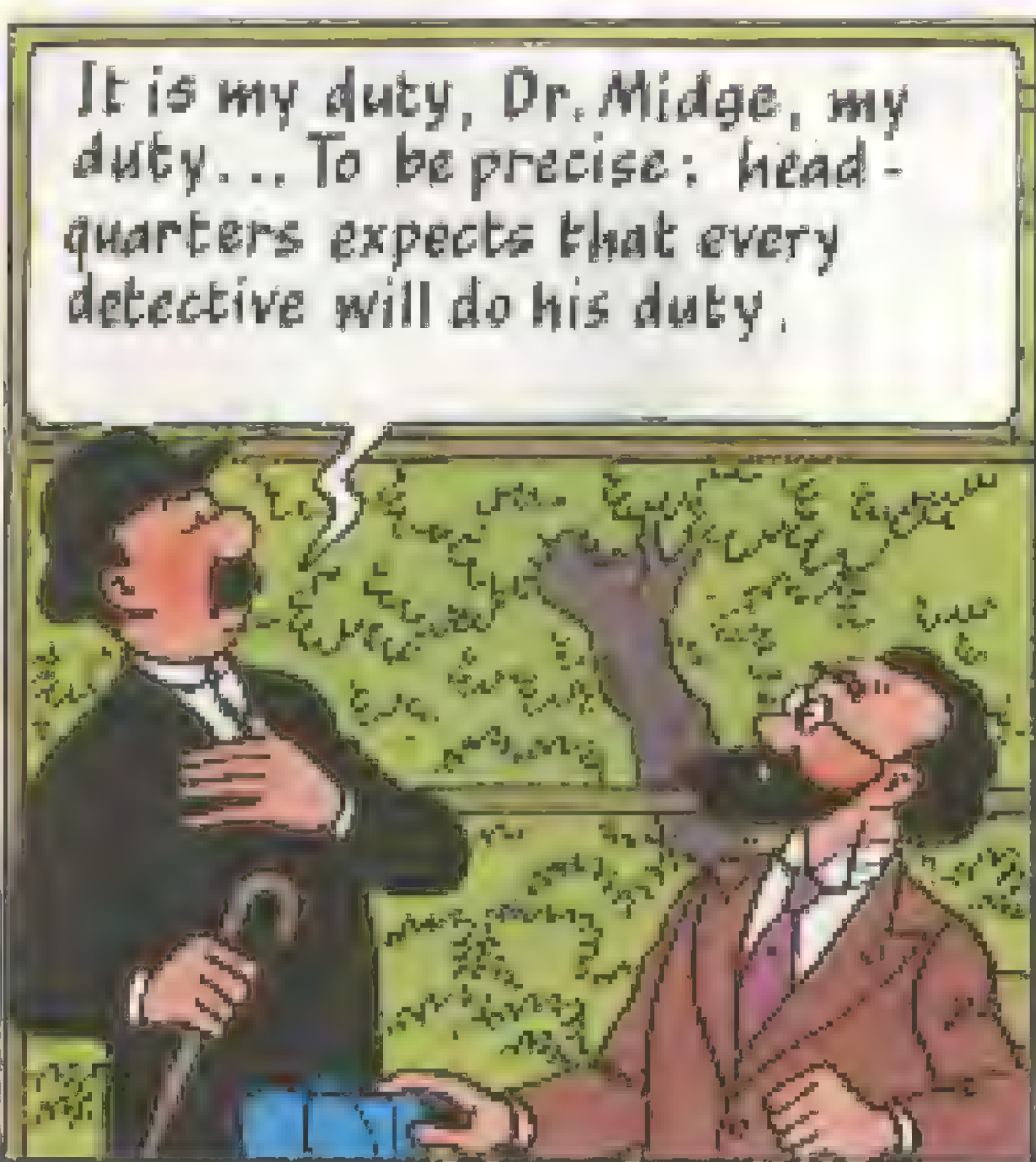
Professor Cantonneau, Mr. Mark Falconer, Professor Sanders-Hurdiman, Mr. Peter Clarkson...

**THE VENGEANCE OF RASCAR CAPAC**

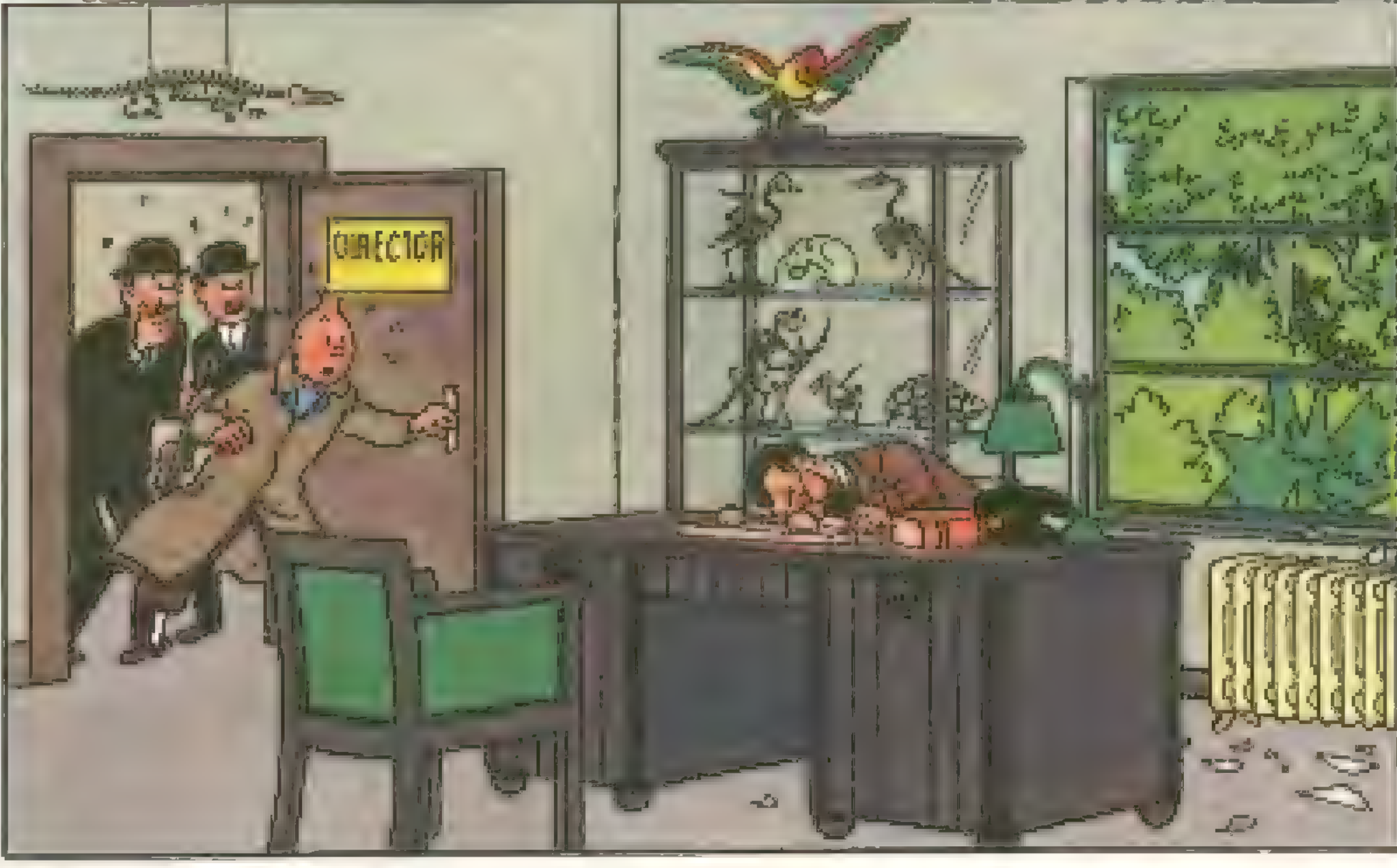
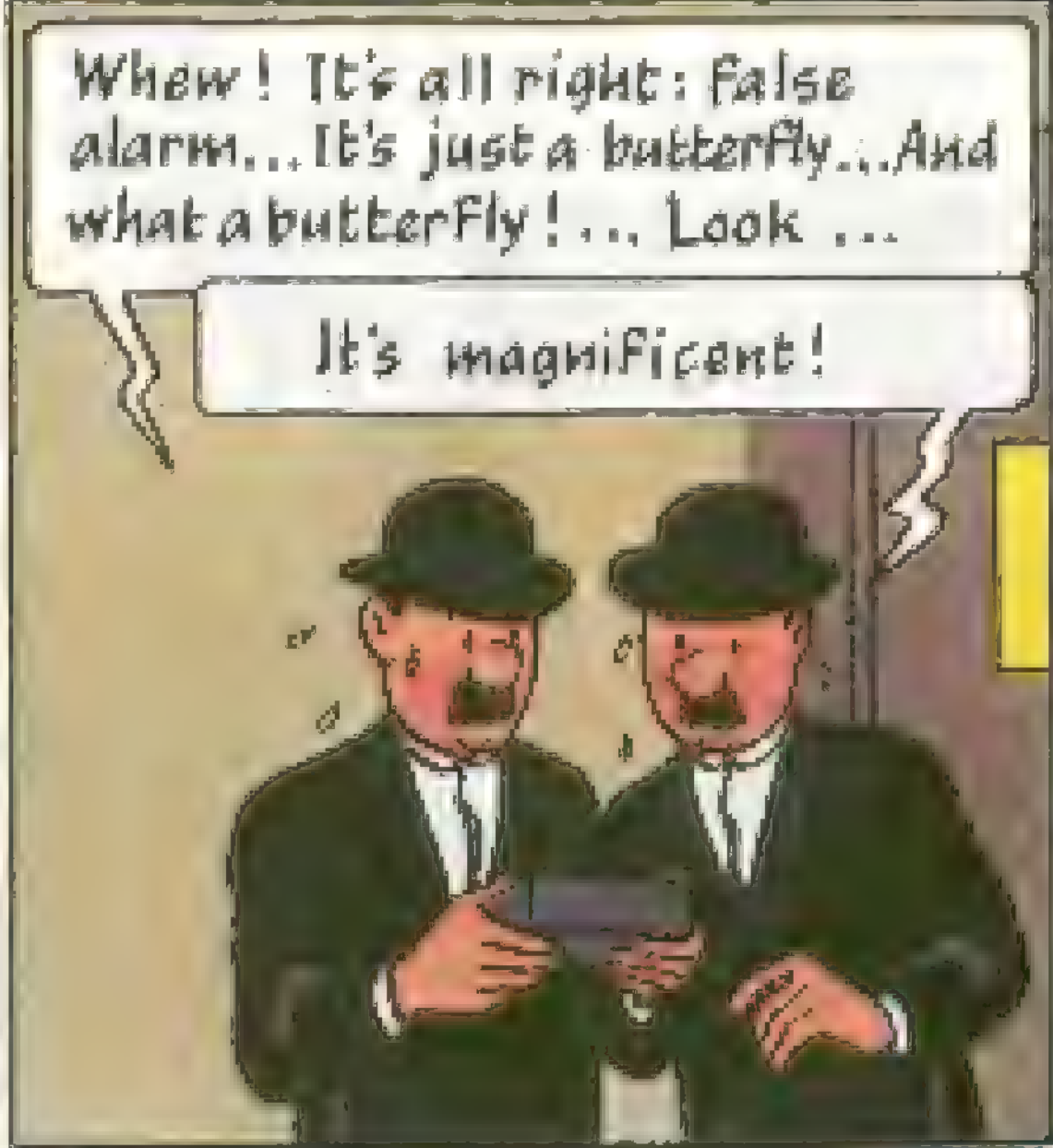
A tragic story lies behind the South American...

**ARE THERE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS?**

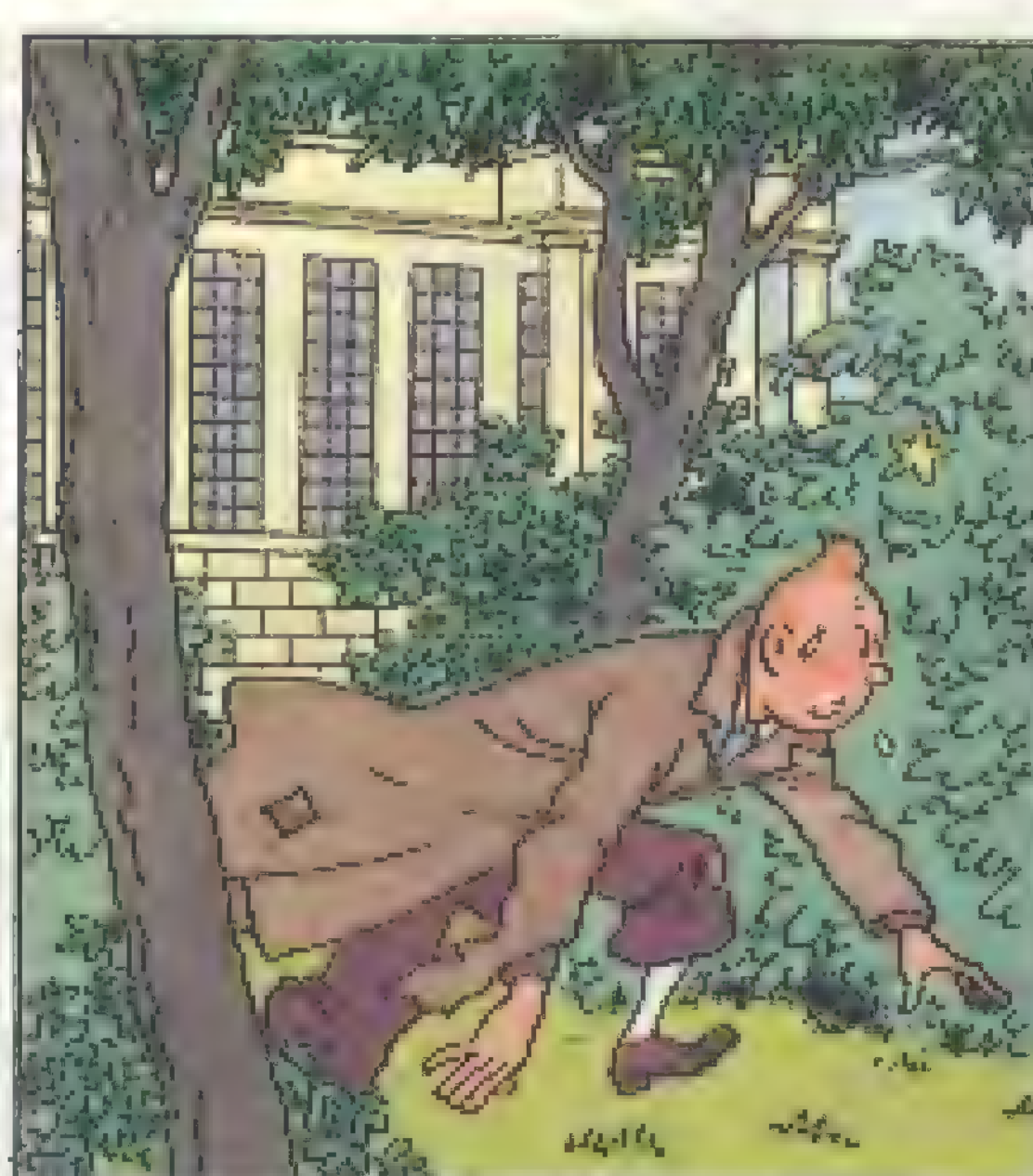
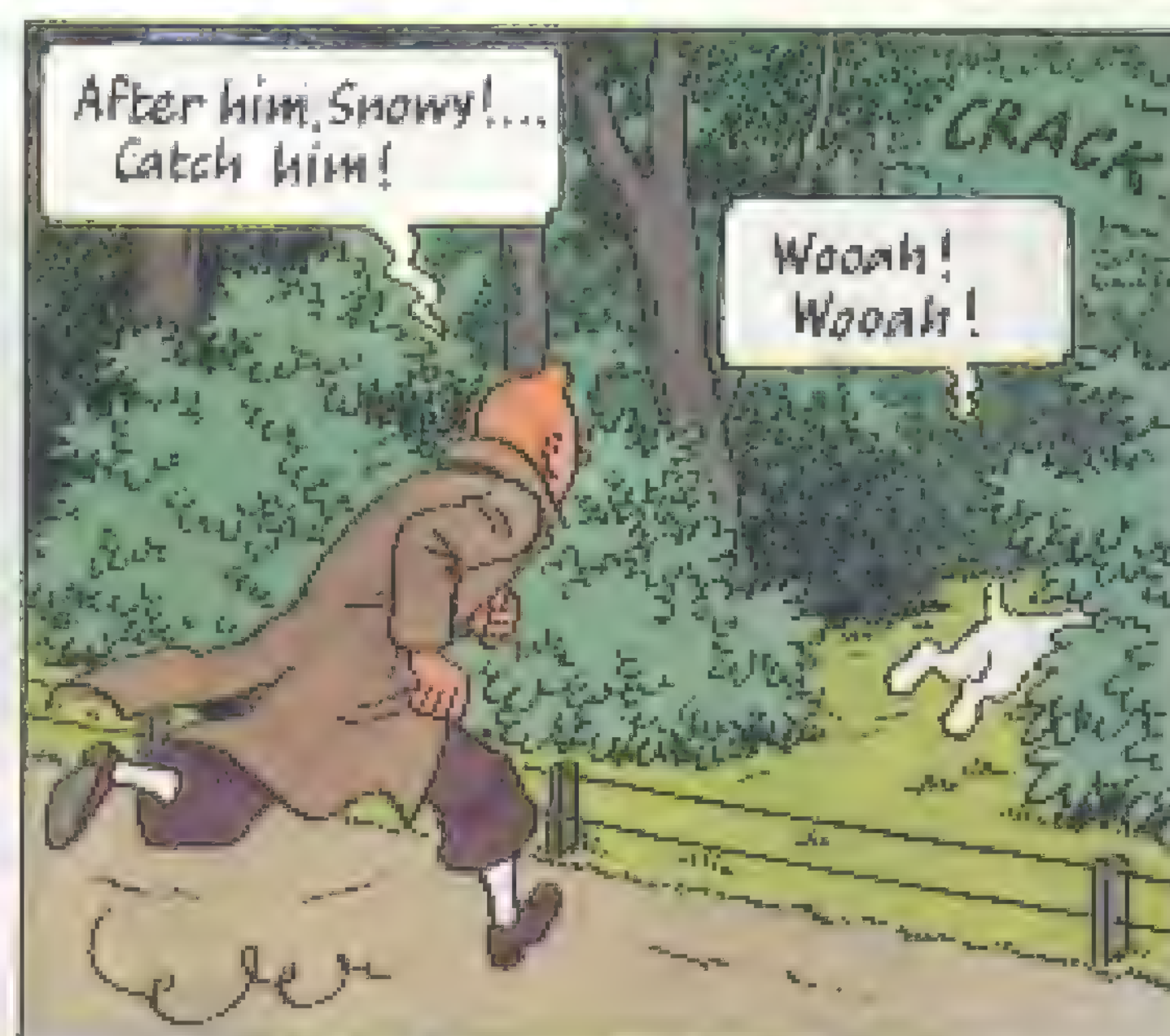
... of the seven explorers who took part in the expedition, only Doctor Midge and Professor Tarragon have escaped the fate of their colleagues. A day-and-night police watch is being kept on their homes, and on the office of Dr. Midge, Director of the Darwin Museum ...



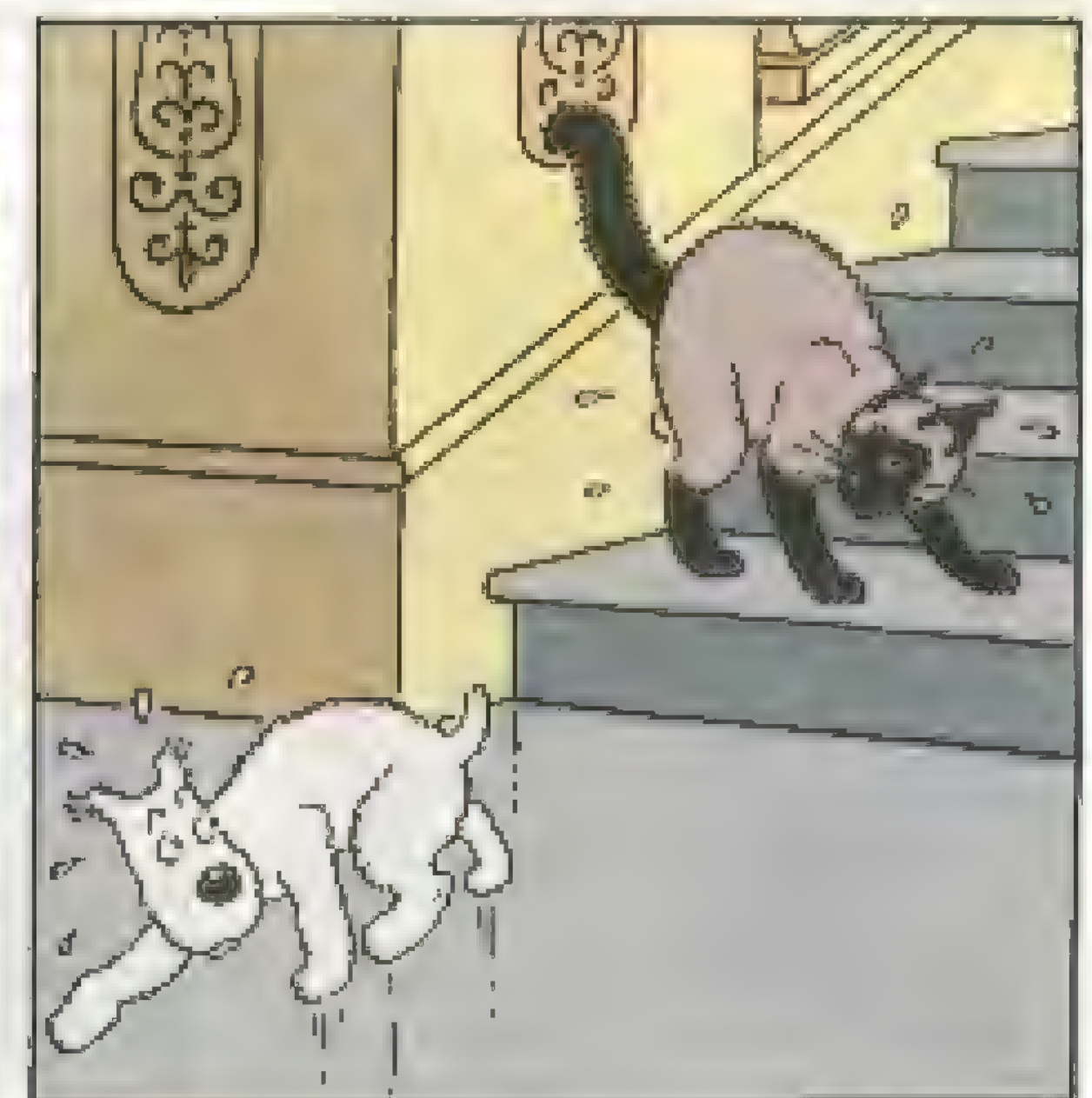
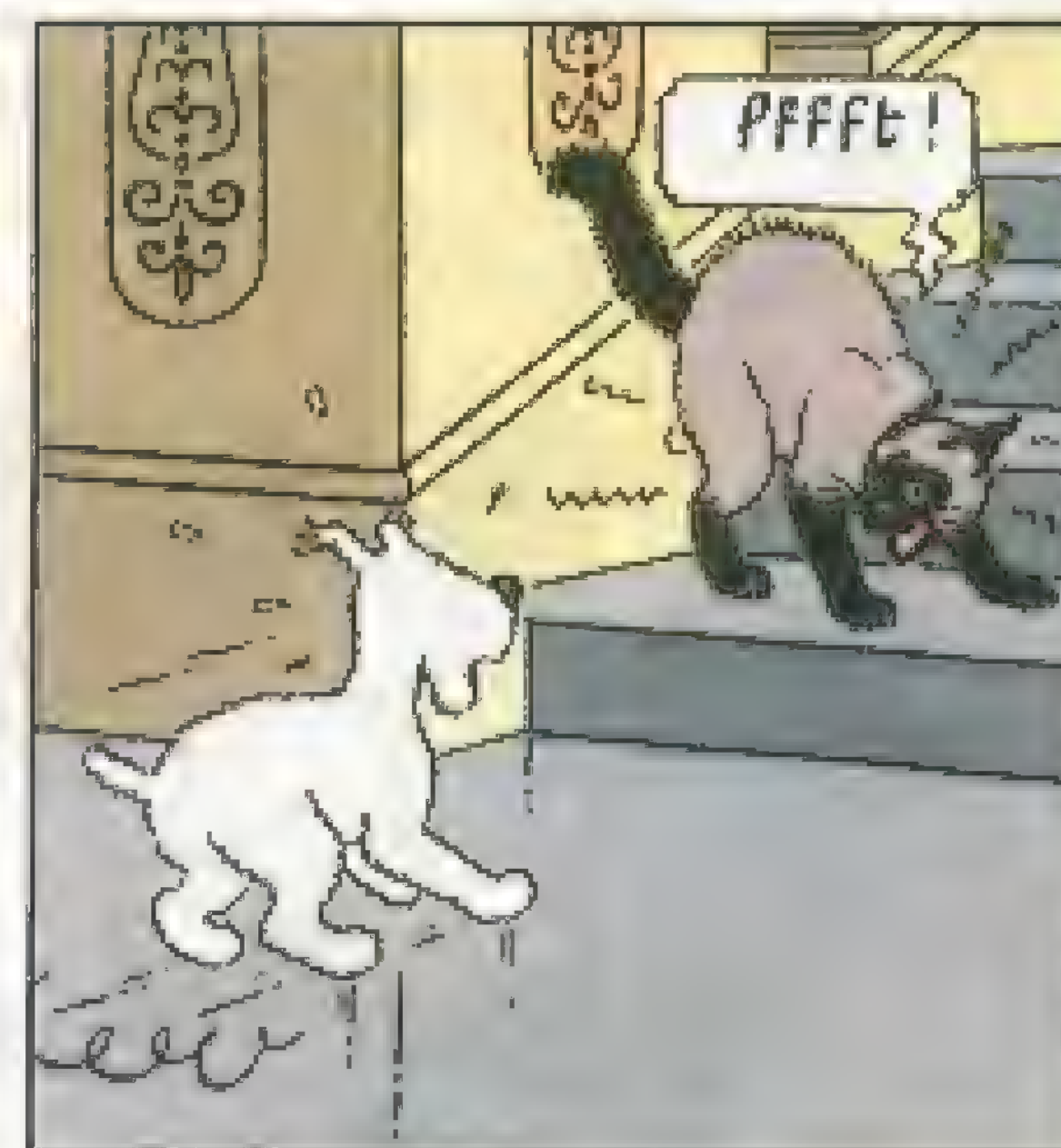
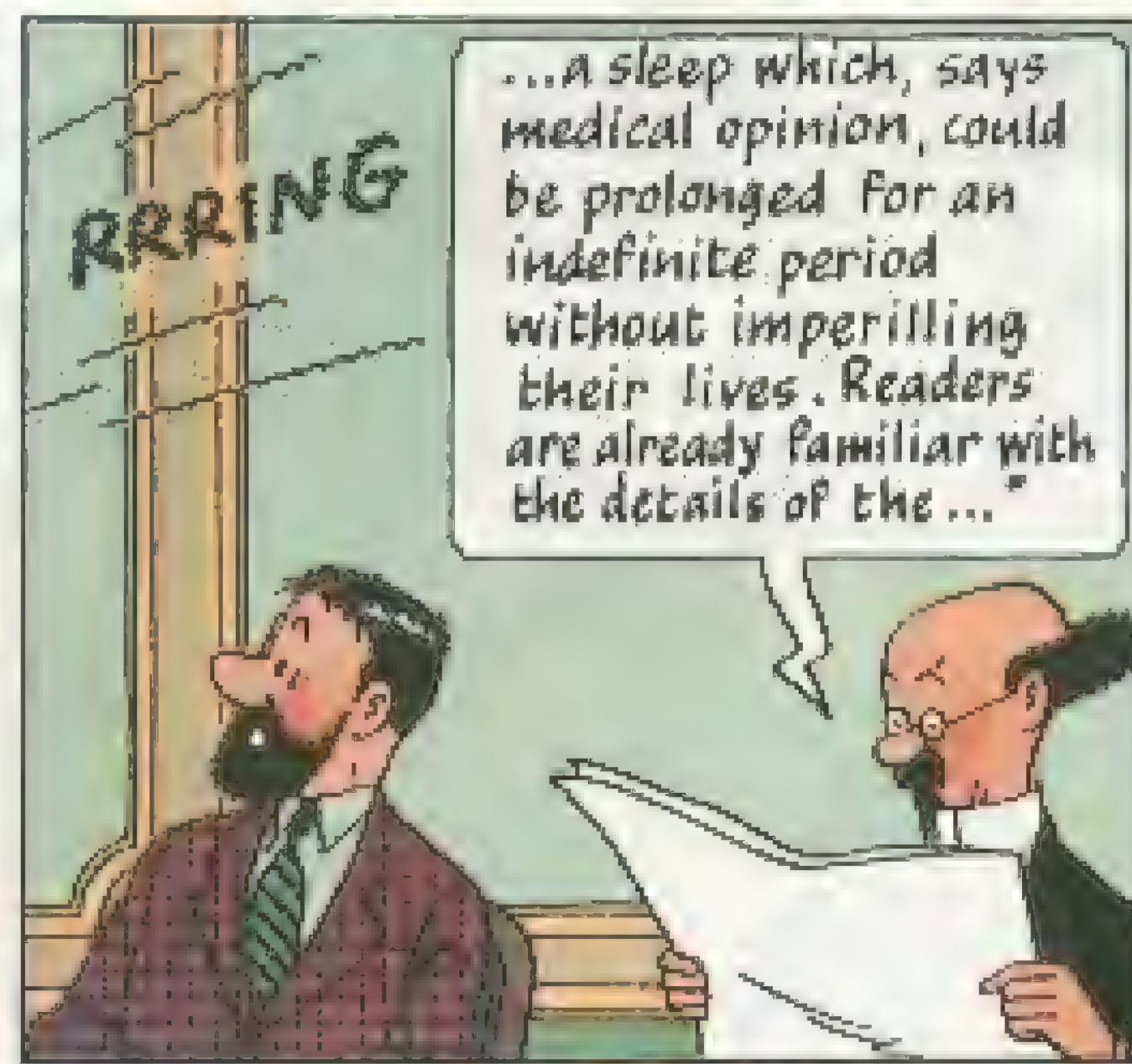
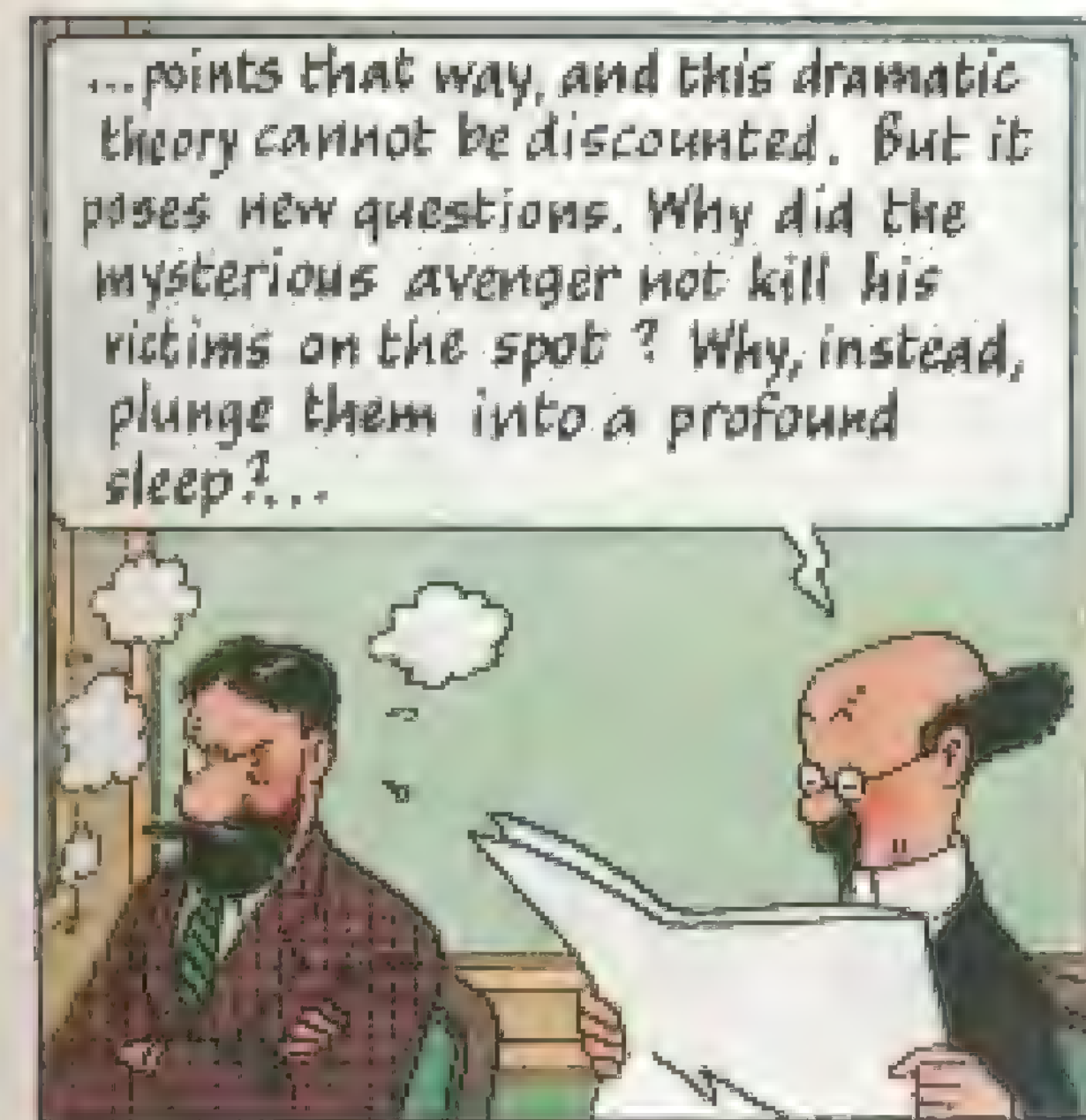
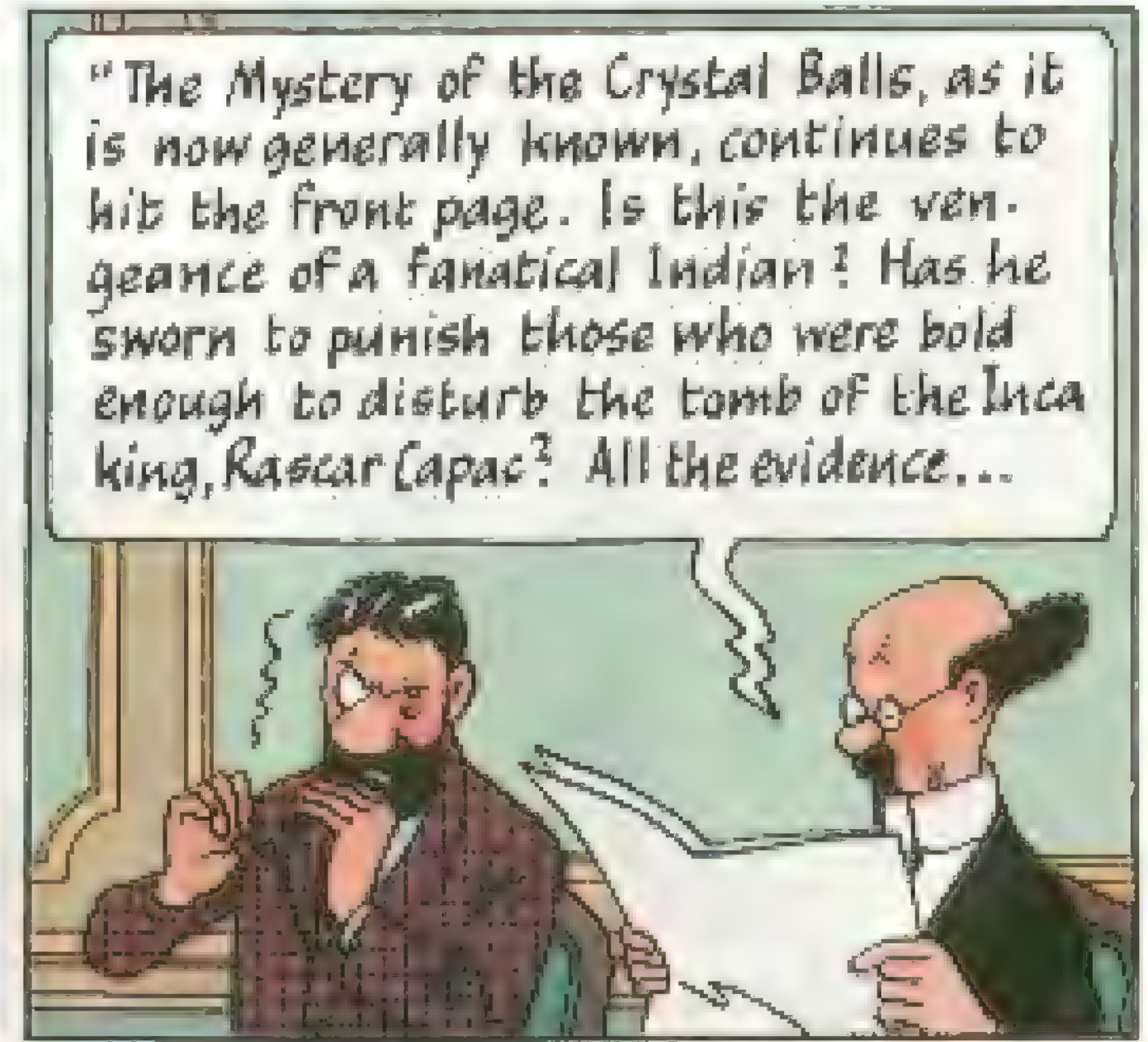
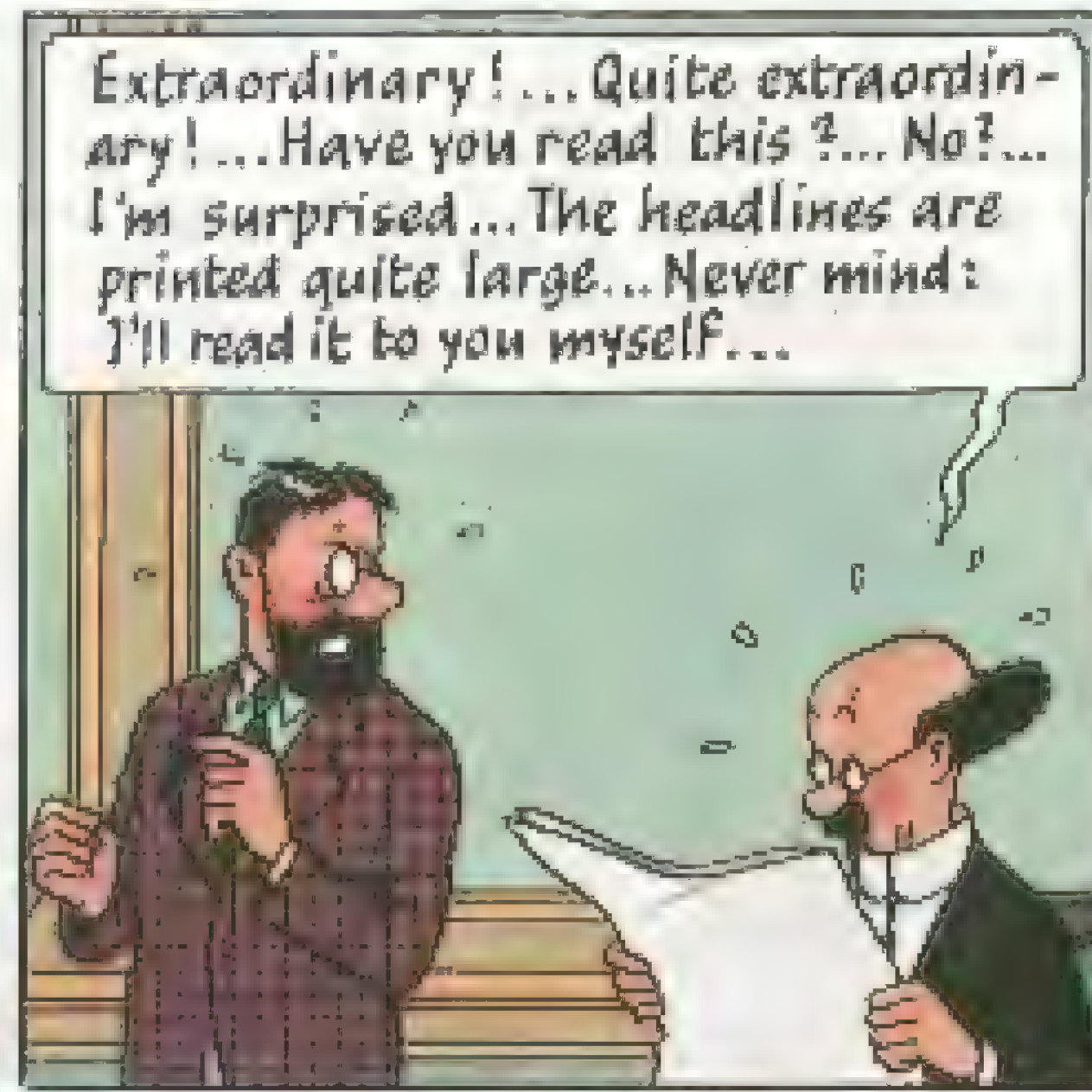
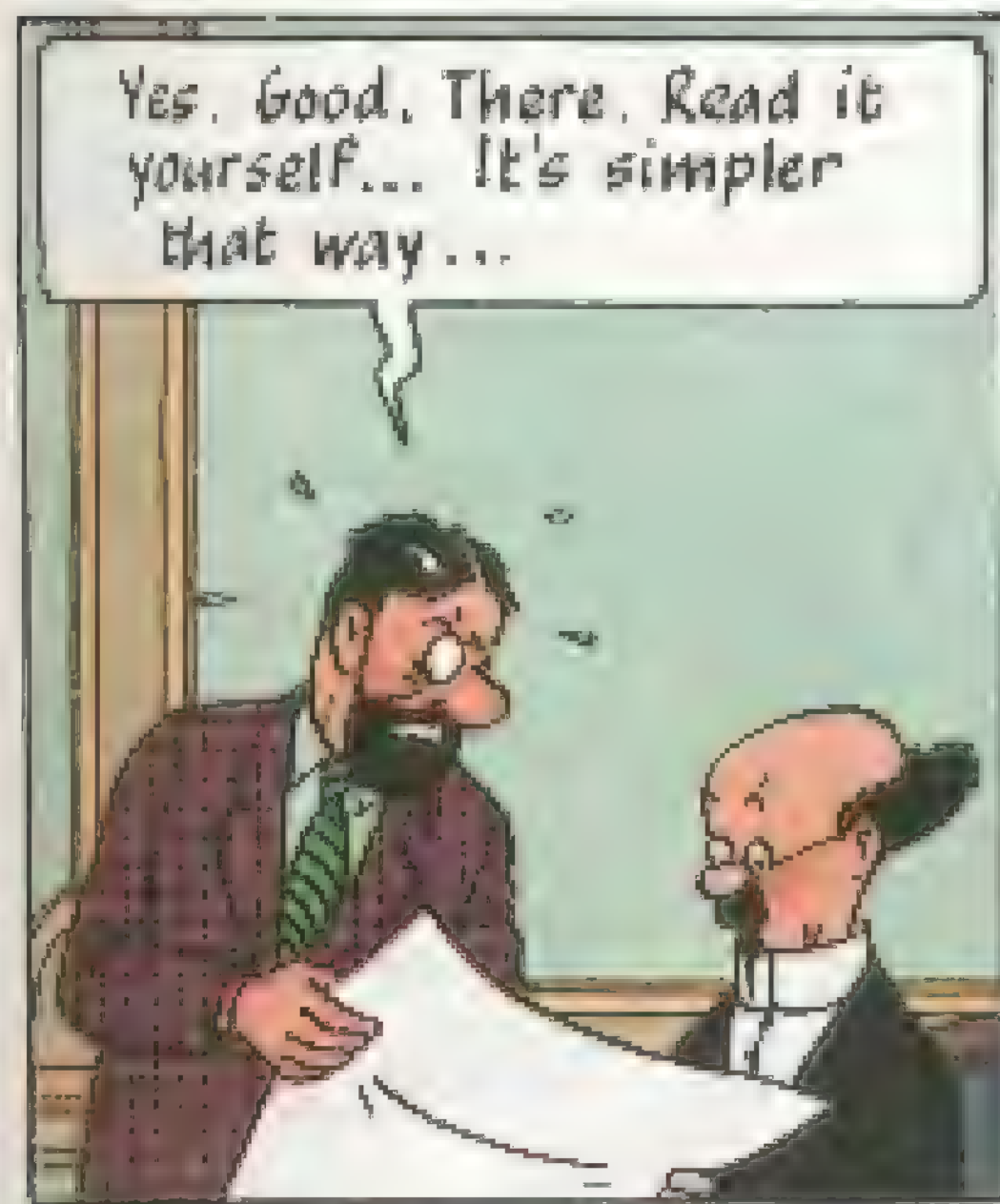
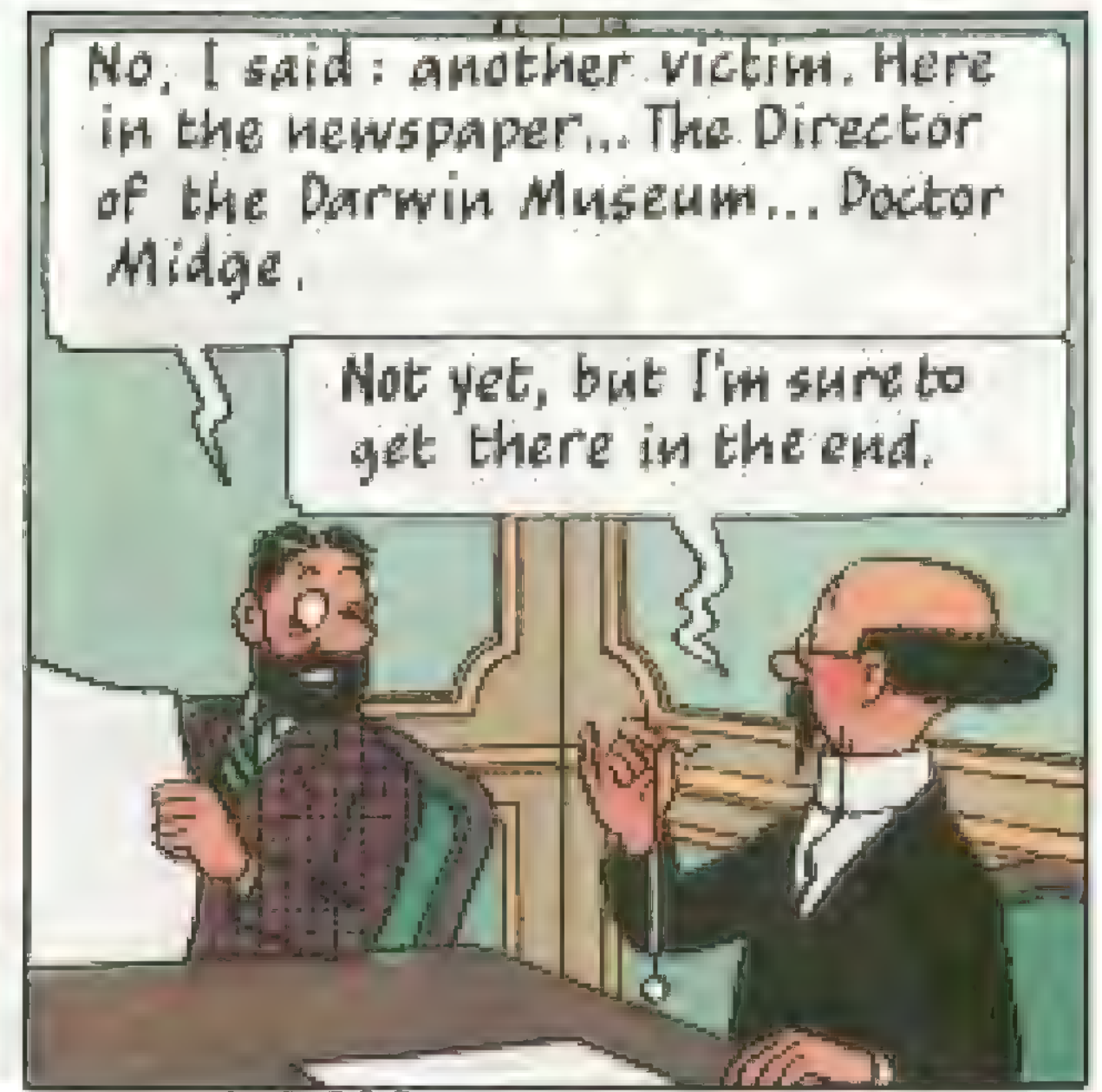
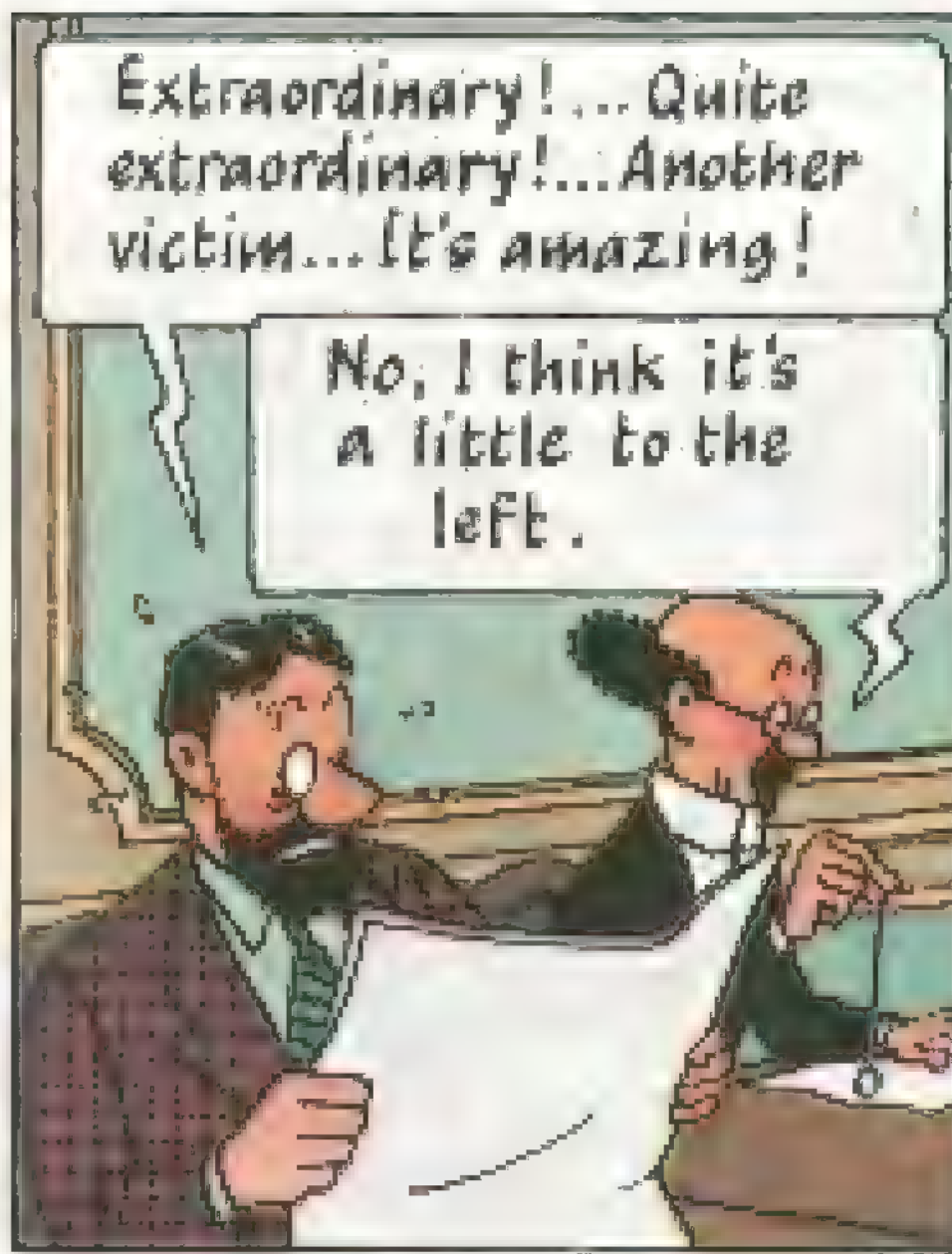
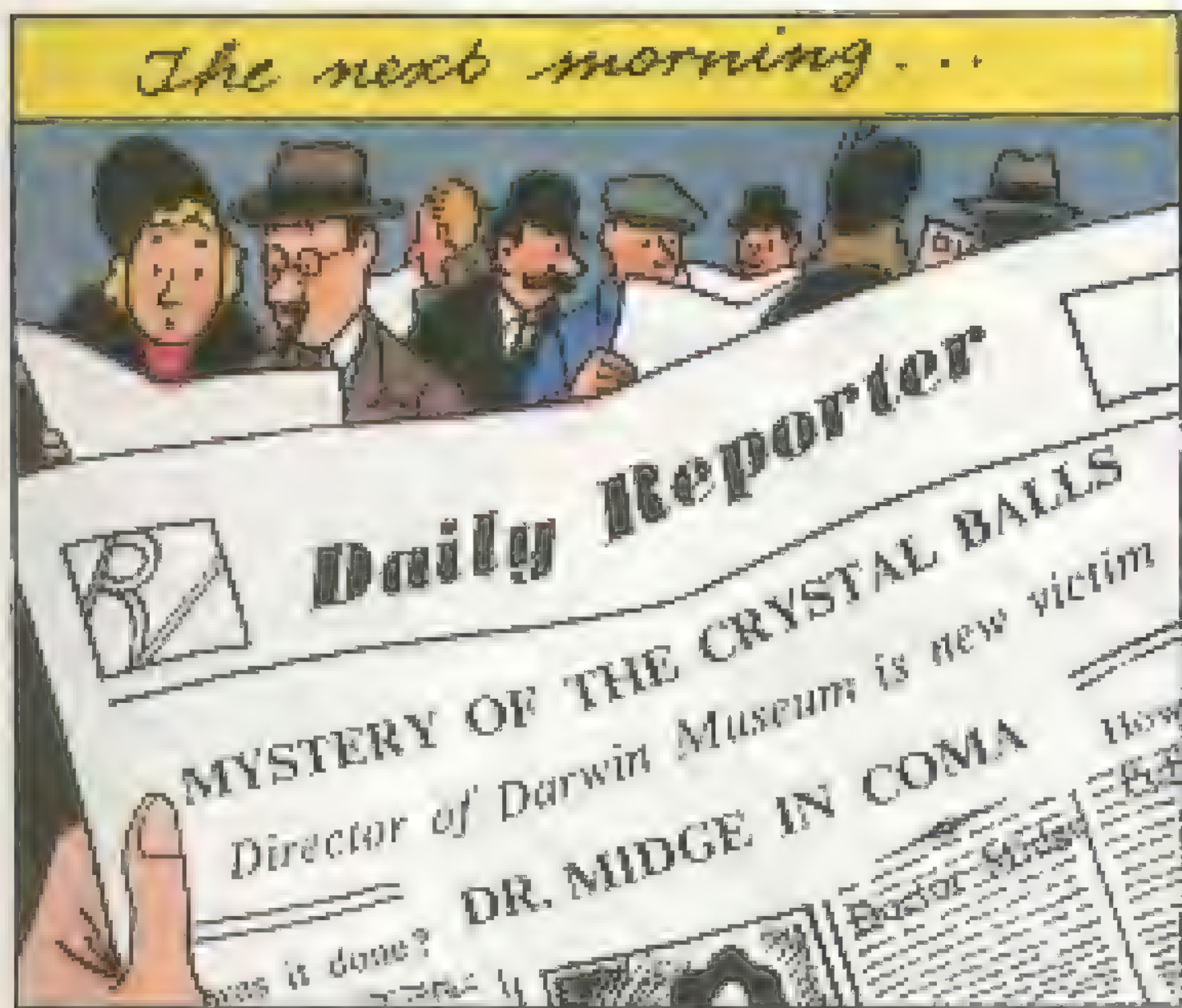




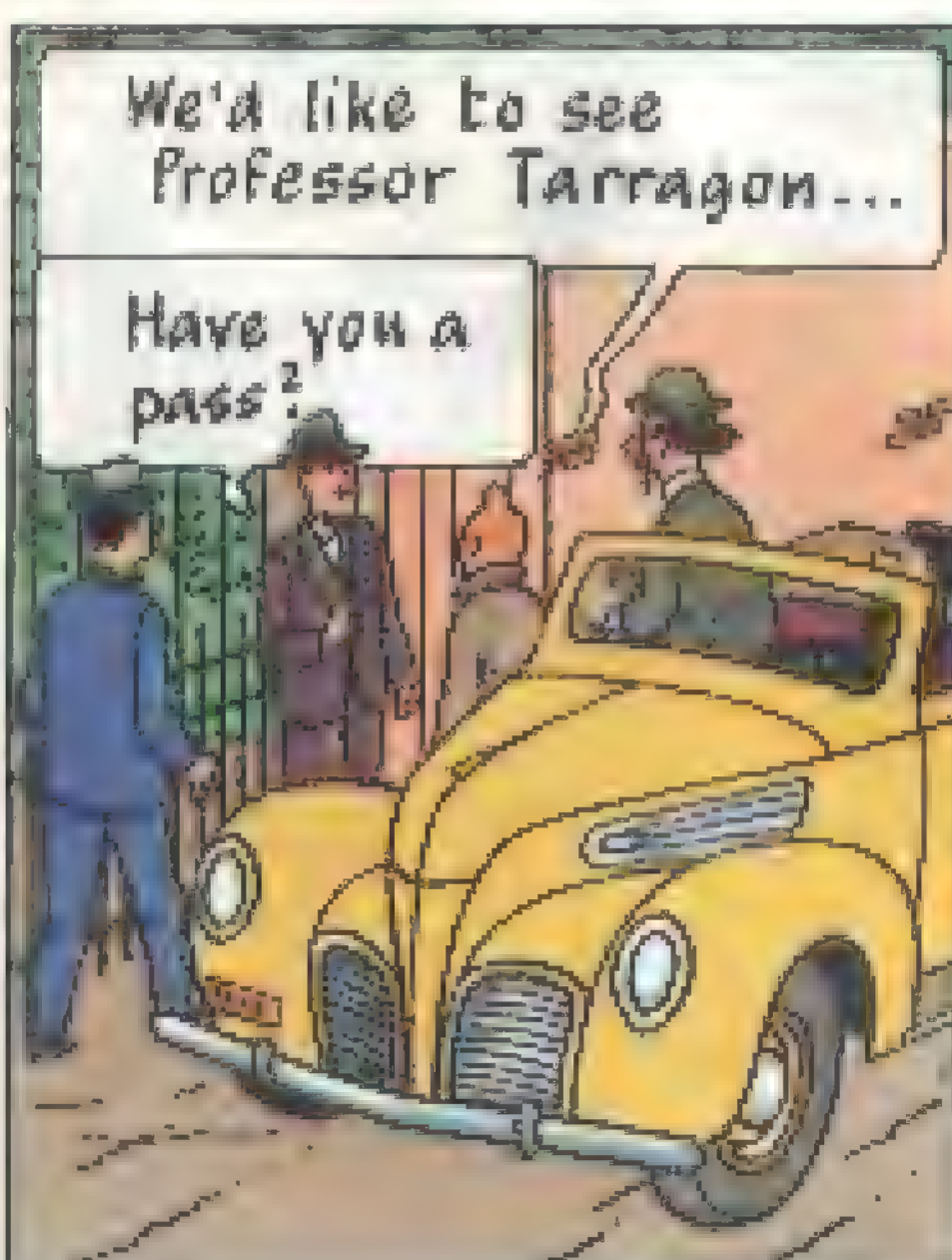
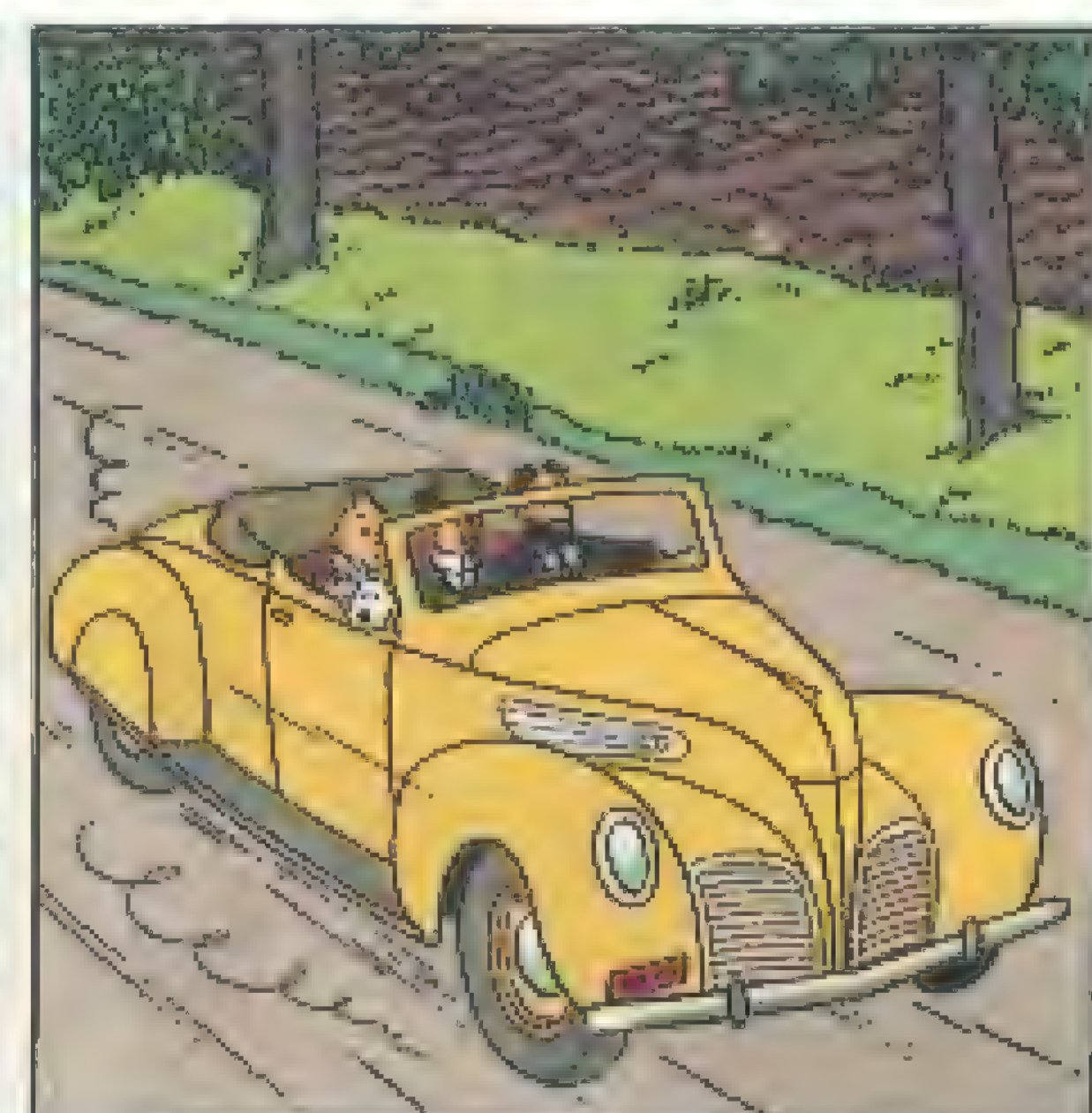
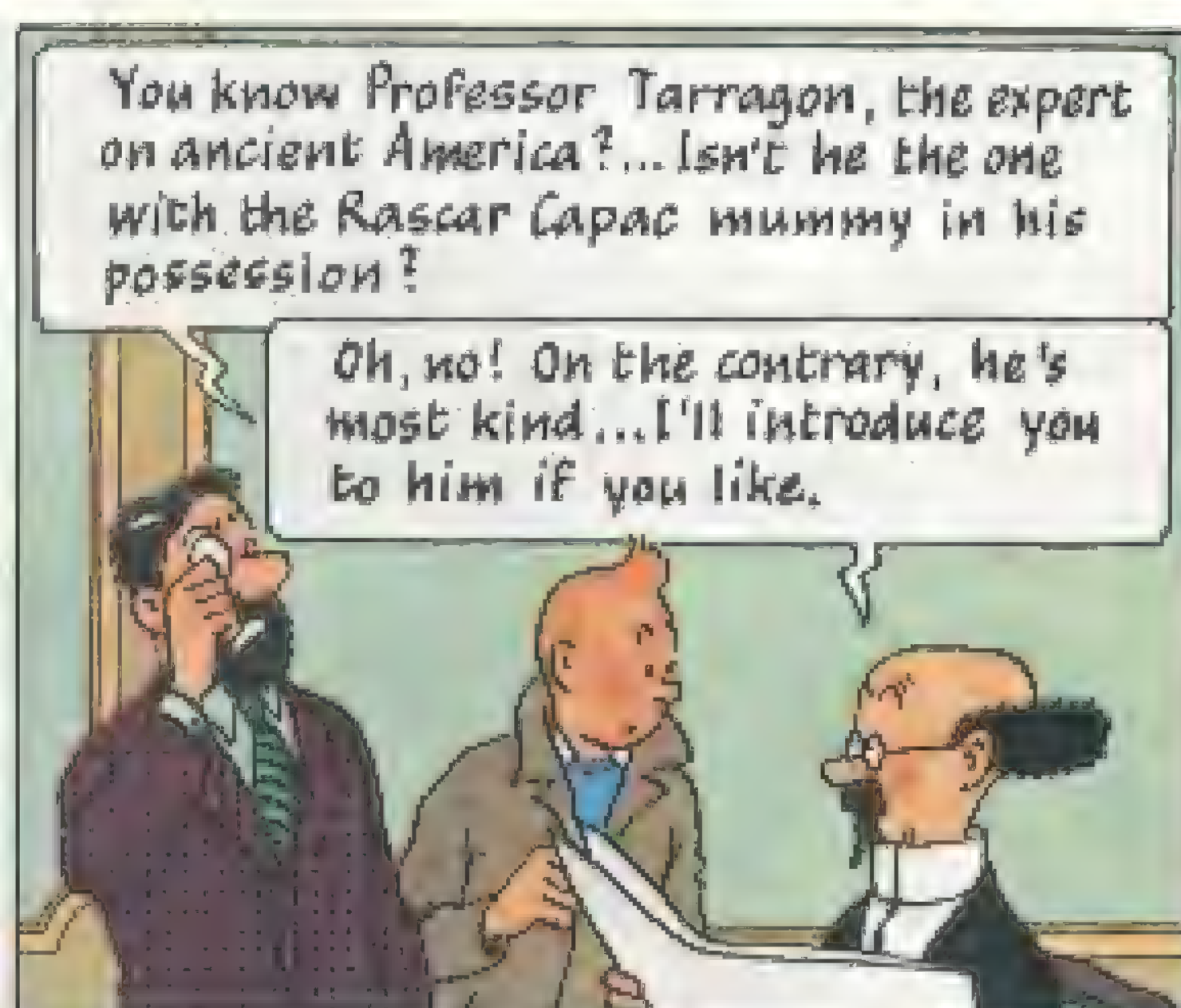
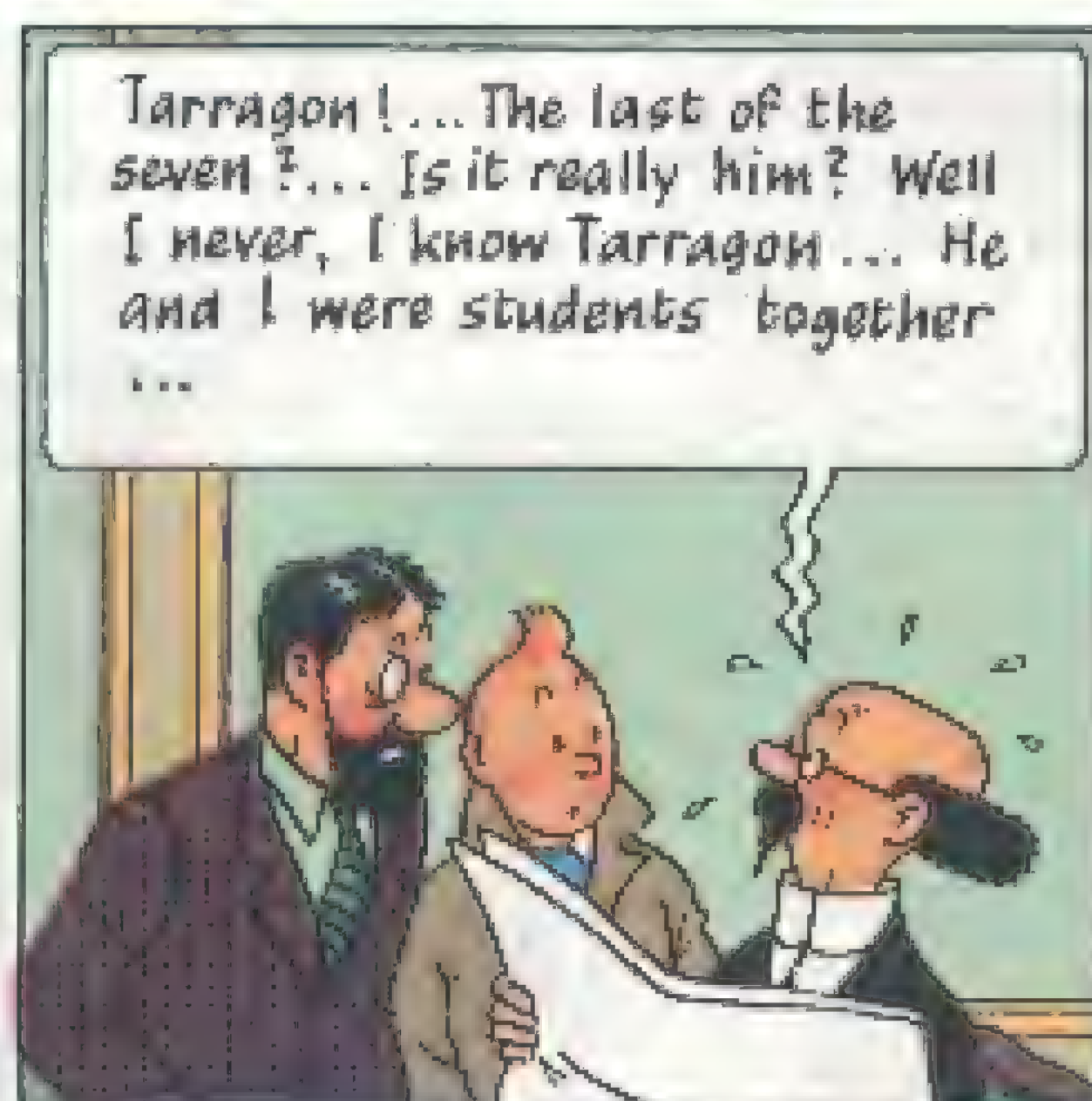
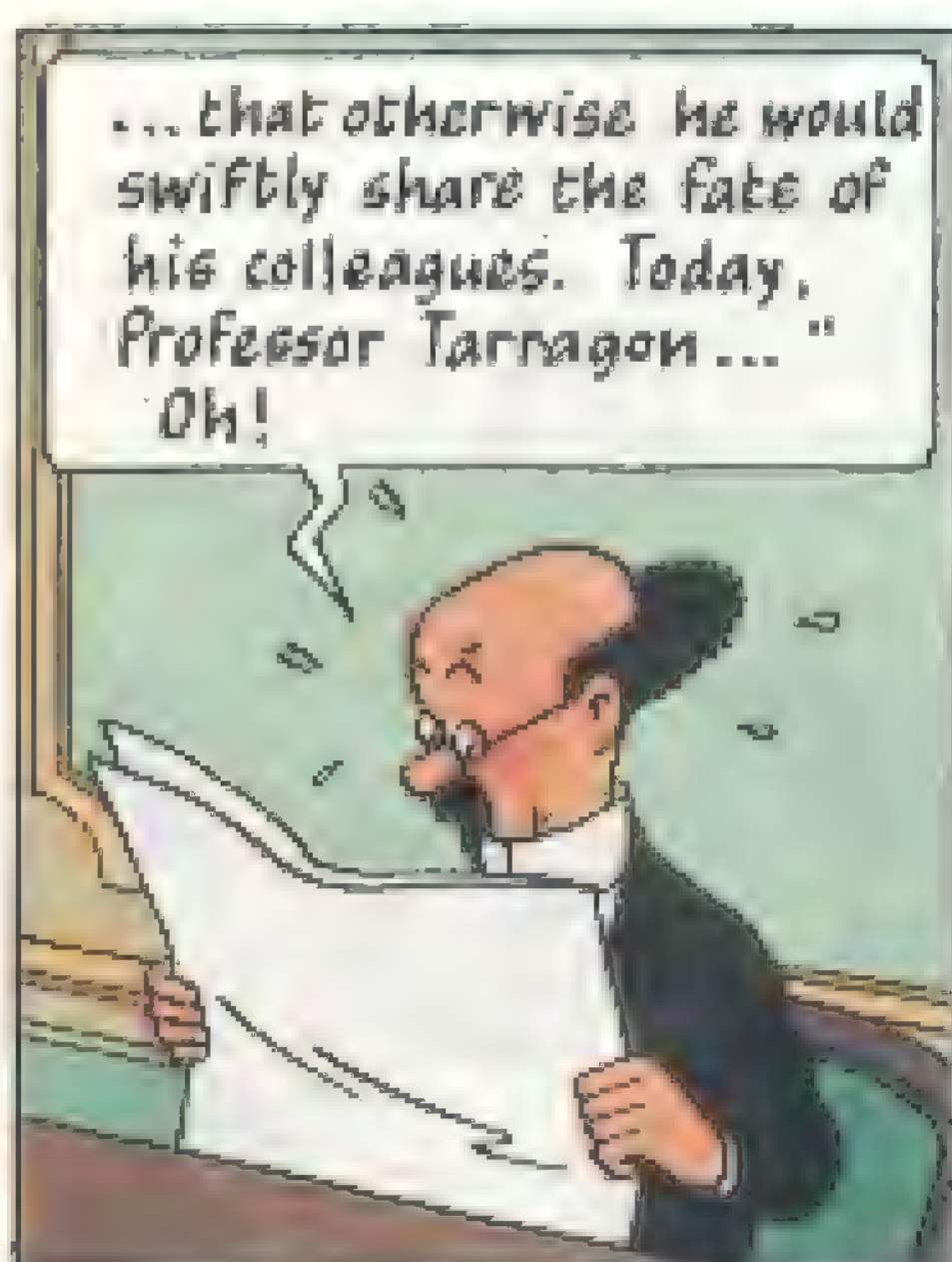
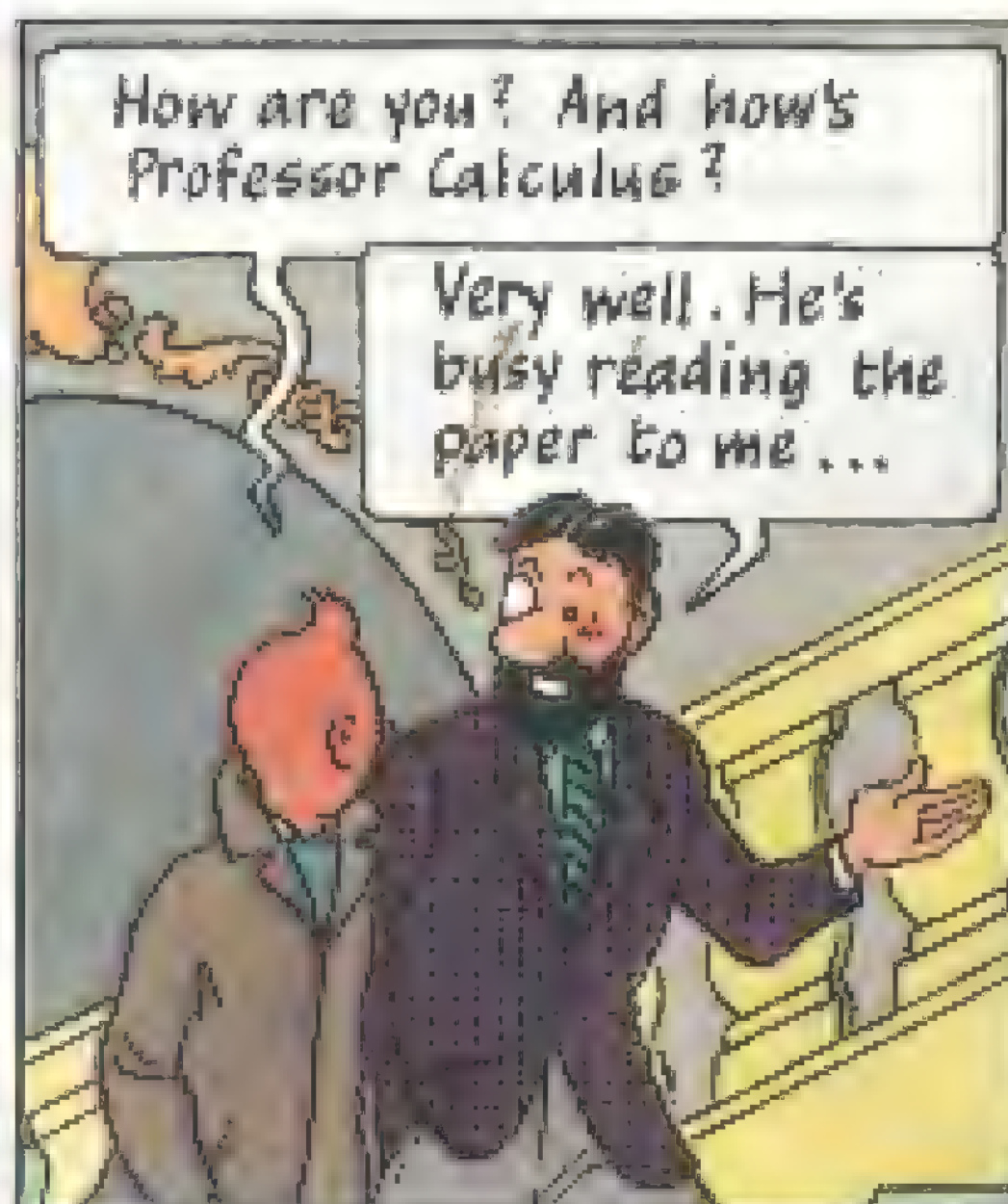




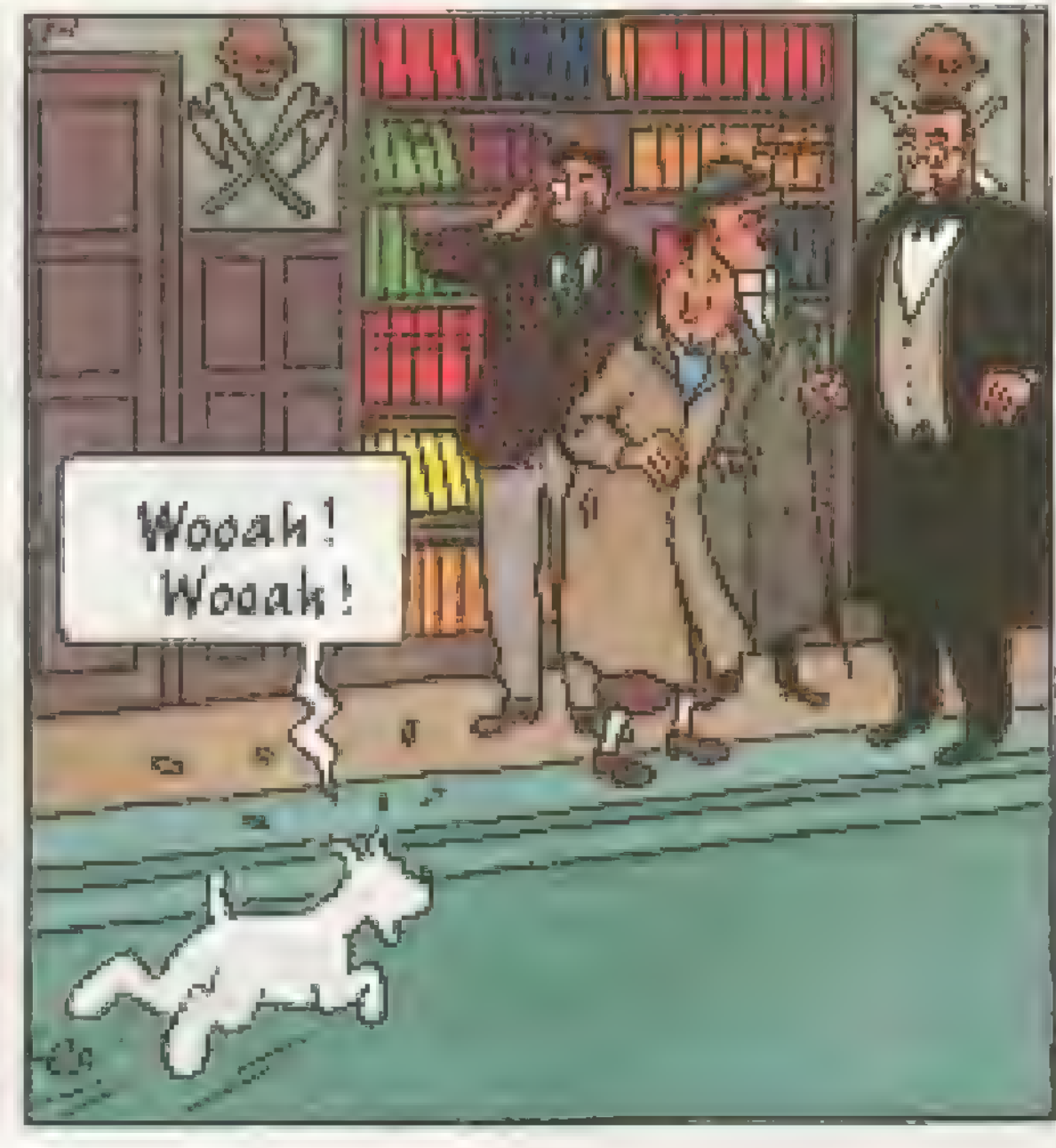














HA - HA - HA - HA - HA !



Here's the culprit... Our friend Rascar Capac frightened your dog... Rascar Capac: he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven.



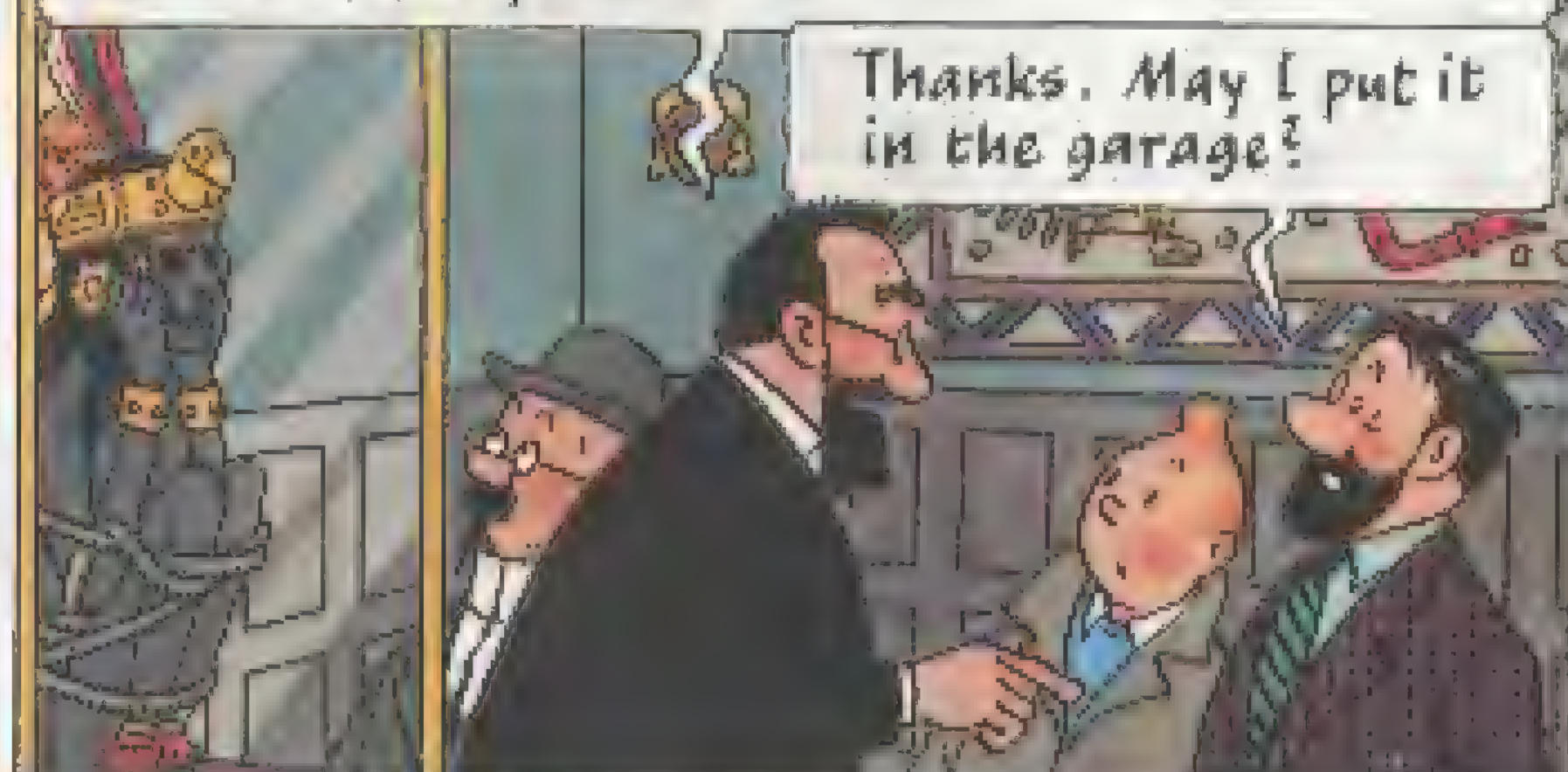
BOOM



What about that! We were just talking about Rascar Capac, he-who-unleashes-the-fire-of-heaven, and I think he's going to oblige: look...



You have an open car, I believe... If I were you, I'd put it under cover right away. These summer storms can be very violent... an absolute downpour...



Thanks. May I put it in the garage?

Did you hear that? ... Sounded like a shot outside...



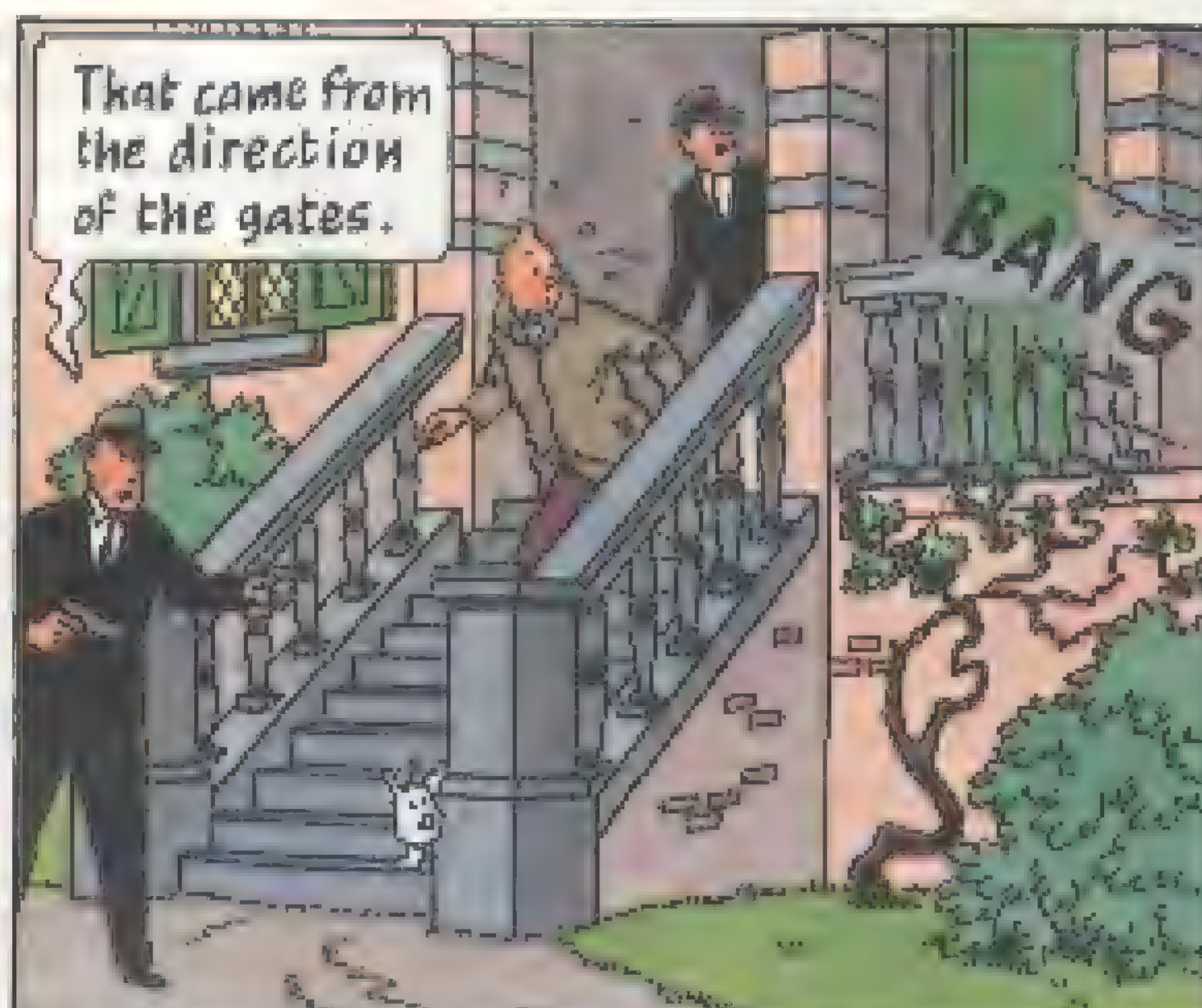
Over there... a man running... It's one of the detectives guarding the house...



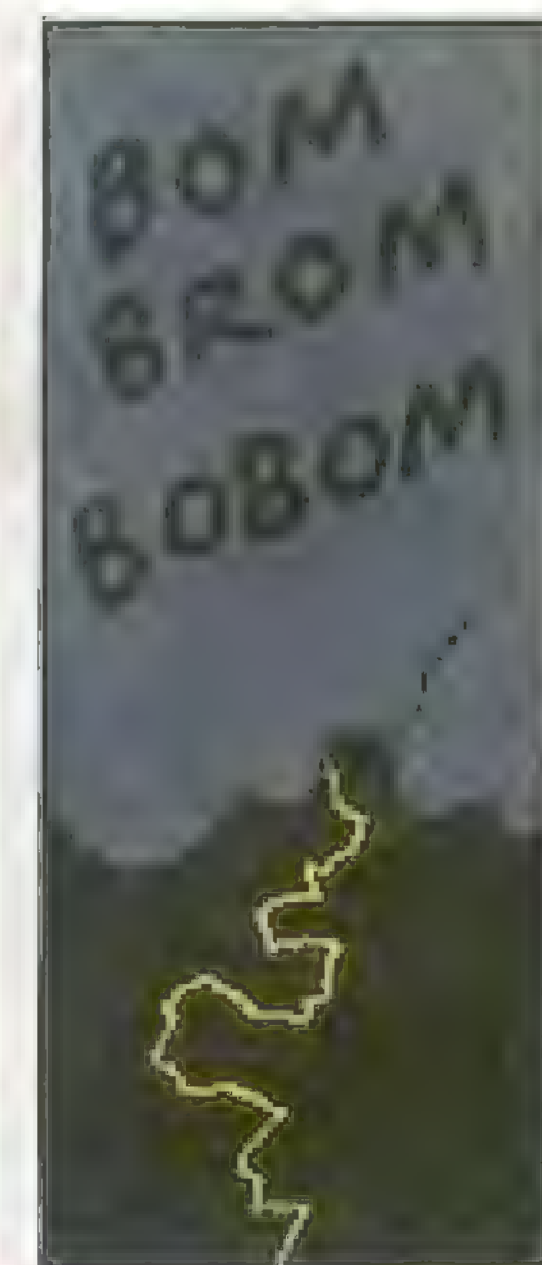
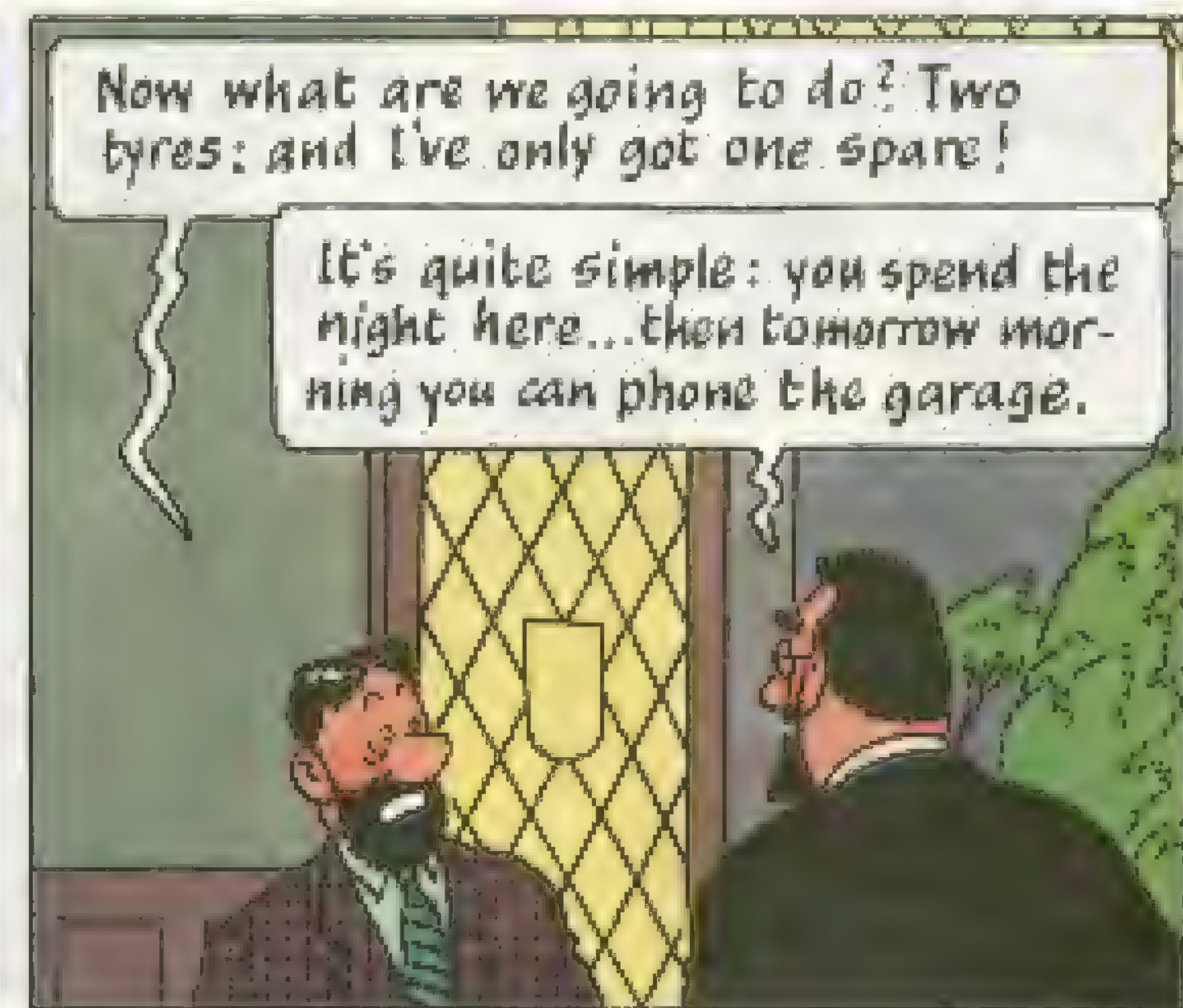
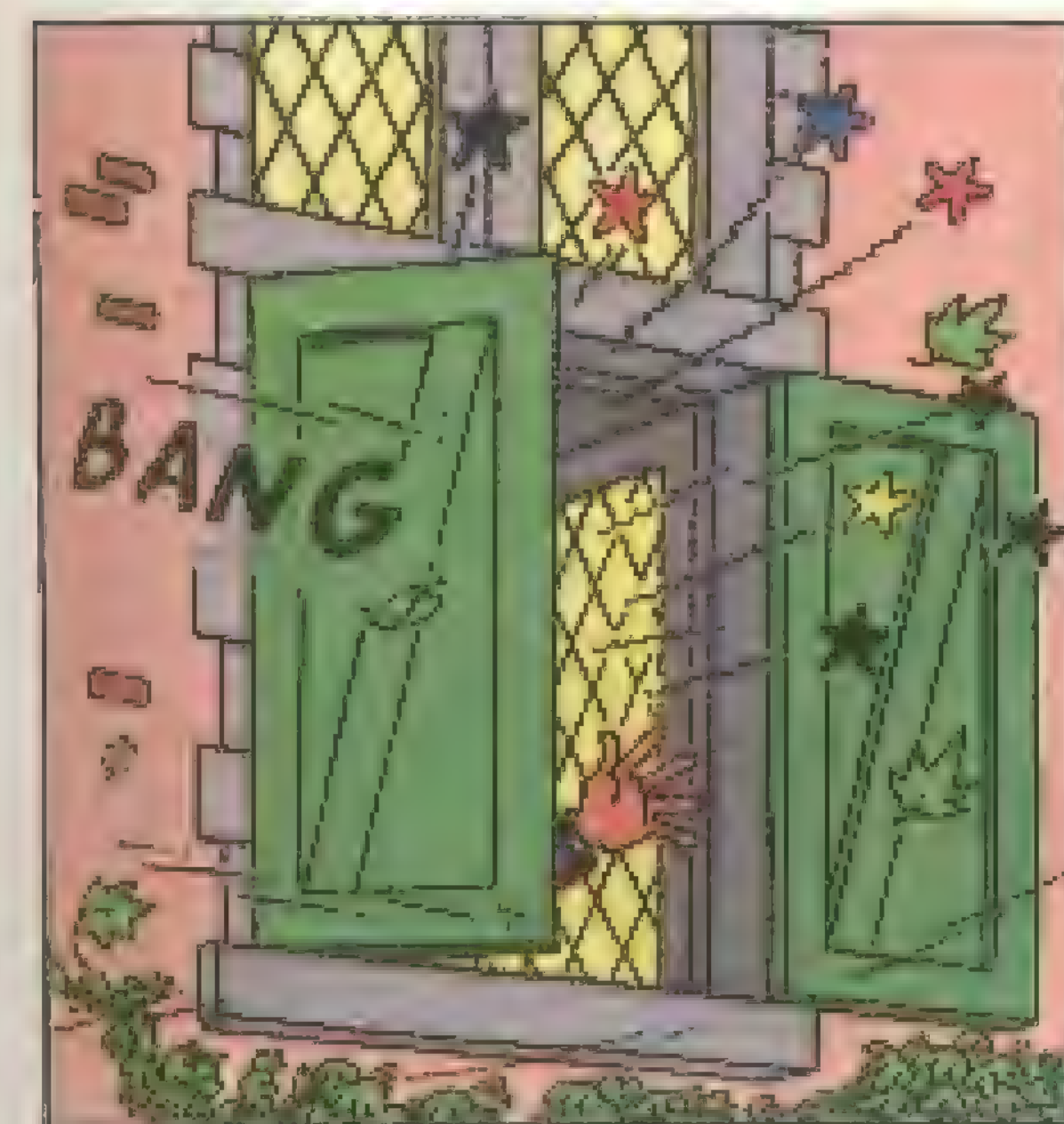
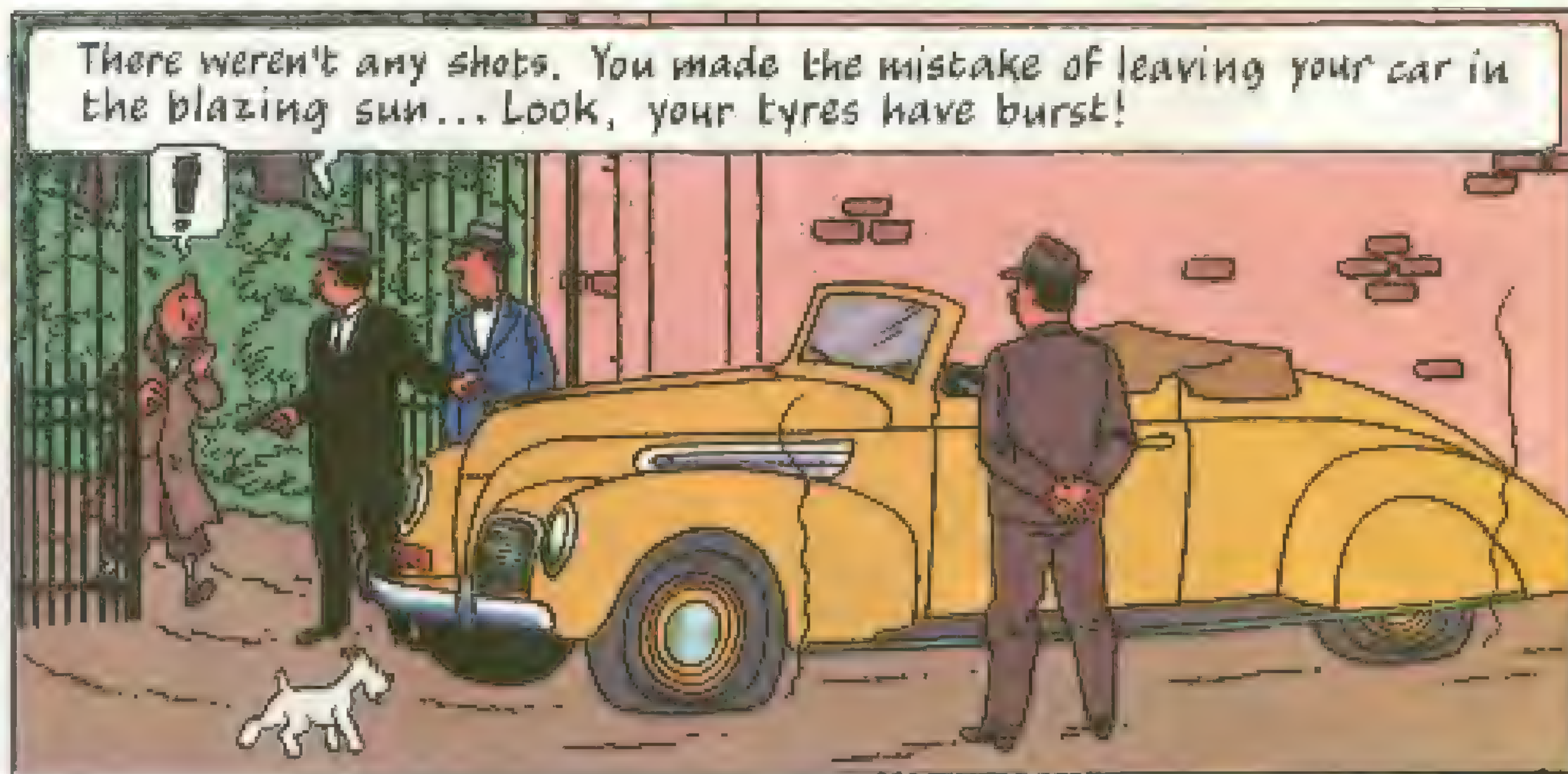
Quick, let's see what's happening...



That came from the direction of the gates.









Everything all right? ... Good, good...  
At any rate, the false alarm did  
prove that the house is well  
guarded.

Yes, it certainly seems  
to be. But still, we  
must be very care-  
ful.



By the way, Professor, what do you  
make of this whole business of the  
crystal balls?

What do I make of it? ...  
Not much... But, as a matter  
of fact, I've drafted a  
paper...



... on the occult practices  
of ancient Peru. It seems  
to have some bearing,  
but I doubt if it will  
solve our problem.



Look at this... it's a translation  
of part of the inscriptions  
carved on the walls of Rascar  
Capac's tomb... You may like  
to read it.

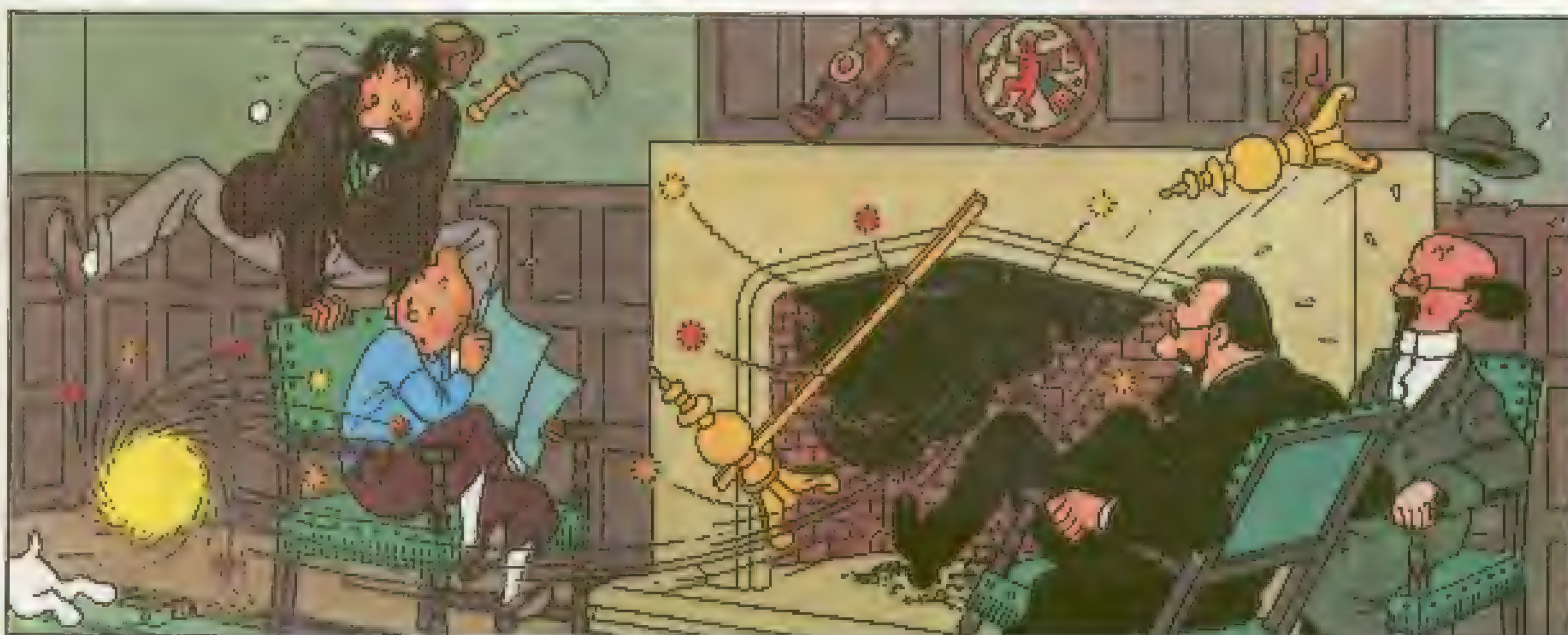


"After many moons will come seven stran-  
gers with pale faces; they will profane the  
sacred dwellings of he-who-unleashes-  
the-fire-of-heaven. These vandals will  
carry the body of the Inca to their own  
far country. But the curse of the gods  
will be as their shadow and pursue  
them over land and sea..."

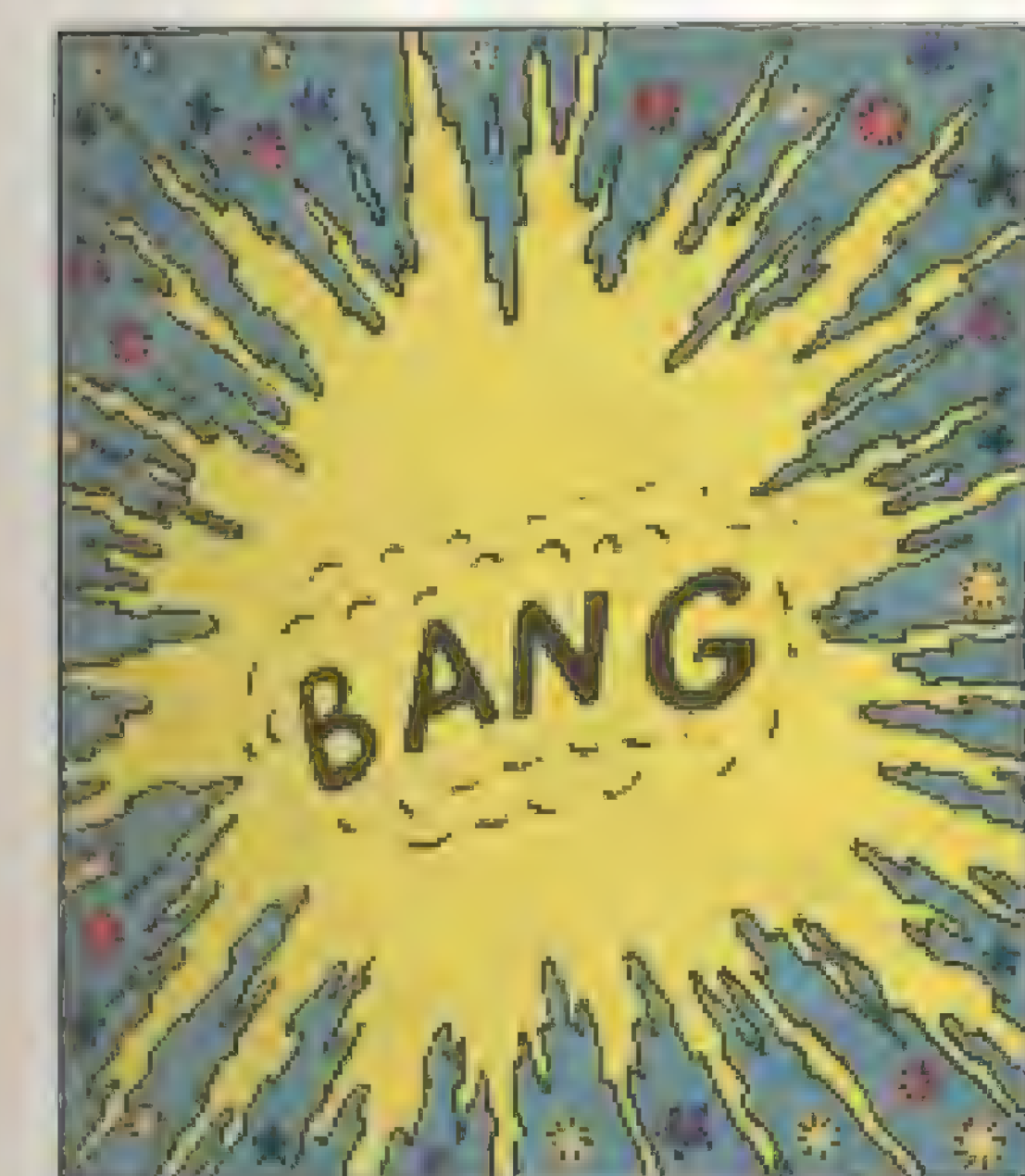
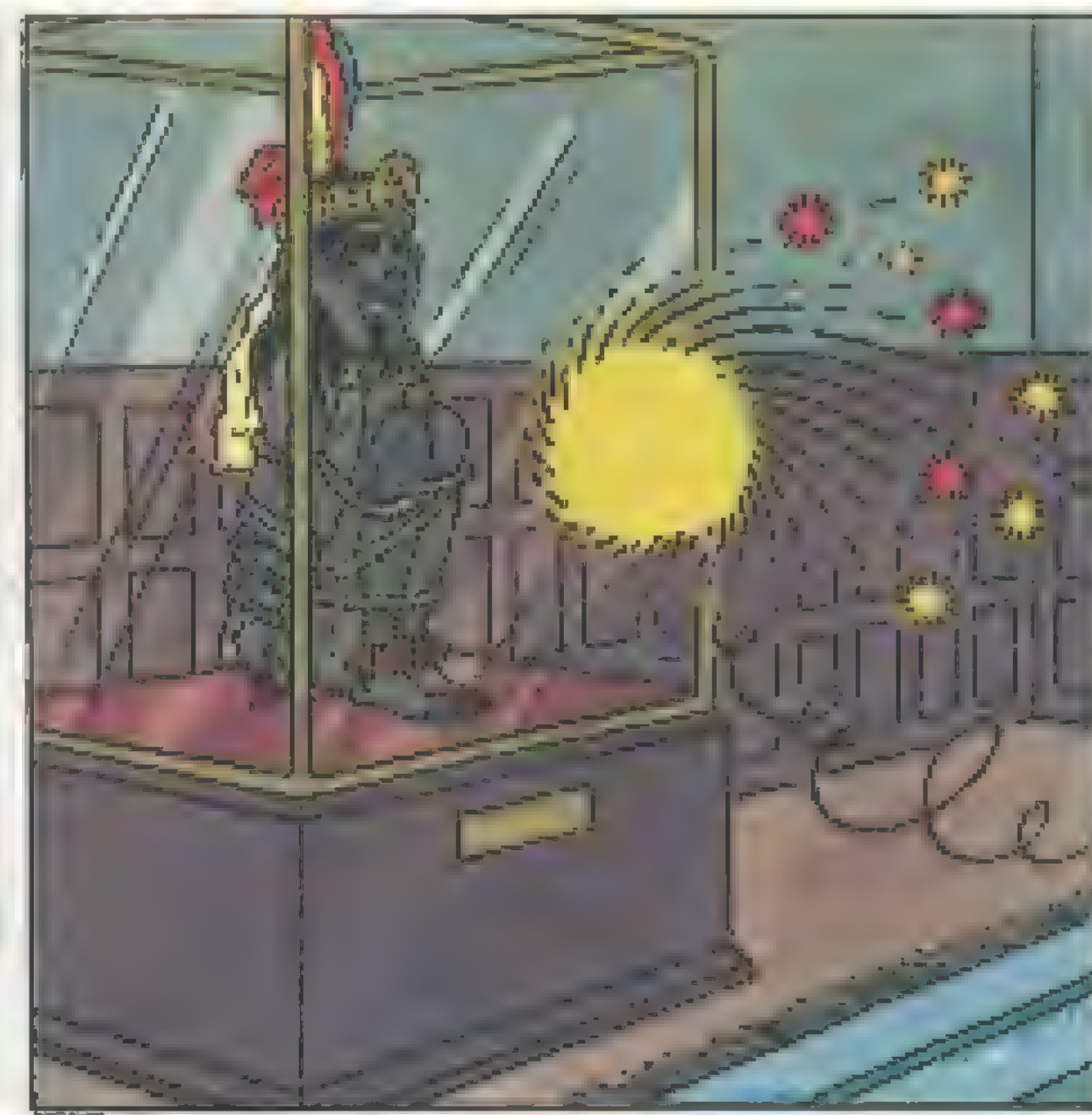
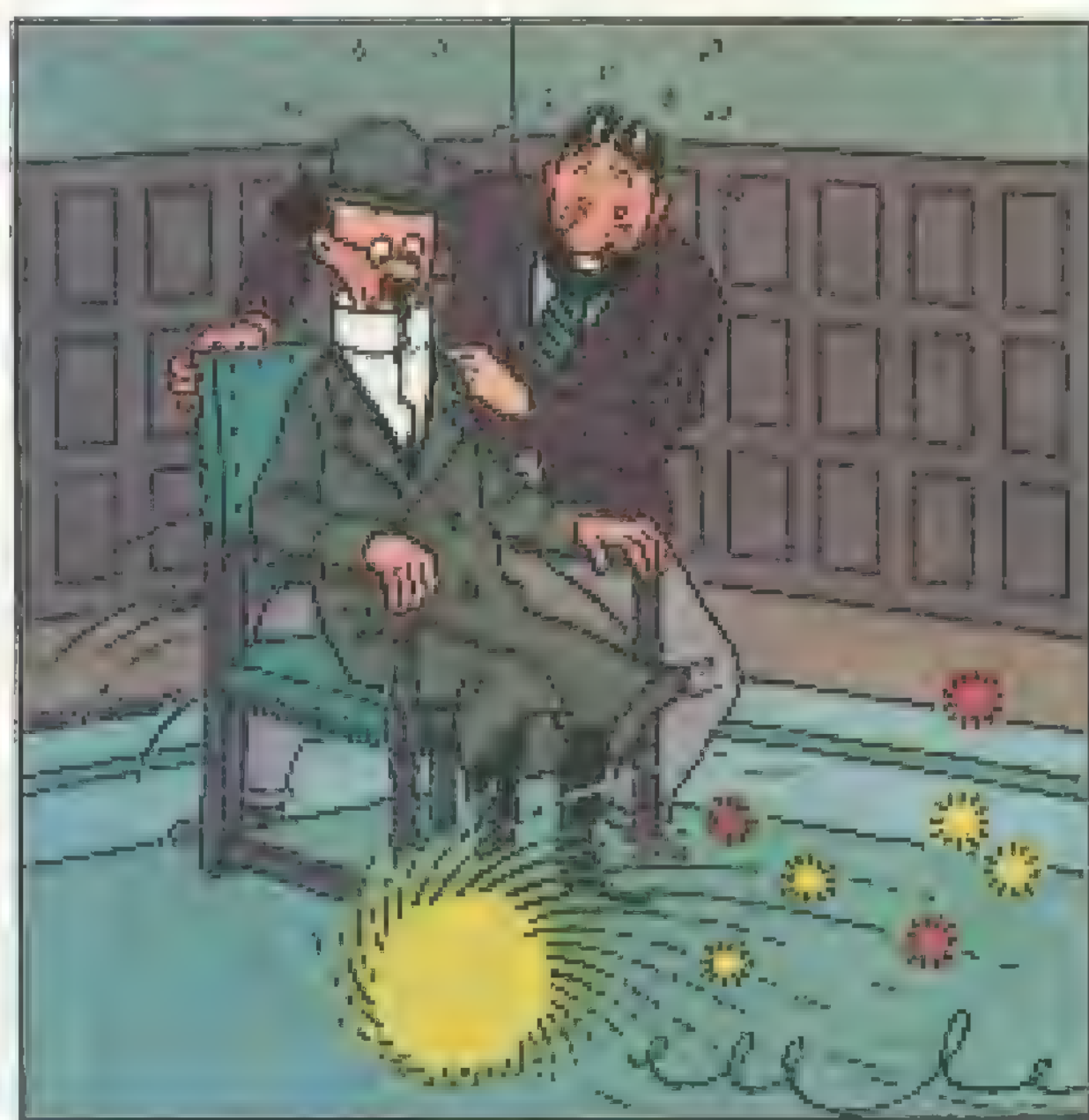
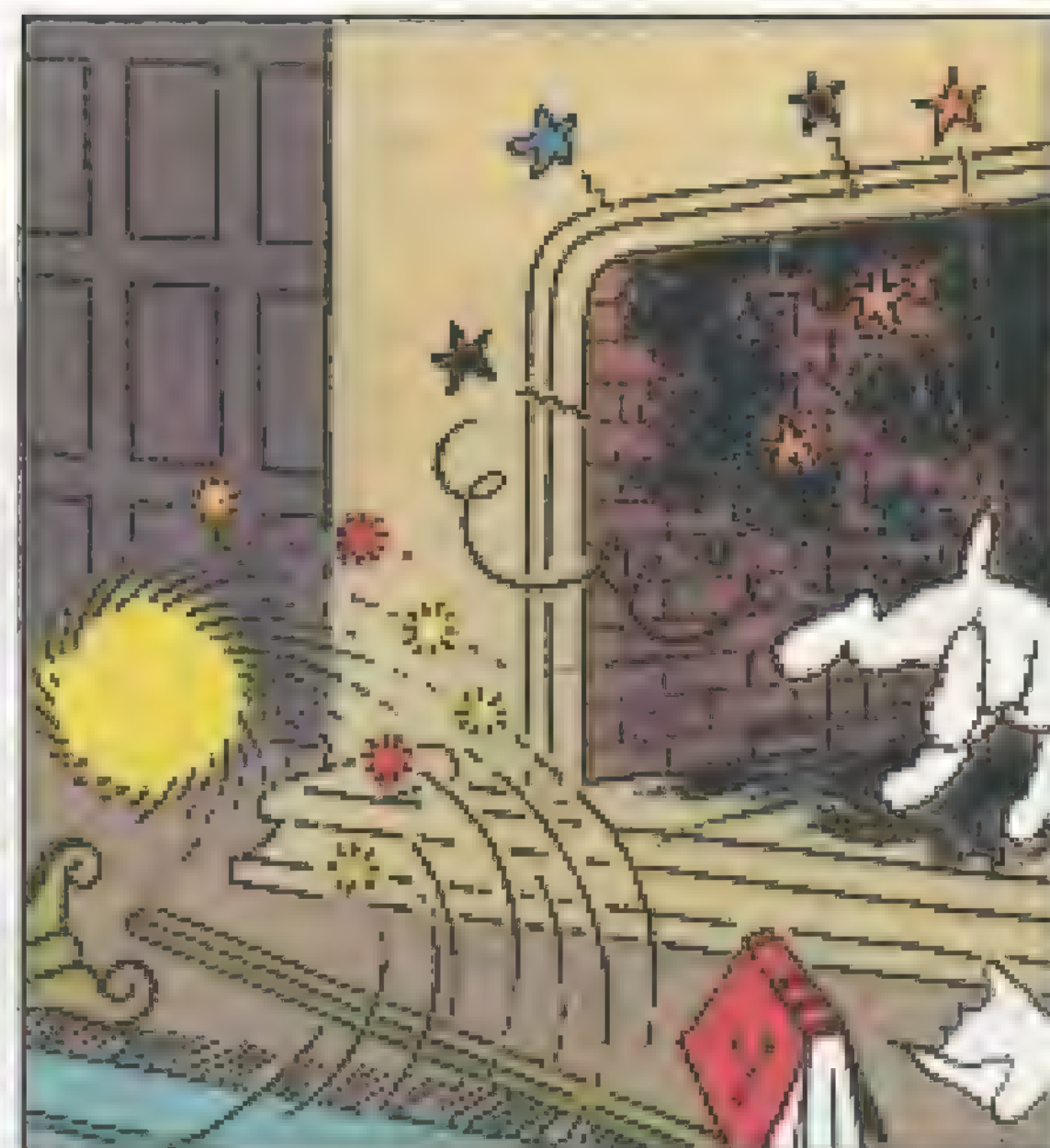
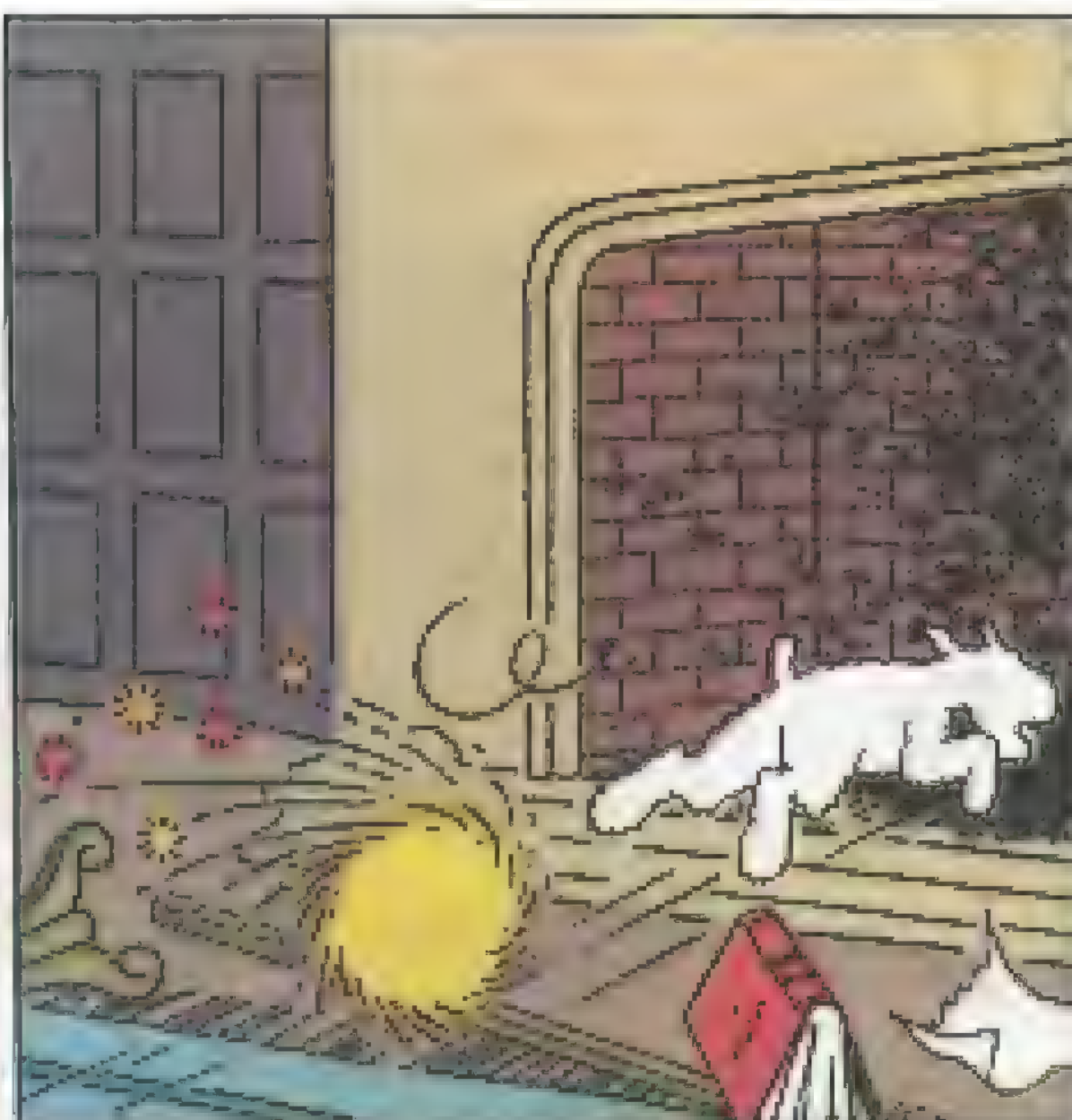


But...but... this is quite  
extraordinary!

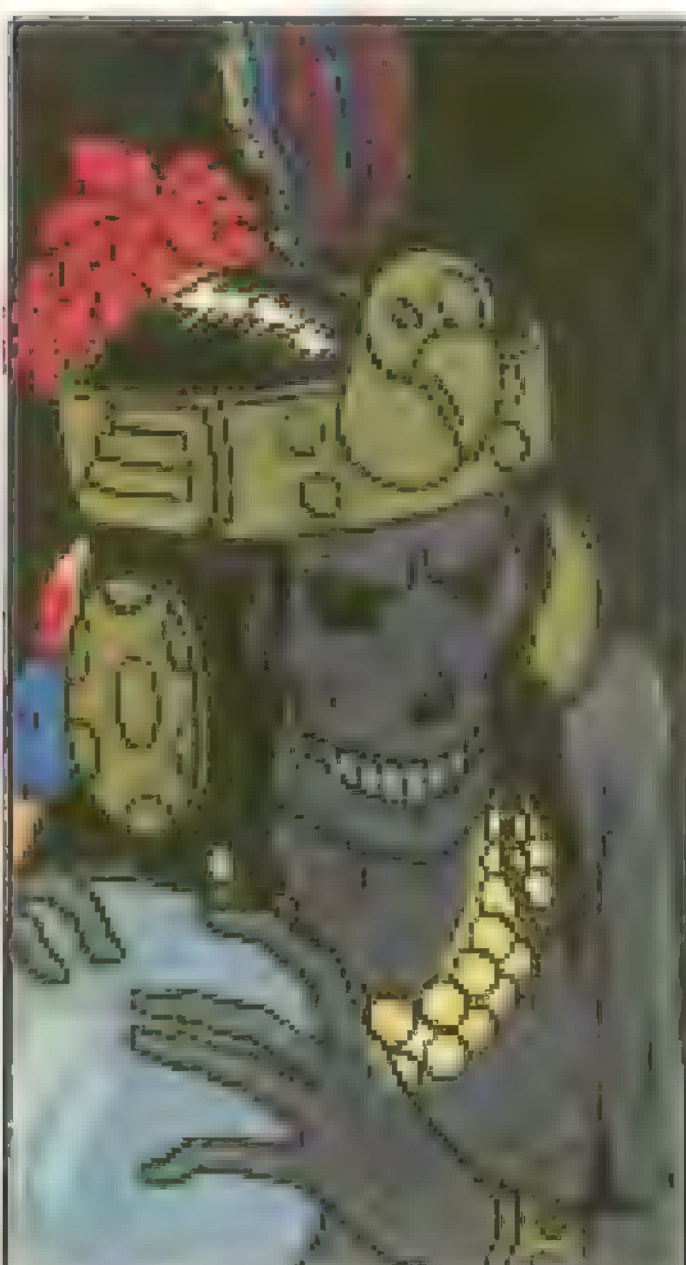
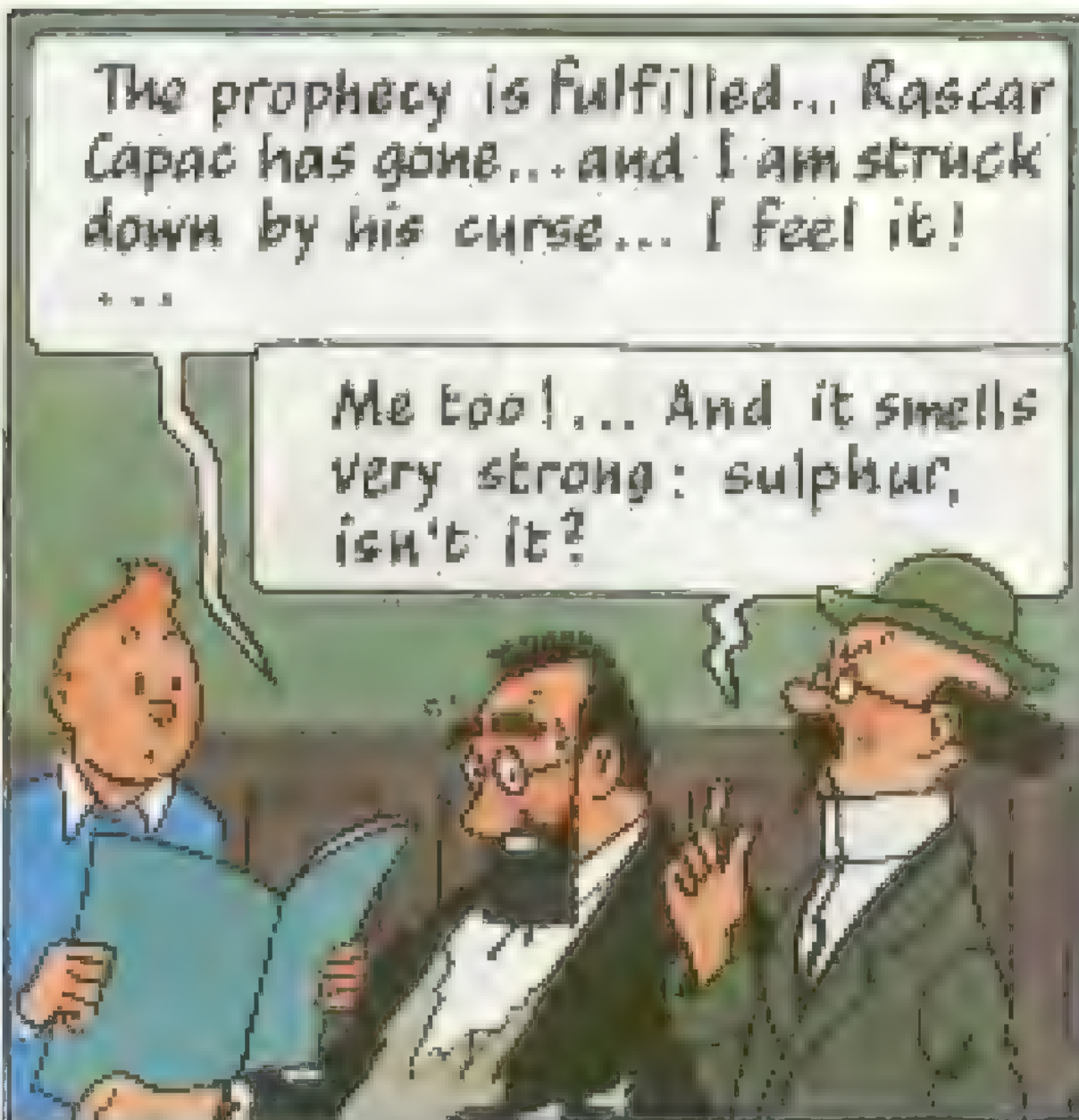
Isn't it? ... But  
read the next  
bit...



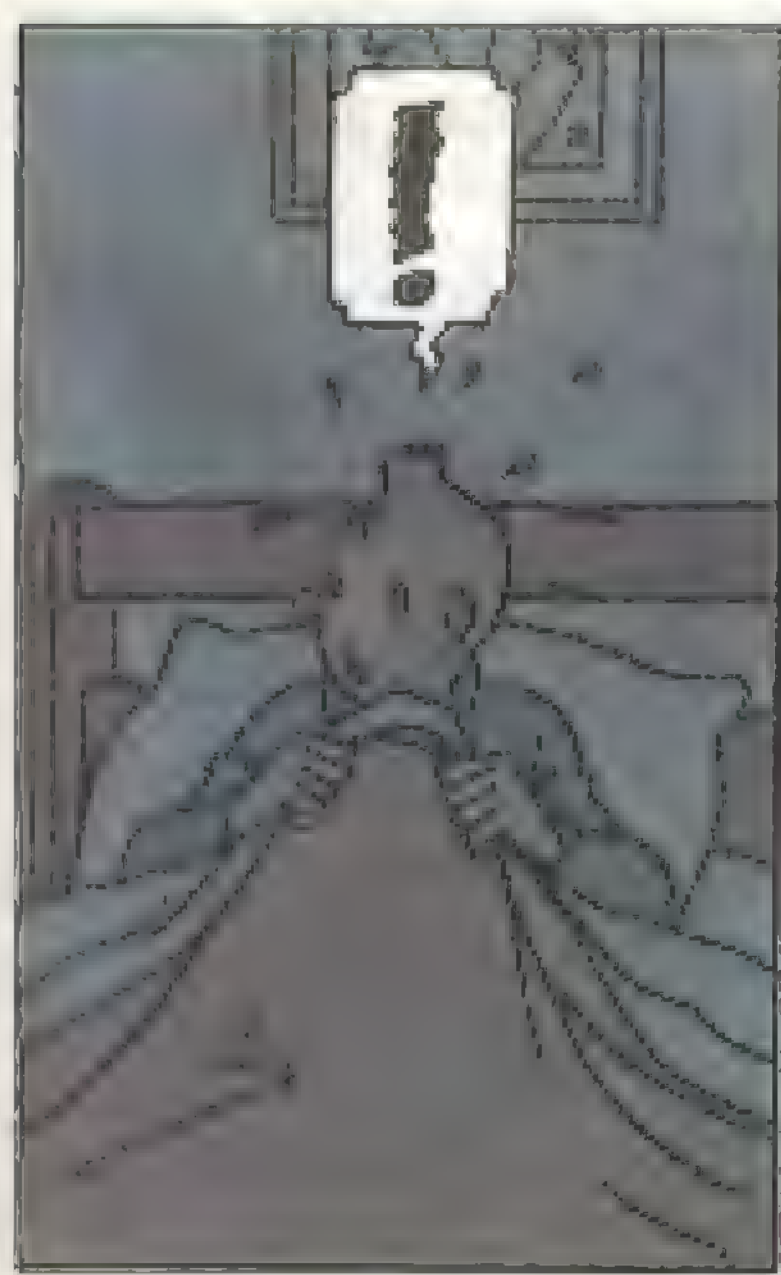




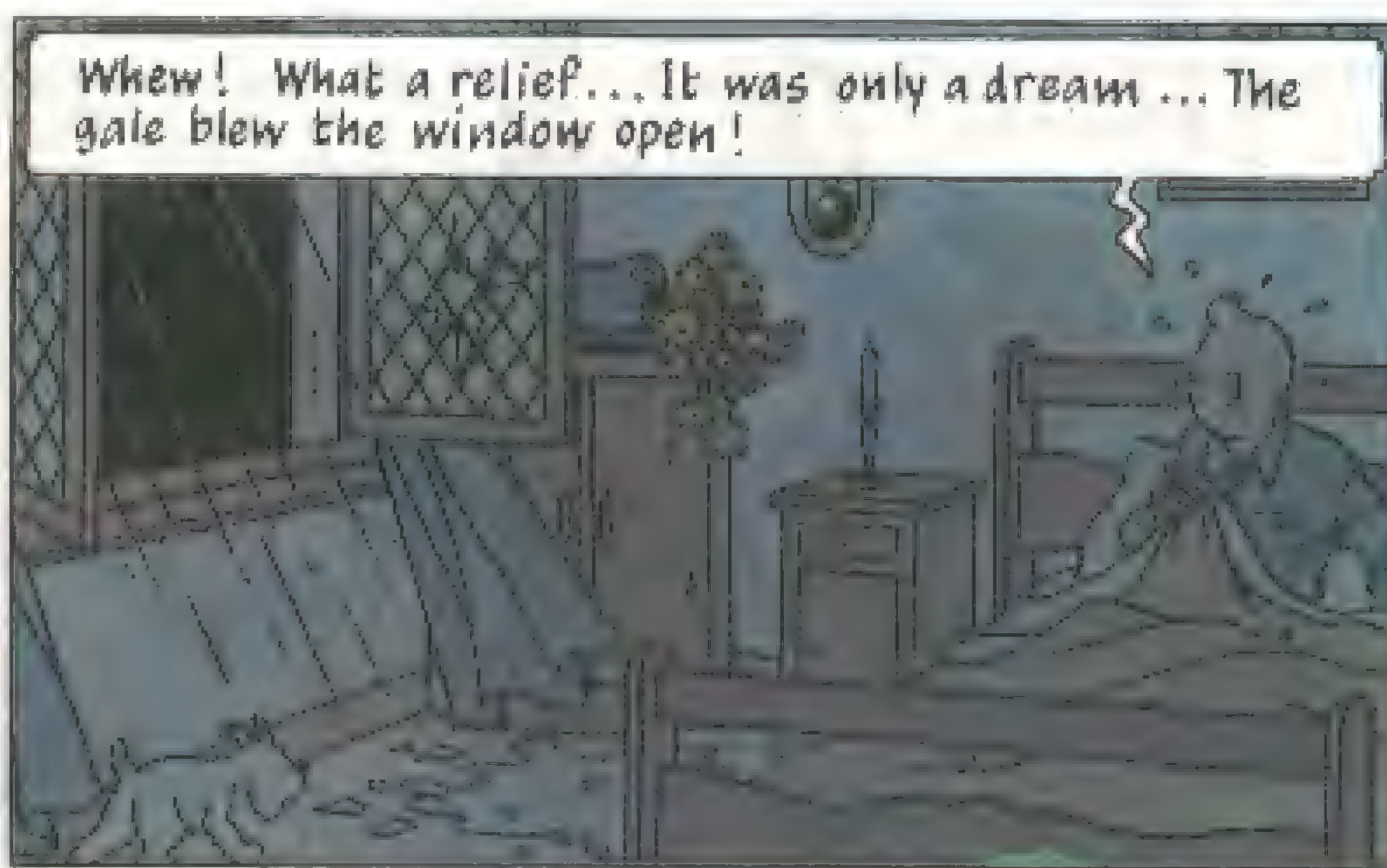








!



Whew! What a relief... It was only a dream... The gale blew the window open!



Still, it was a horrible nightmare!



HELP!... HELP!



That's the Captain's voice!



What's happened, Captain?... I thought I heard you shouting.



Yes, I... I had a frightful nightmare!... Rascar Capac came into my room... He had a huge crystal ball in his hand... he hurled it down on the floor...

Incredible!... The same dream as mine!



OOH OOH

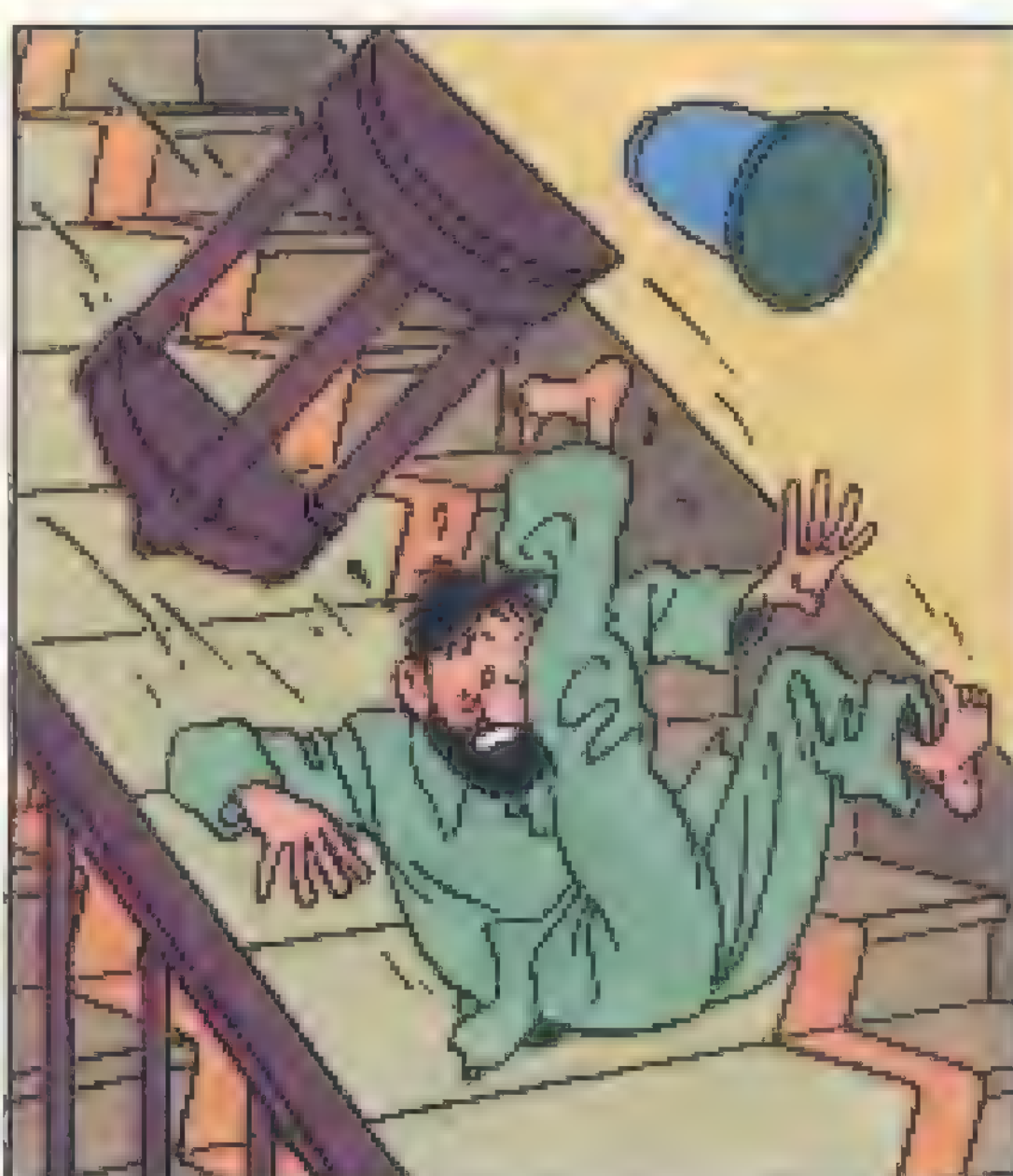
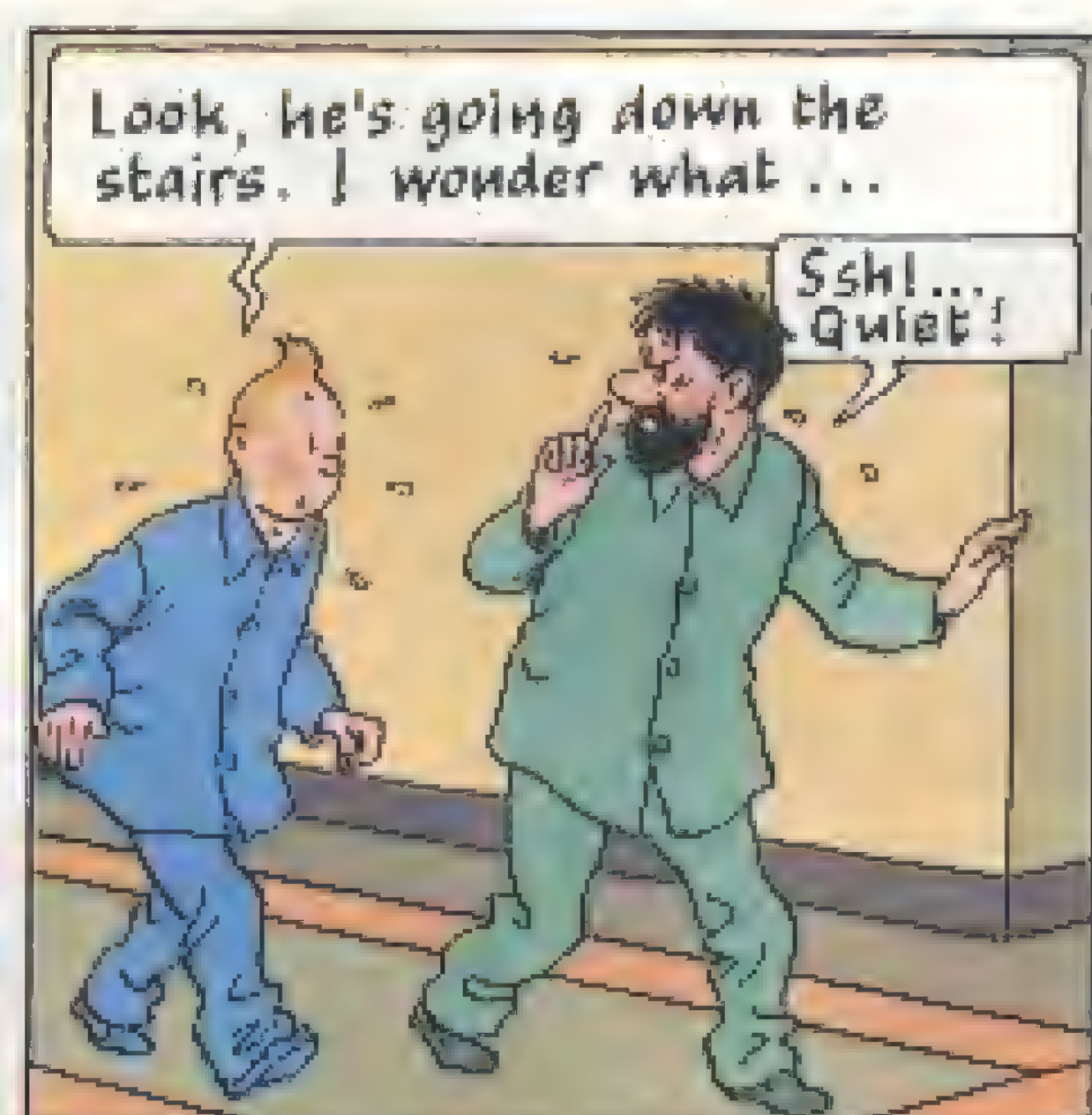
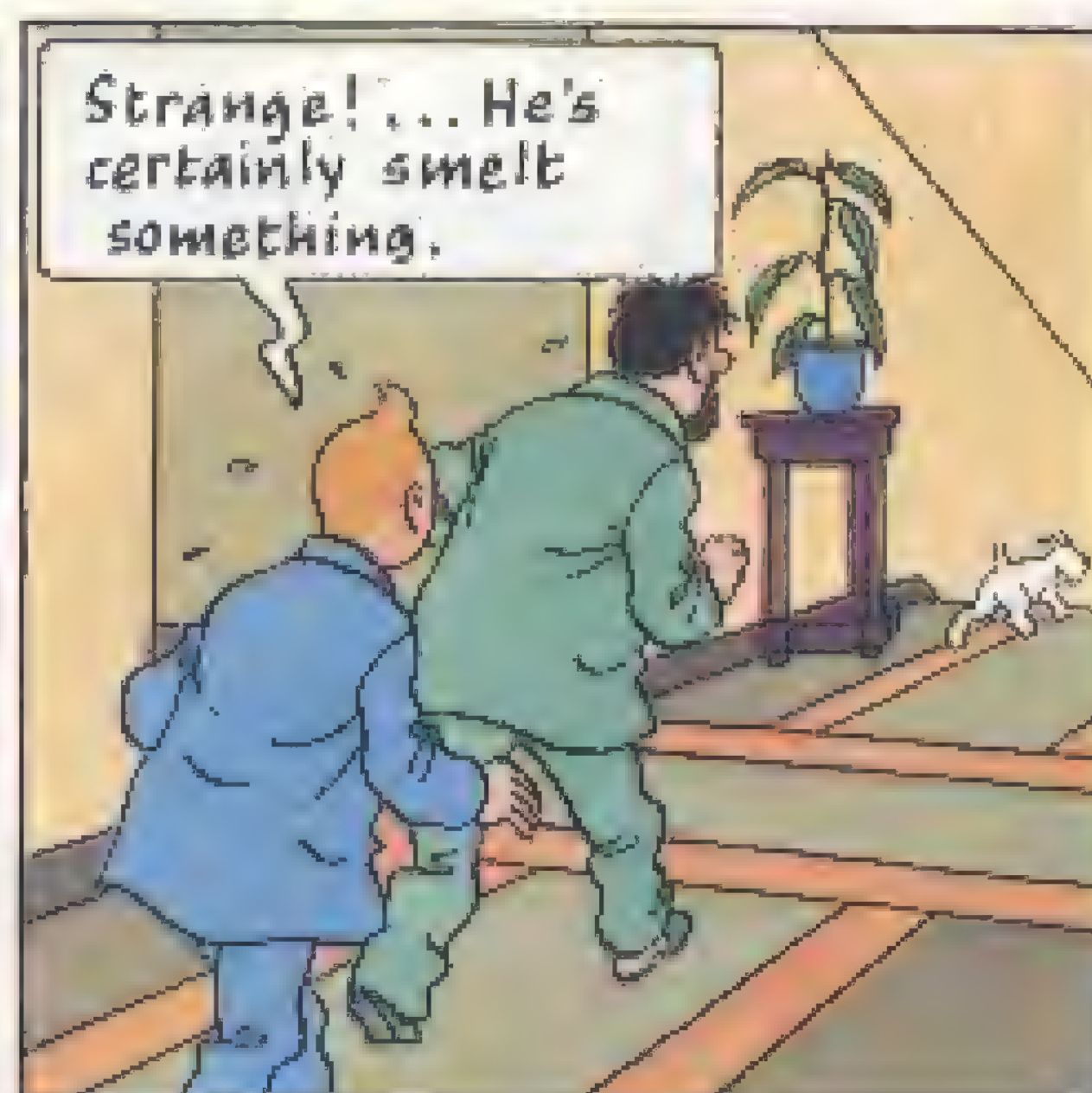
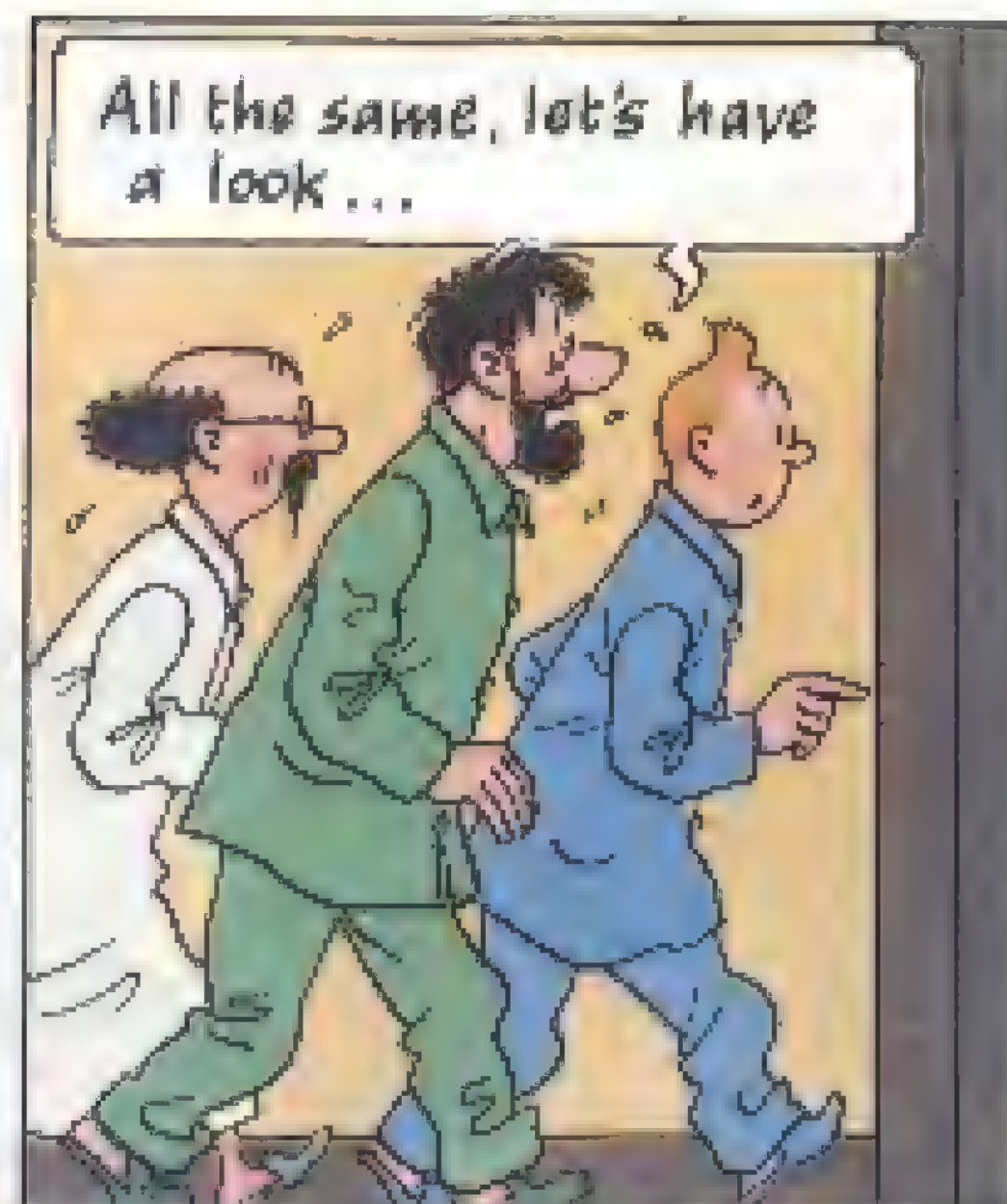


Now what is it?

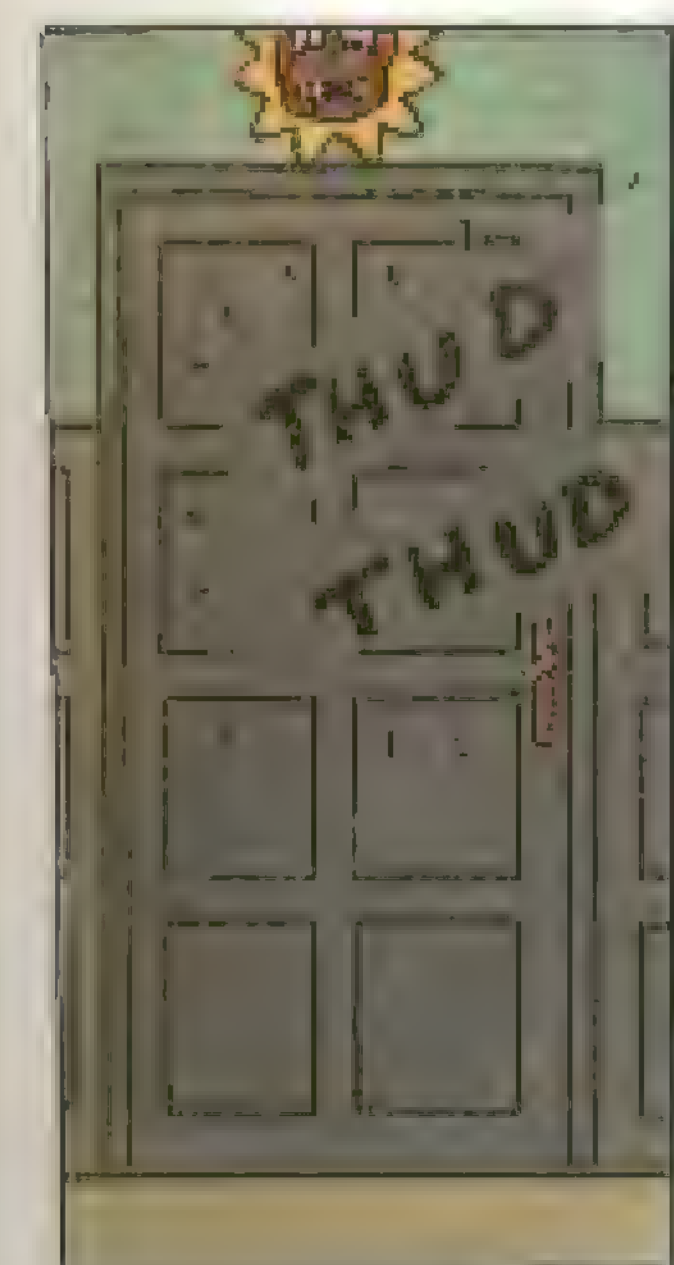
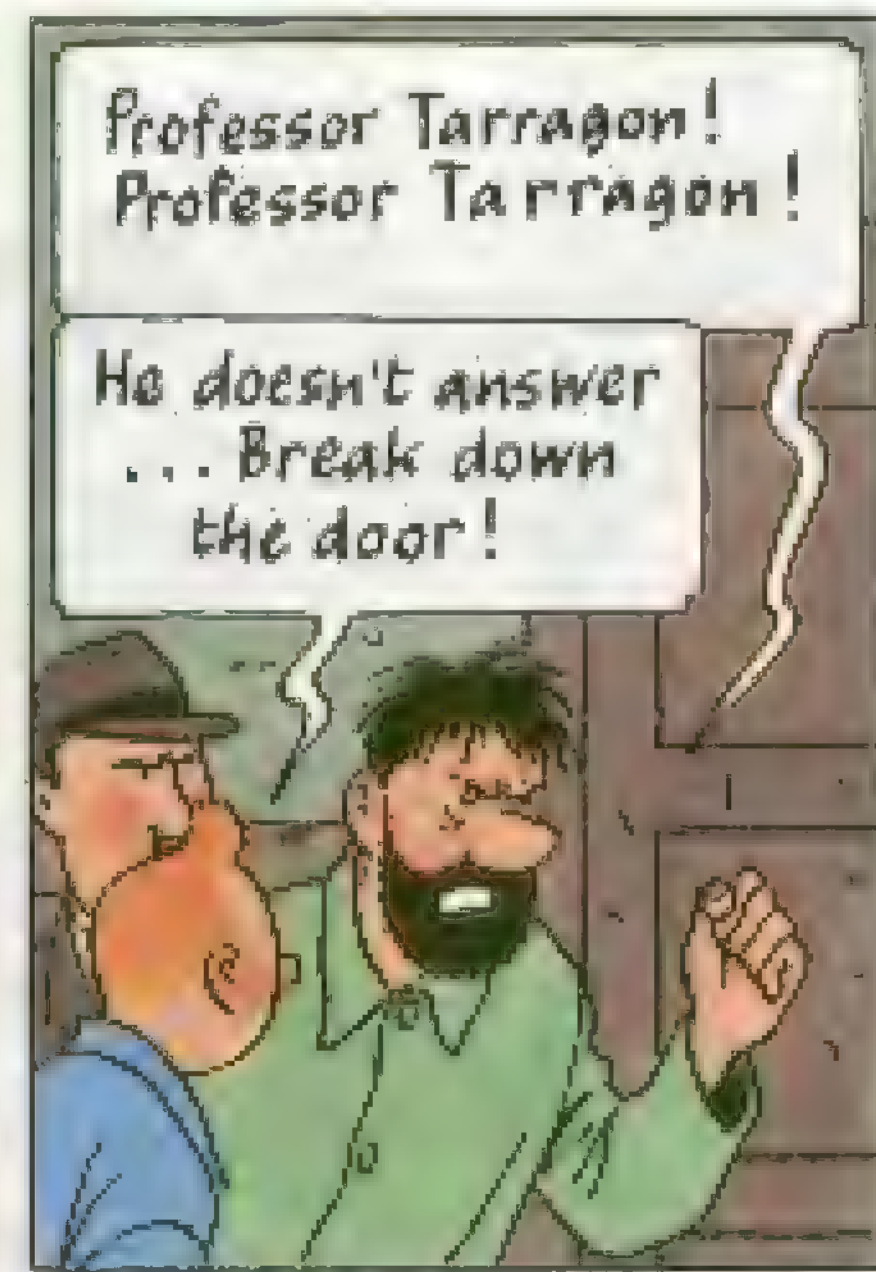


Look out!... He's there!... He's after me!... He's coming!...











But it's impossible...  
every single exit is  
guarded...



Professor Tarragon!  
Professor Tarragon!



There's nothing we can do... The  
crystal ball has done its work... and  
claimed the last of the seven.



Quick, the window! ... The intruder  
must have gone that way!



But no... the window and  
the shutter are closed tight  
... it's incredible!



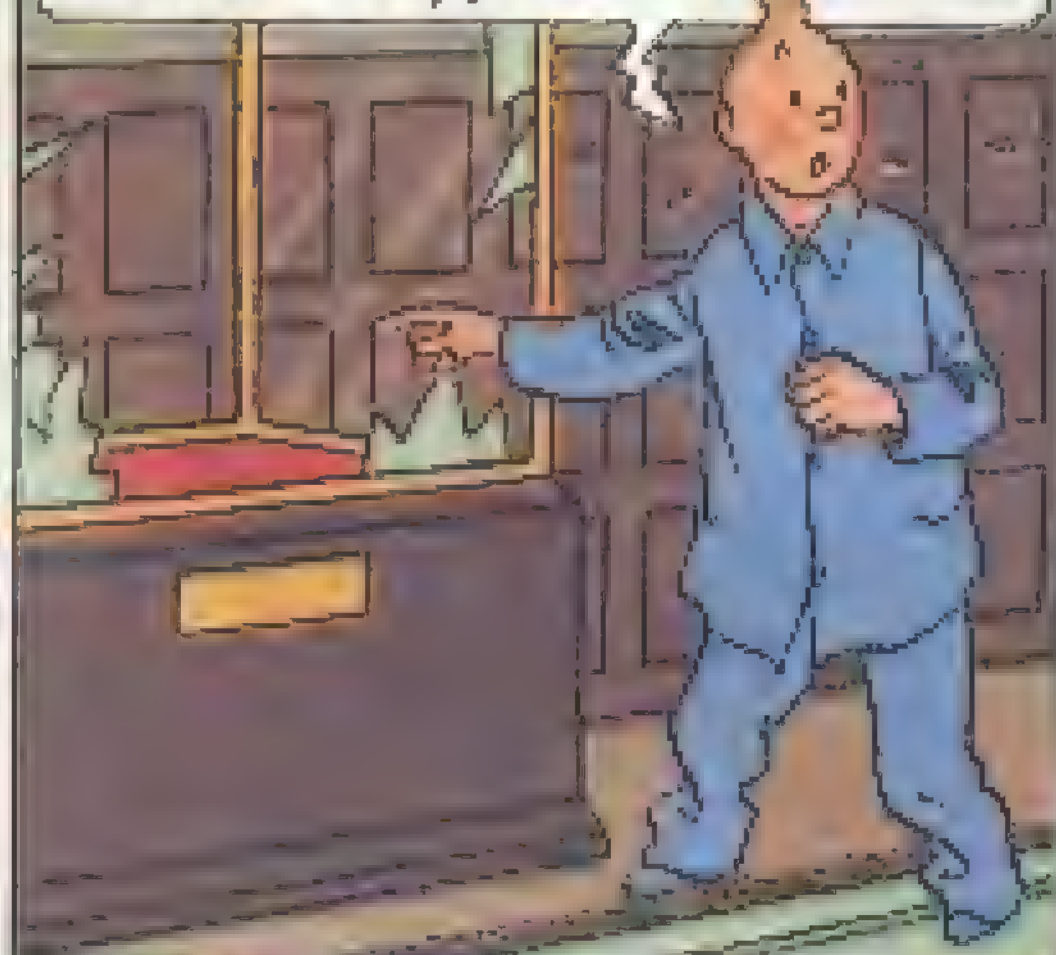
Has anyone gone  
past you?



This absolutely beats  
me... How did the  
fellow make his  
getaway?



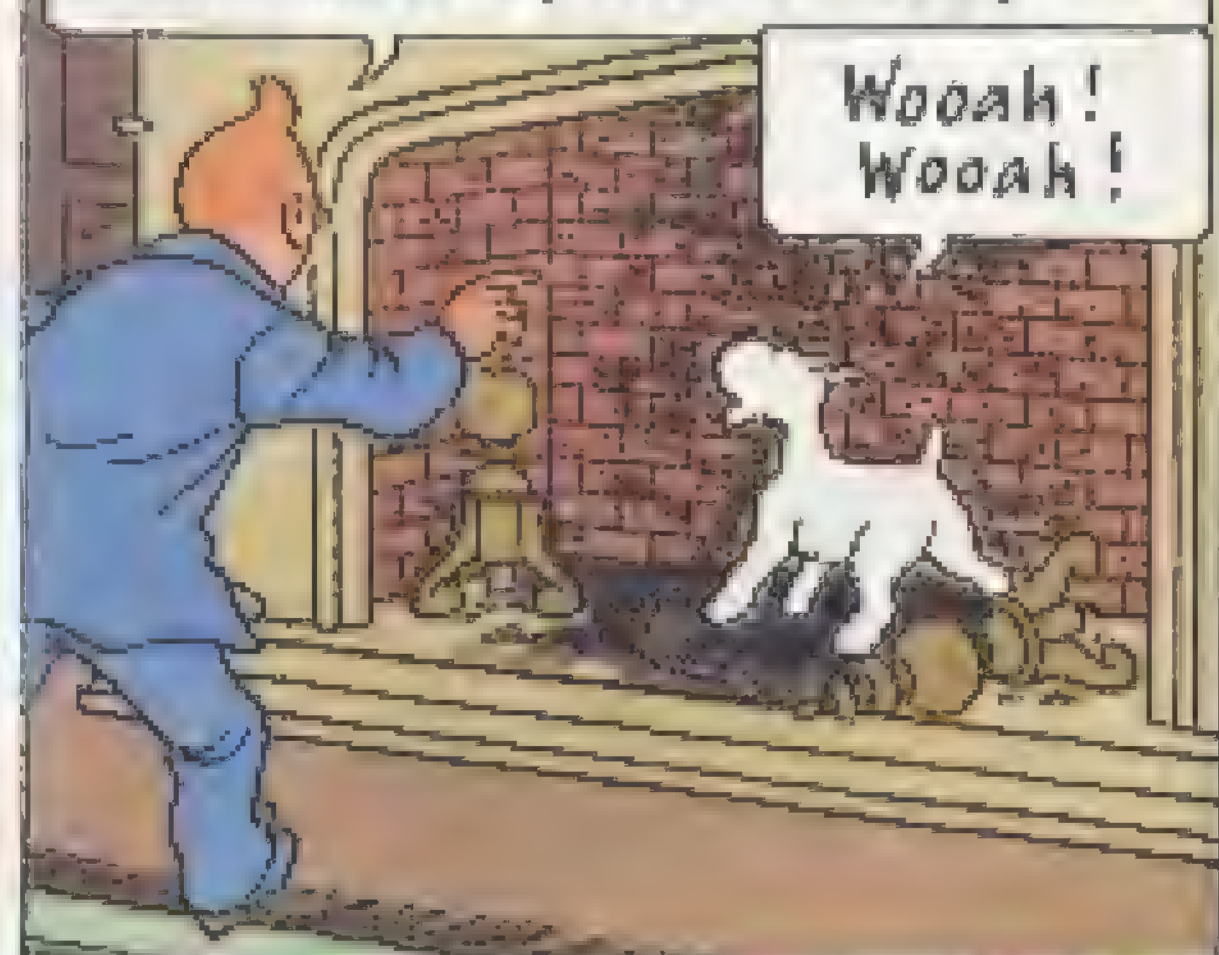
Oh! Look over there!  
Rascar Capac's jewels  
have disappeared!



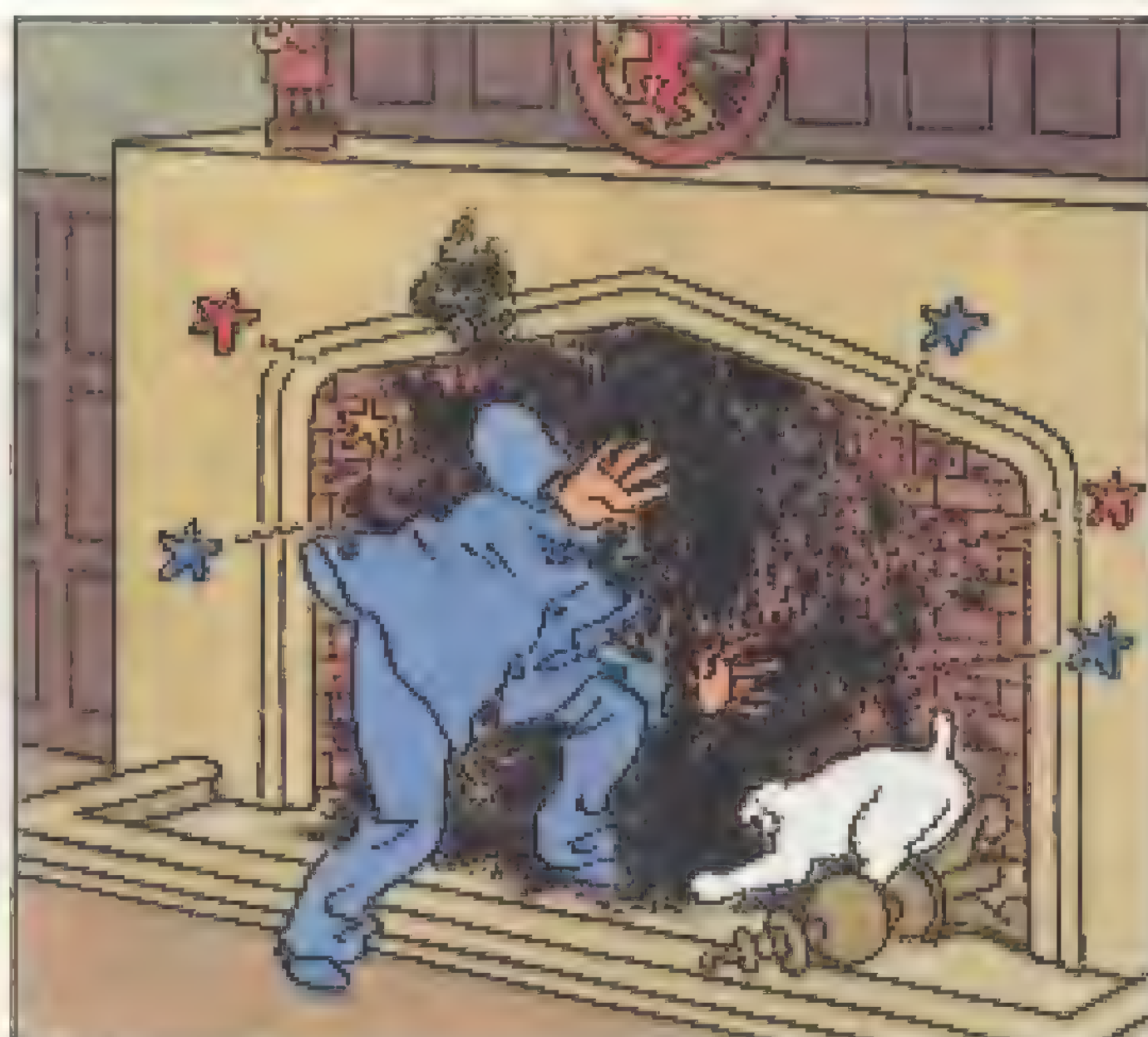
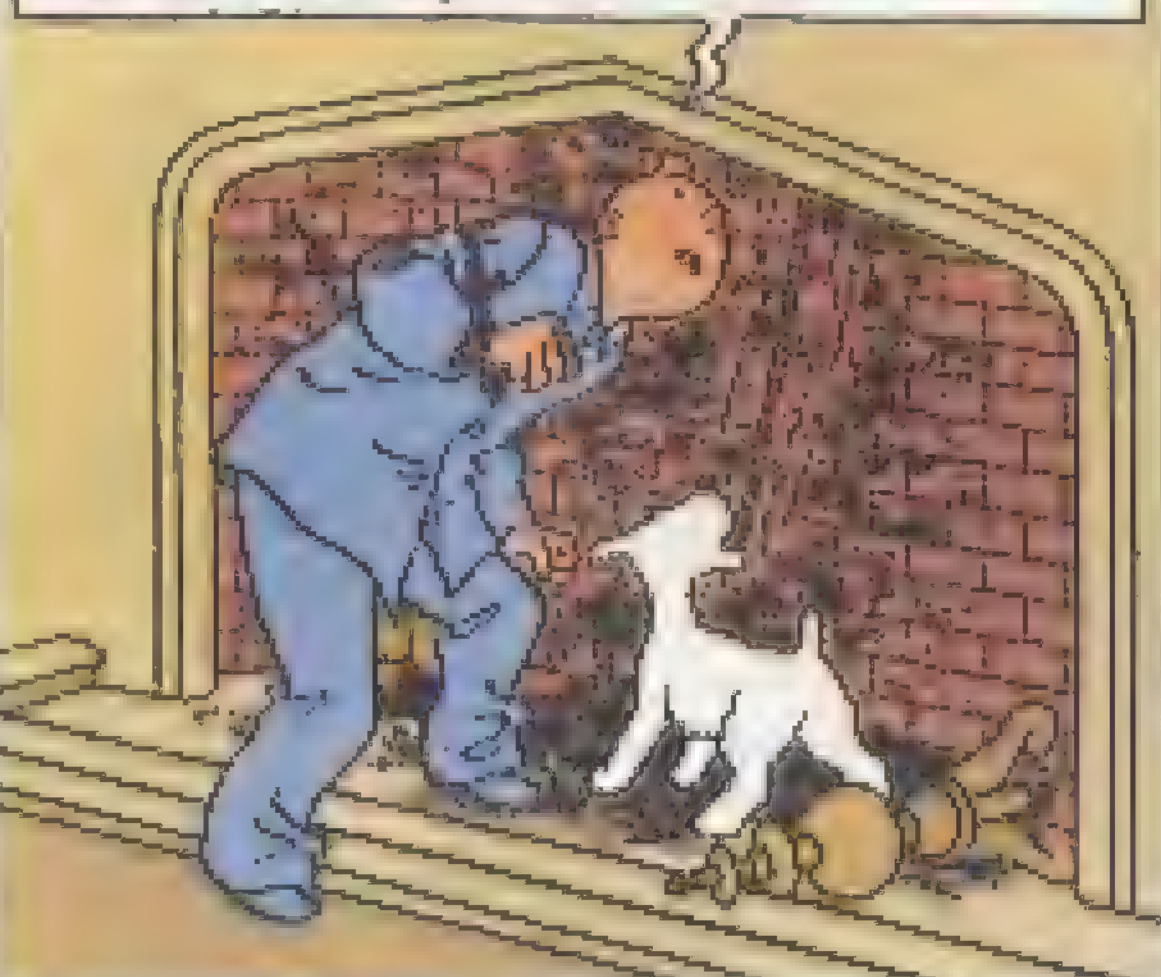
WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



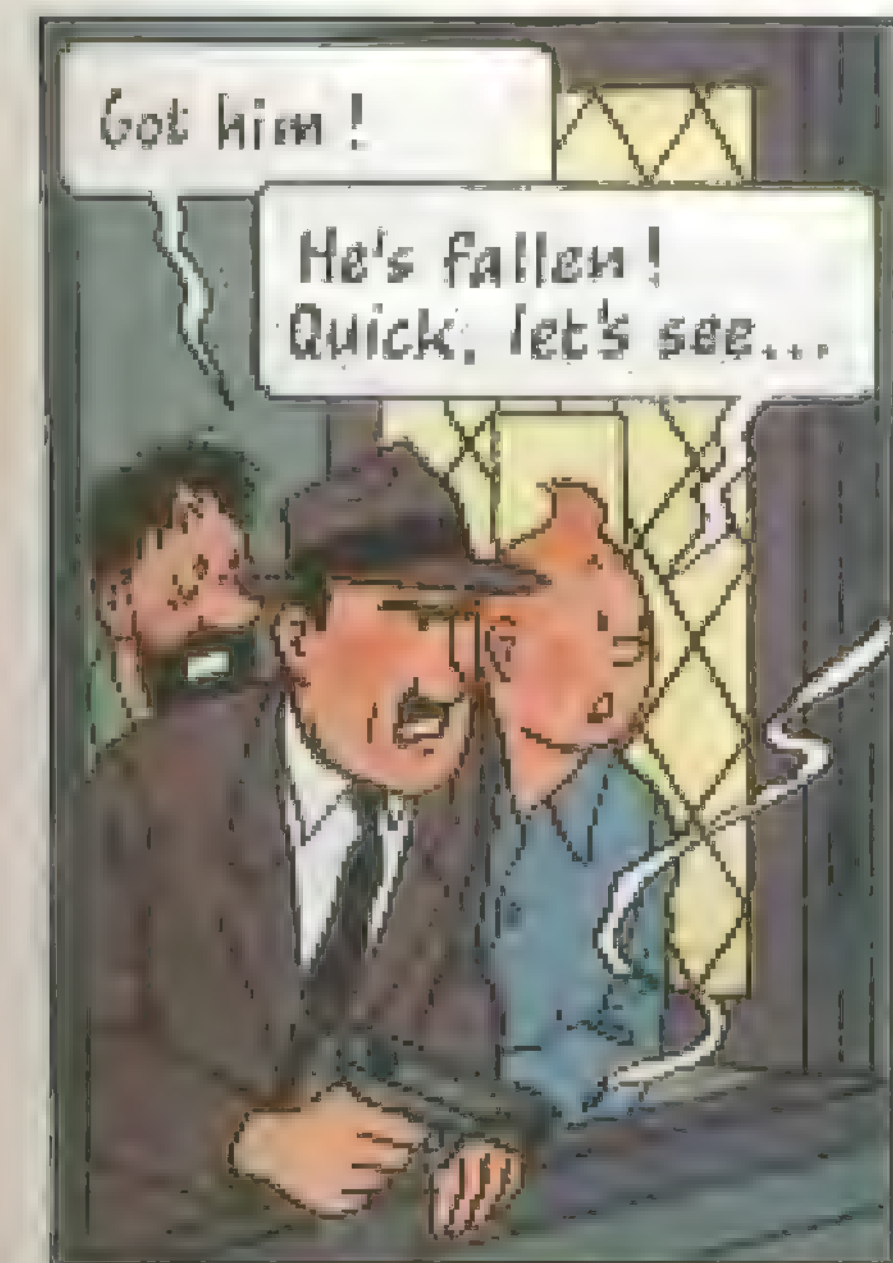
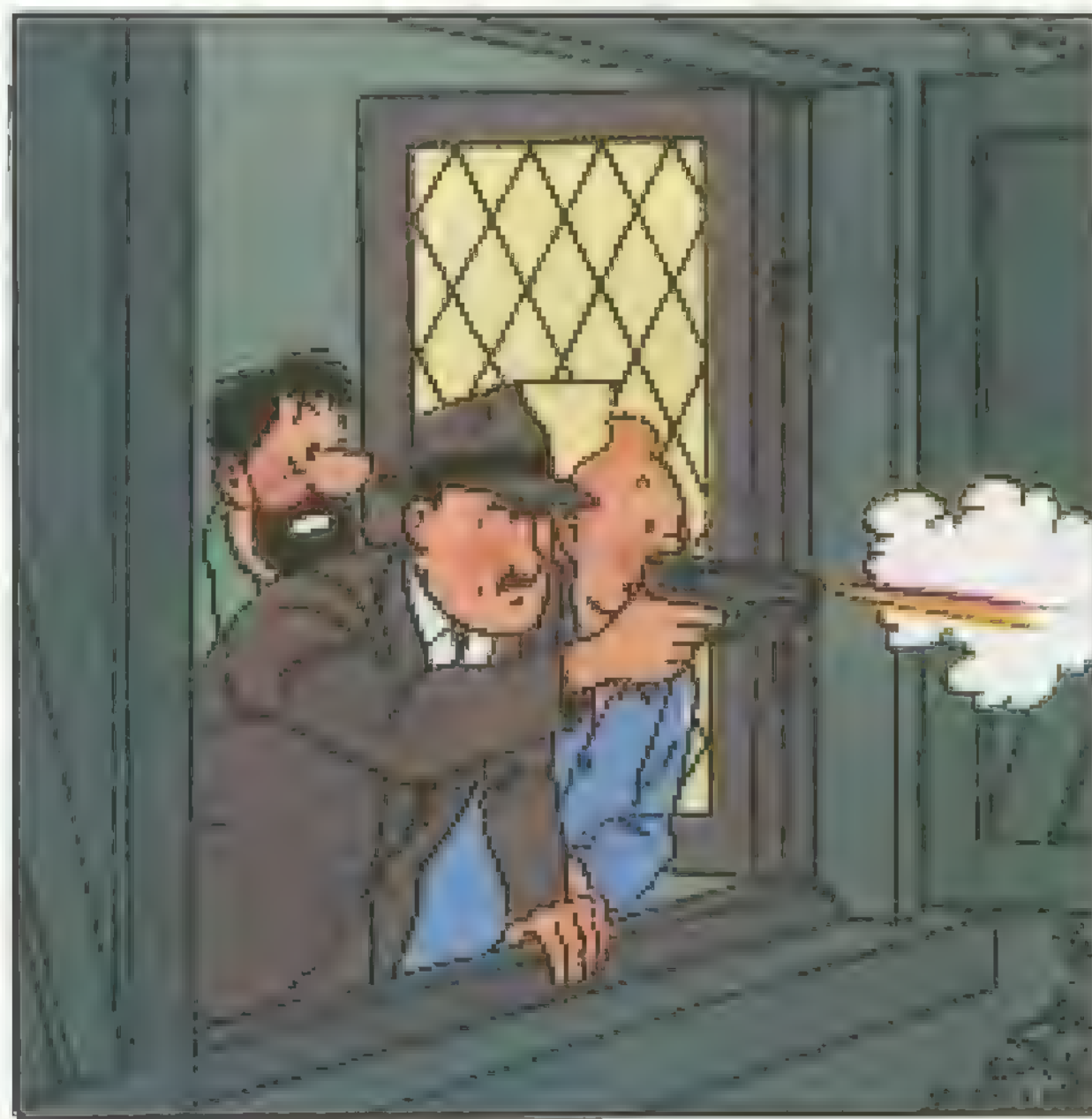
There! That's how it was  
done... the attacker came  
and went by the chimney!



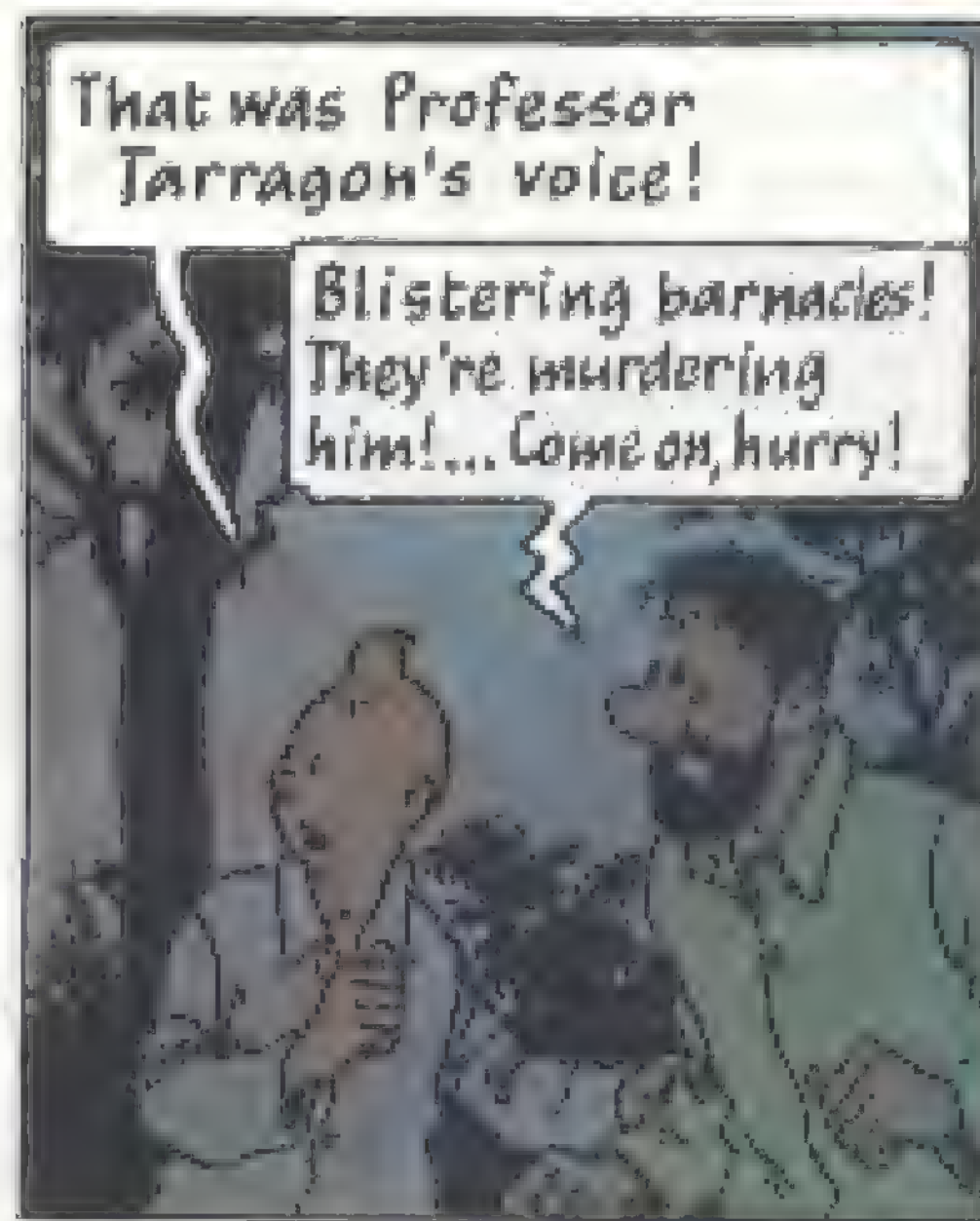
Well, if he went up here, there's  
still time - he can't have got  
clean away...











That was Professor Tarragon's voice!

Blistering barnacles! They're murdering him!... Come on, hurry!



Help!



AAAH!



Mercy!... Mercy!



They're coming back!... I can see them! They're going to smother me!



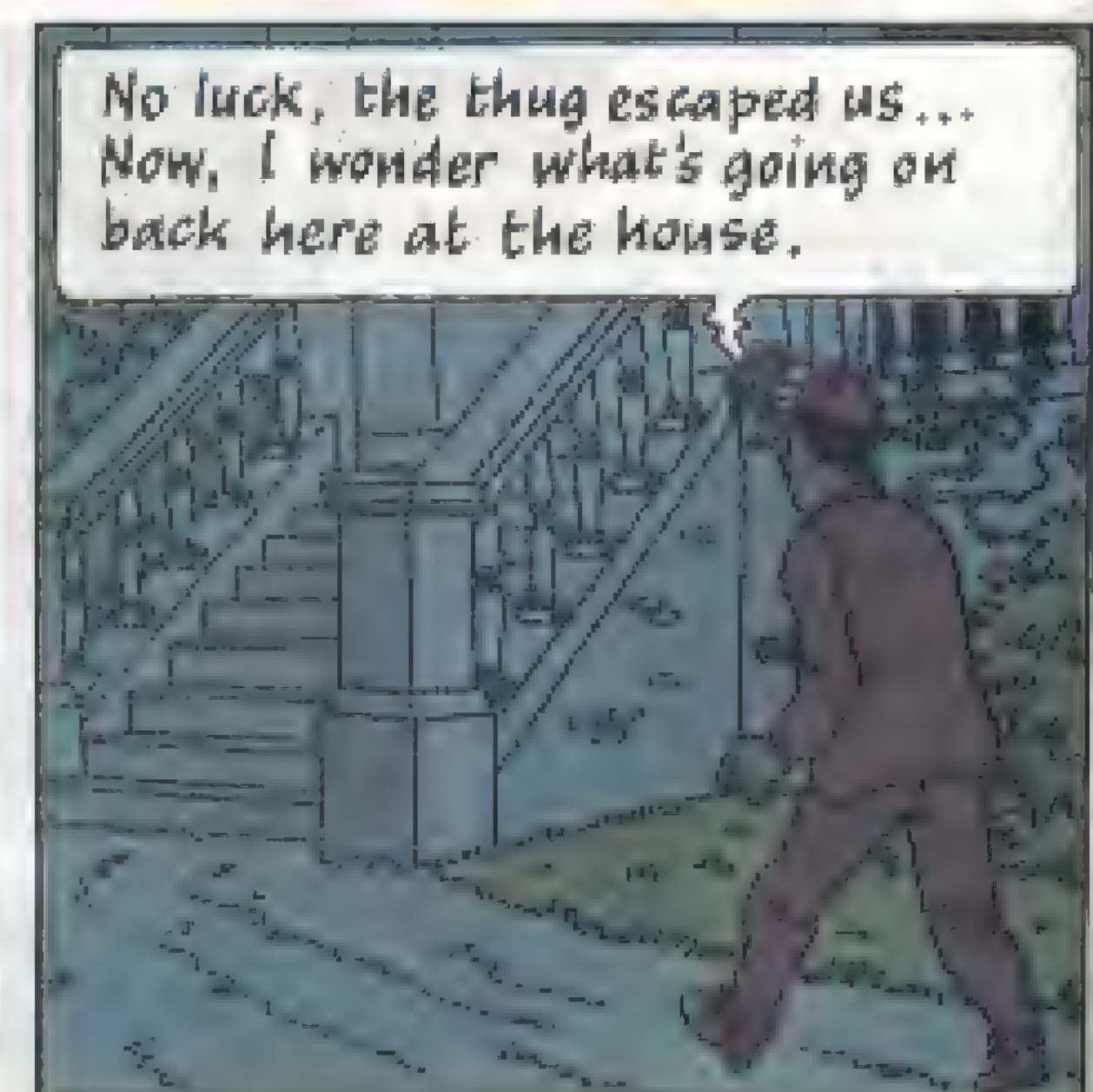
Keep away, you devils! They'll tear me to pieces!



It's all right, Professor Tarragon, it's all right... There's no one here... only your friends.



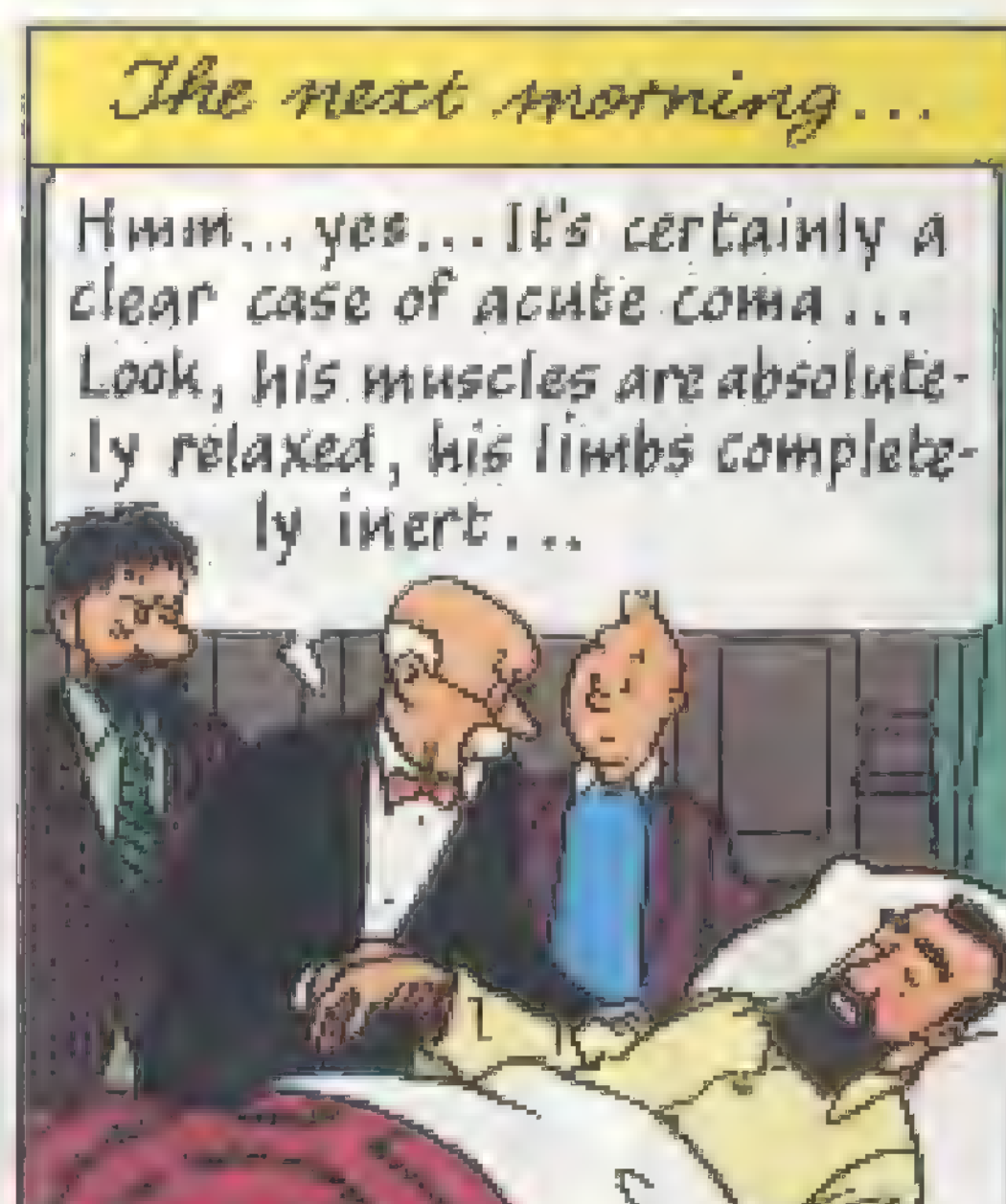
But now what?... Look, he's fallen back into a coma.



No luck, the thug escaped us... Now, I wonder what's going on back here at the house.



He screamed and shouted: he seemed to be suffering horribly... Then suddenly he calmed down... I think it would be an idea to call in a doctor.



*The next morning...*

Hmm... yes... It's certainly a clear case of acute coma... Look, his muscles are absolutely relaxed, his limbs completely inert...



YEOW!



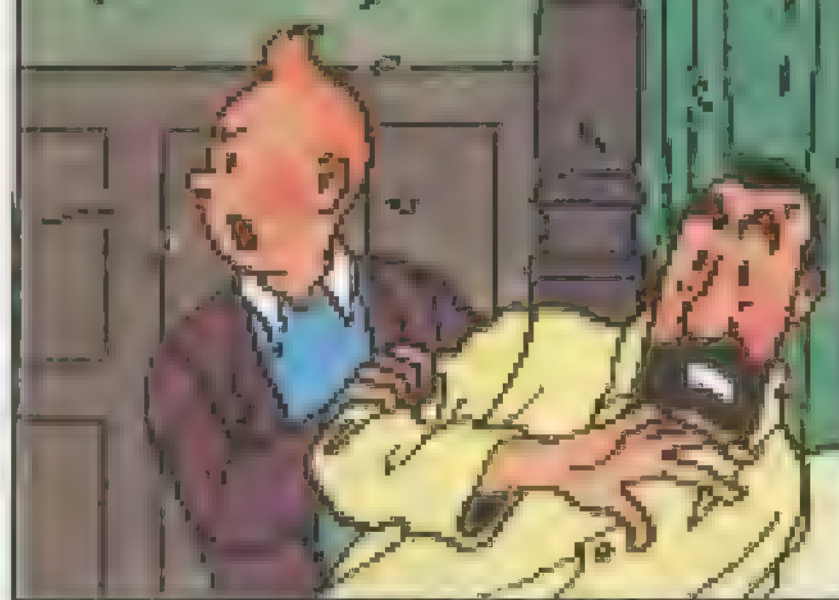
They're coming back!... They'll start again - tormenting me!... Help, help!



They're coming!... Get away, you torturers!... Help me!... Help!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT

Who is  
it?



Oh, it's you?... Good morning... Is Hercules there?

Yes, he's there, in bed, ill. The doctor is here... He sounds in a bad state.



Going round the estate?... Good, I'll join him.



Where is he?



I can't see him.



Still, that's easy, I'll find him with my pendulum.



Hello, what's happening?



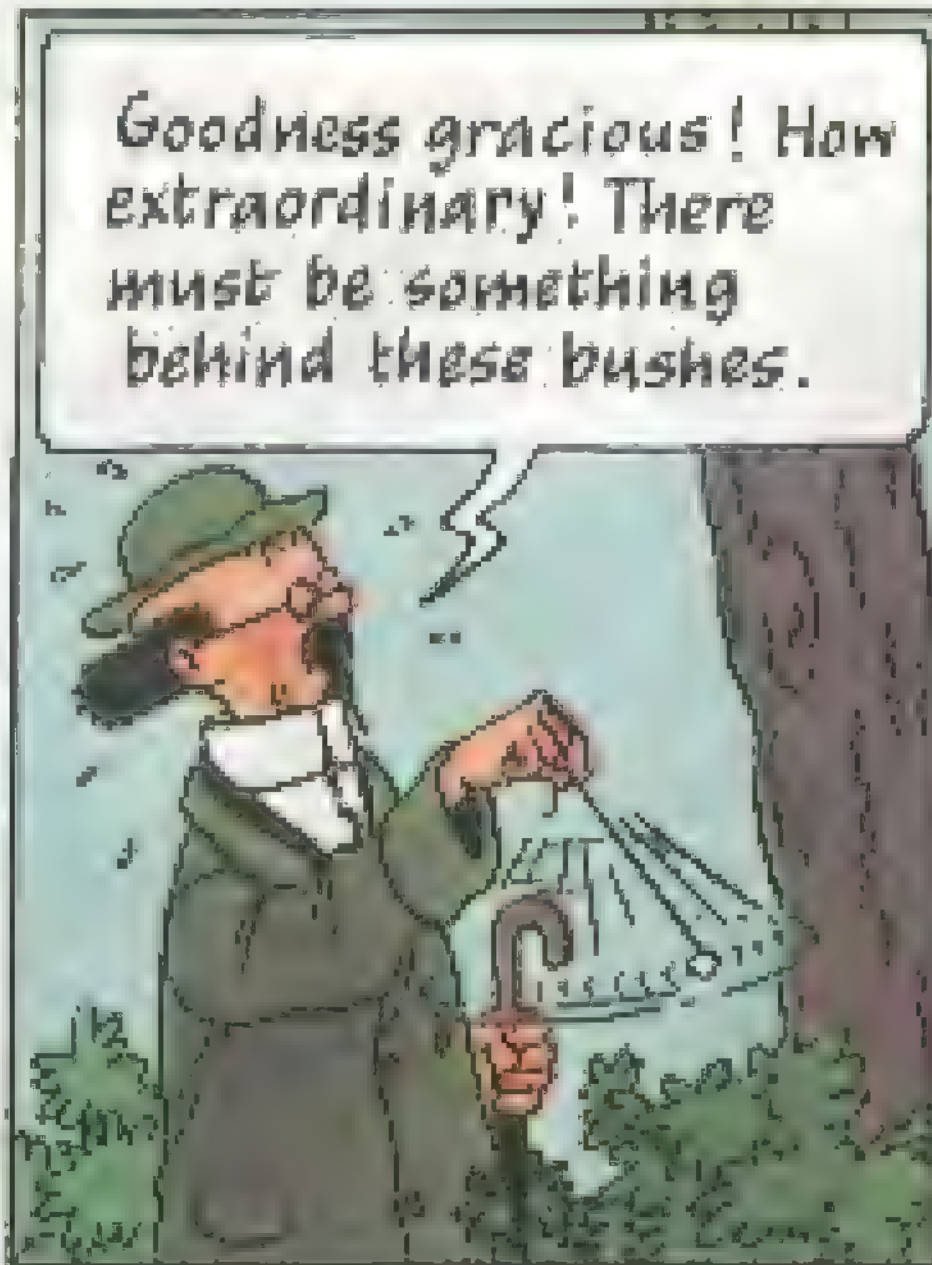
Peculiar, very peculiar! I wonder...



Hat, umbrella, spectacles, pendulum; that's the lot: on we go!...



Goodness gracious! How extraordinary! There must be something behind these bushes.



?







Well, well, well...  
What have we here?



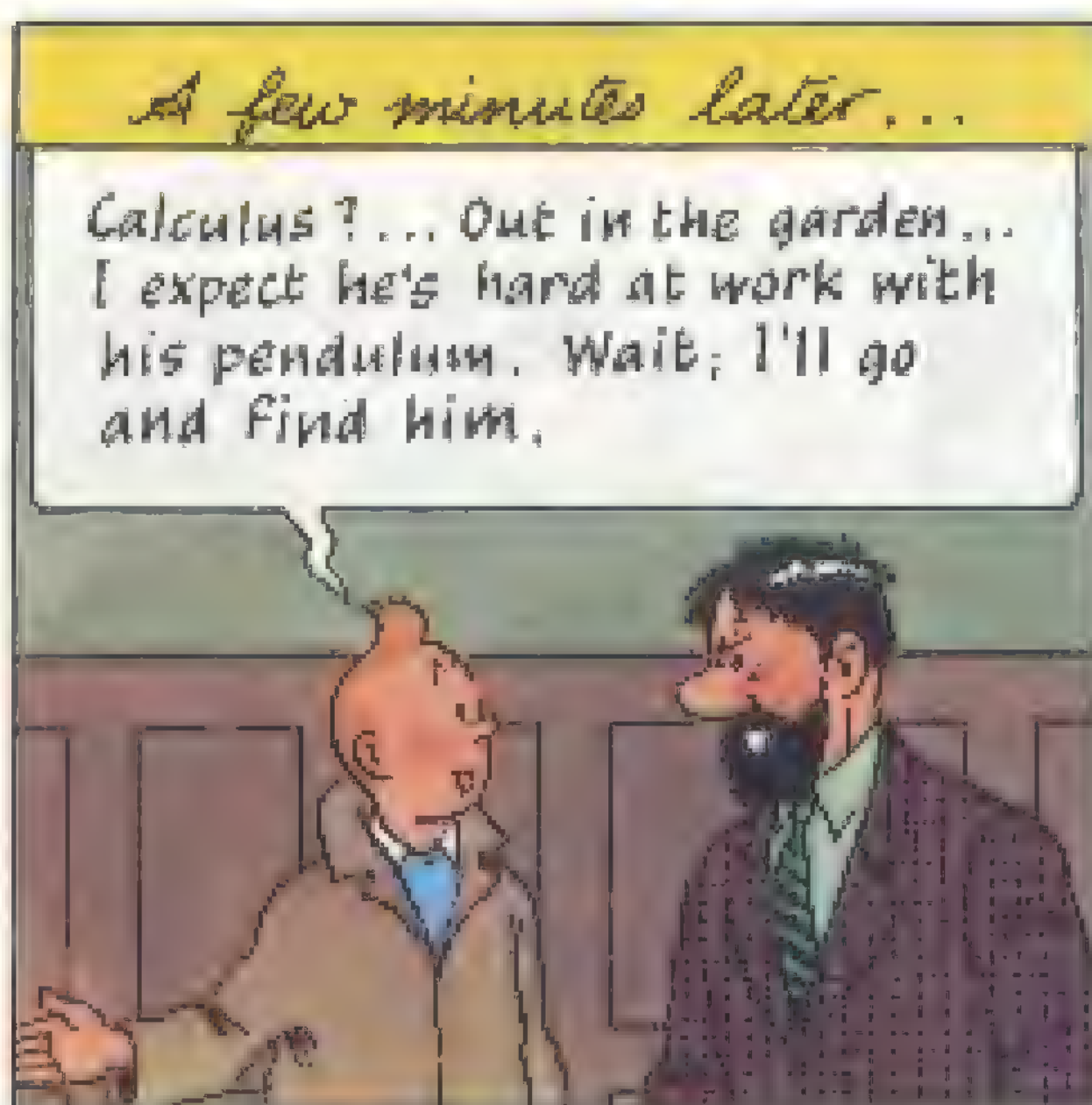
A bracelet!... Well I never!  
It's the one that was on  
the mummy!... How very  
curious... How did it come  
to be here?



Magnificent!... It's  
obviously made of  
solid gold... I'll put it  
on and go indoors wear-  
ing it, and see if they  
notice...



Really splendid... And  
how well it goes with  
my coat!



*A few minutes later...*

Calculus? ... Out in the garden...  
I expect he's hard at work with  
his pendulum. Wait; I'll go  
and find him.



Now where's old  
Cuthbert got to?

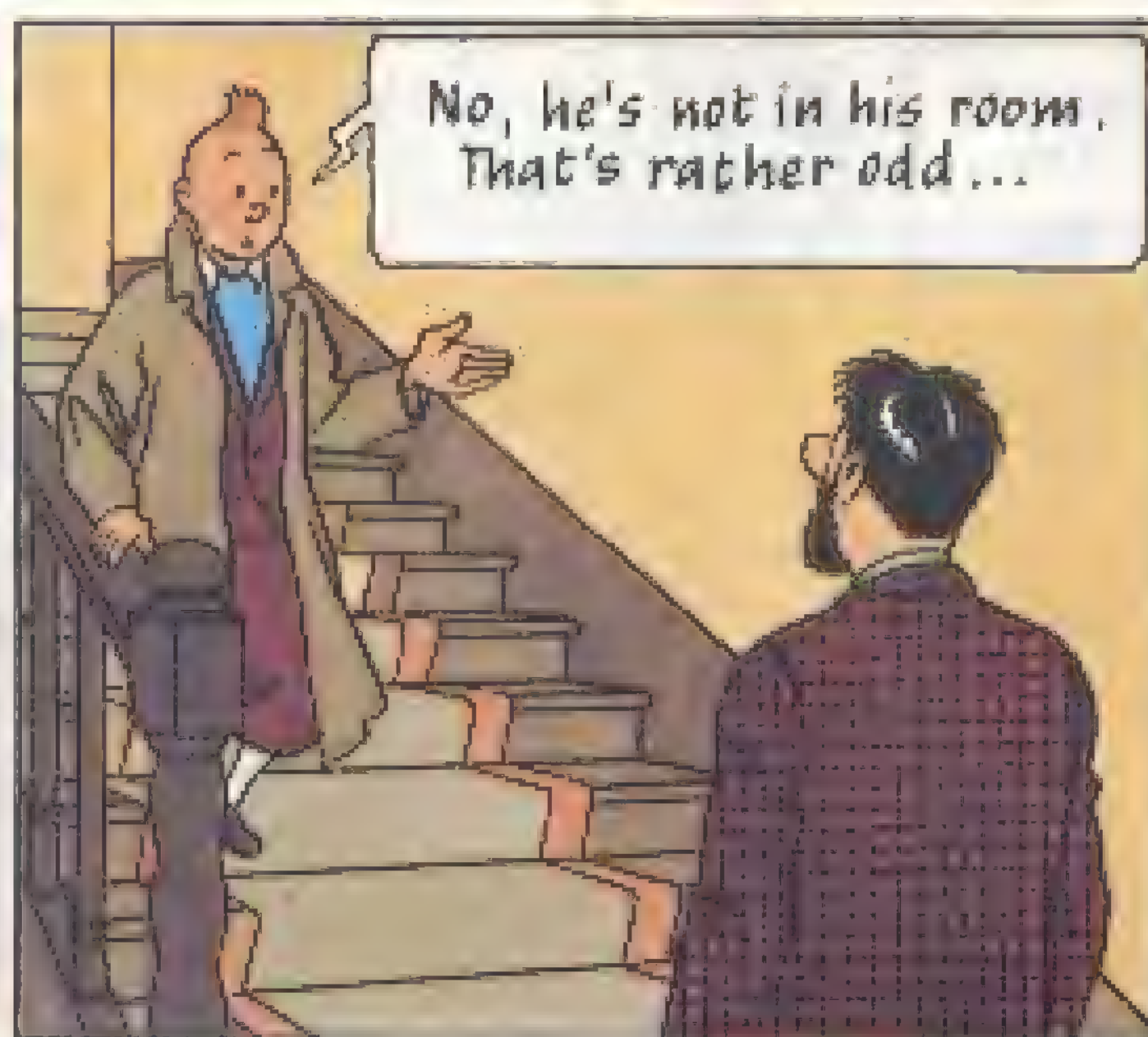


Strange, I'm sure  
he said he was  
going in- to the  
garden.



Hello... Did you find him?

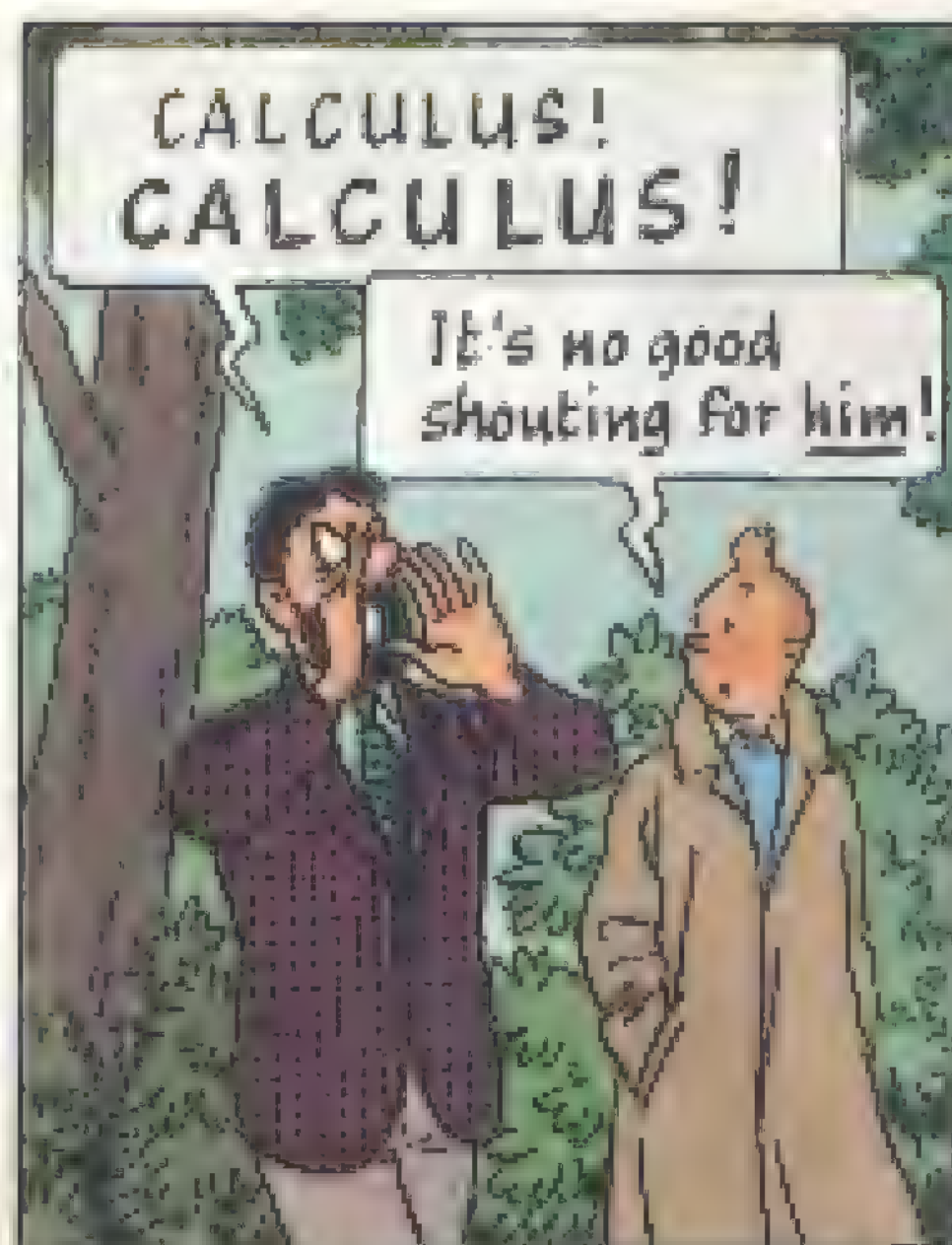
No, he wasn't there.  
He's probably back in  
his room... I'll go up  
and look...



No, he's not in his room.  
That's rather odd...



Let's go back into the garden.  
I expect we'll find him in the  
shrubbery with that beloved pen-  
dulum of his.



**CALCULUS!**  
**CALCULUS!**

It's no good  
shouting for him!



Now where's the old goat hidden  
himself? ... Calculus!!!



**CALCULUS!**

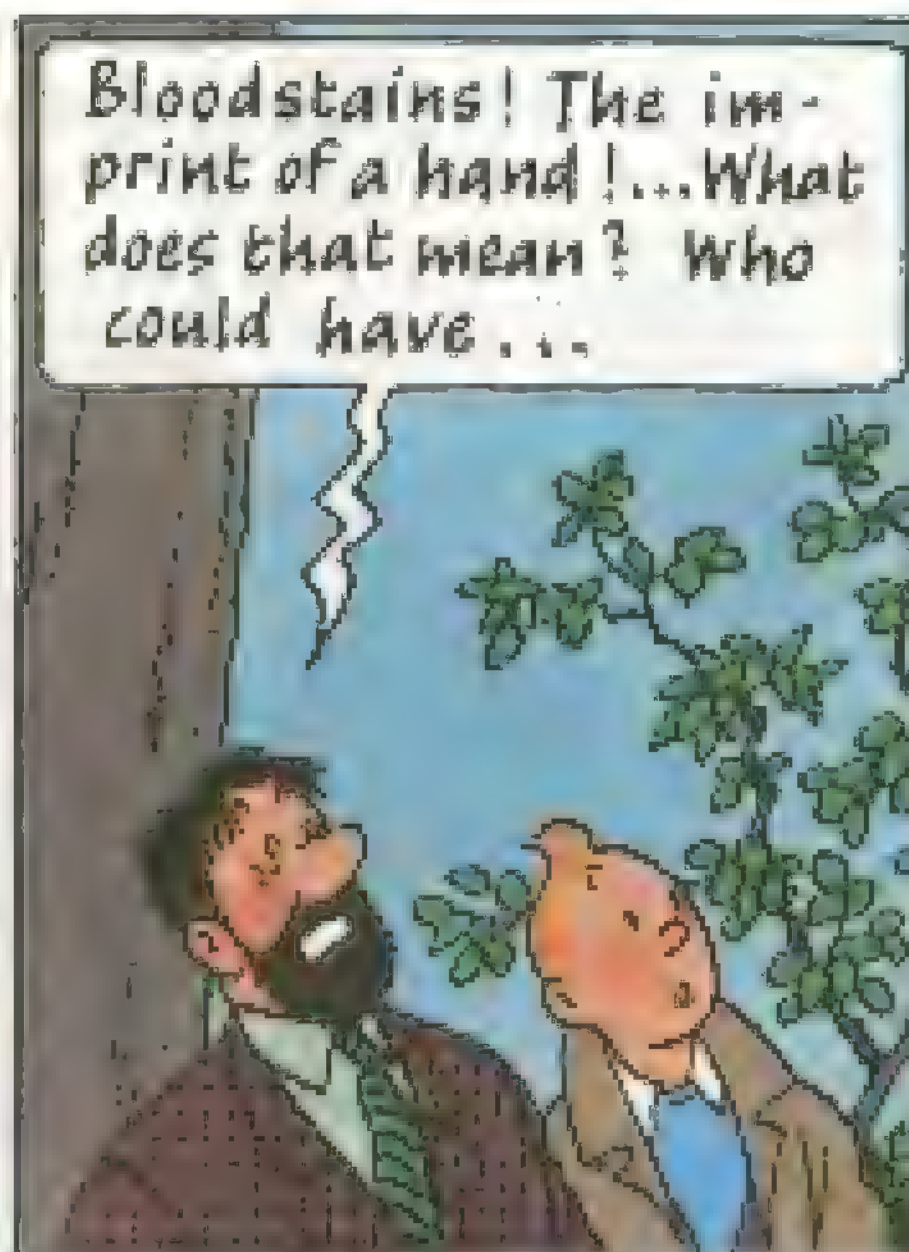


?

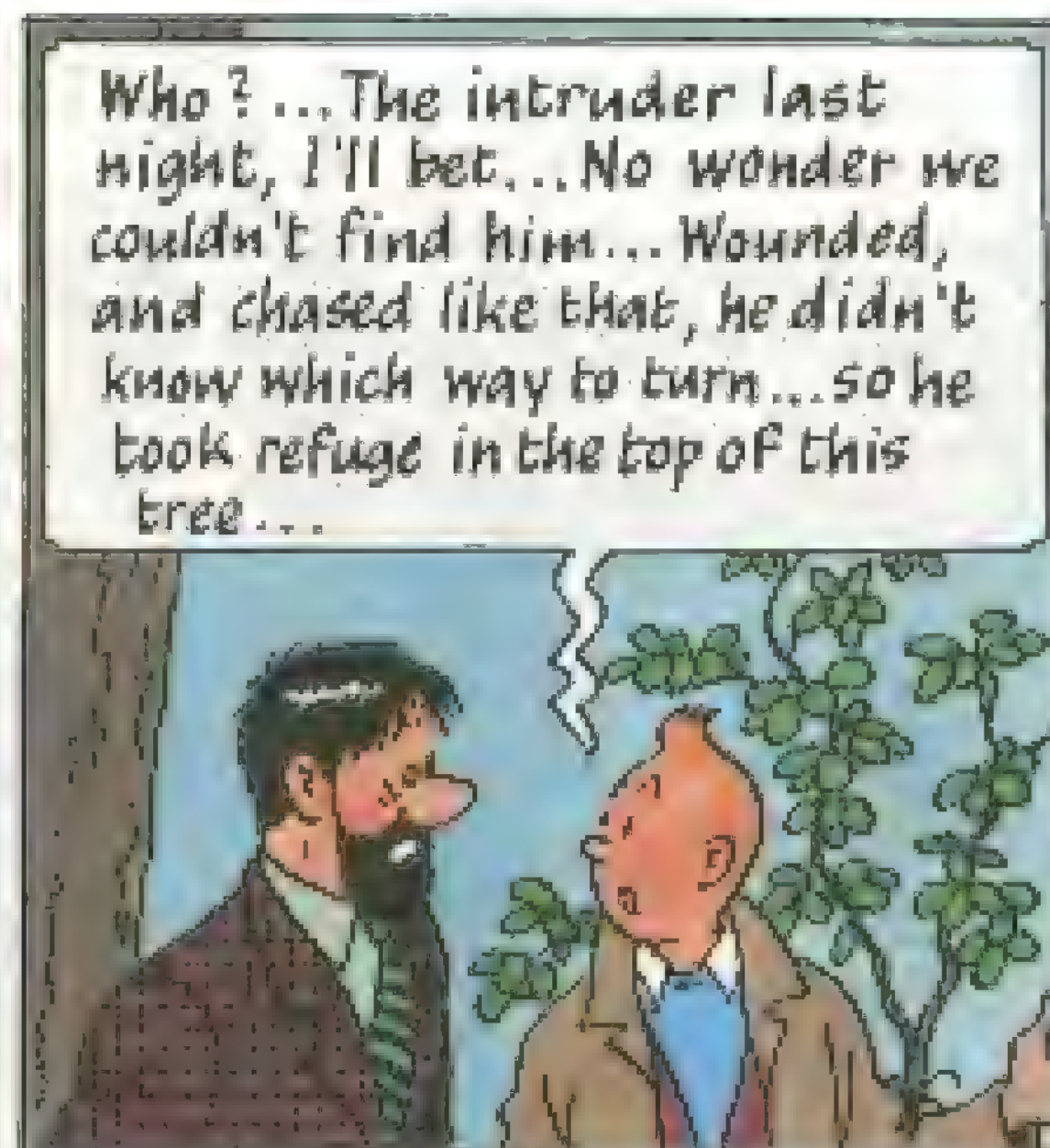




Captain!...Captain!  
Look up there!



Bloodstains! The im-  
print of a hand!...What  
does that mean? Who  
could have...

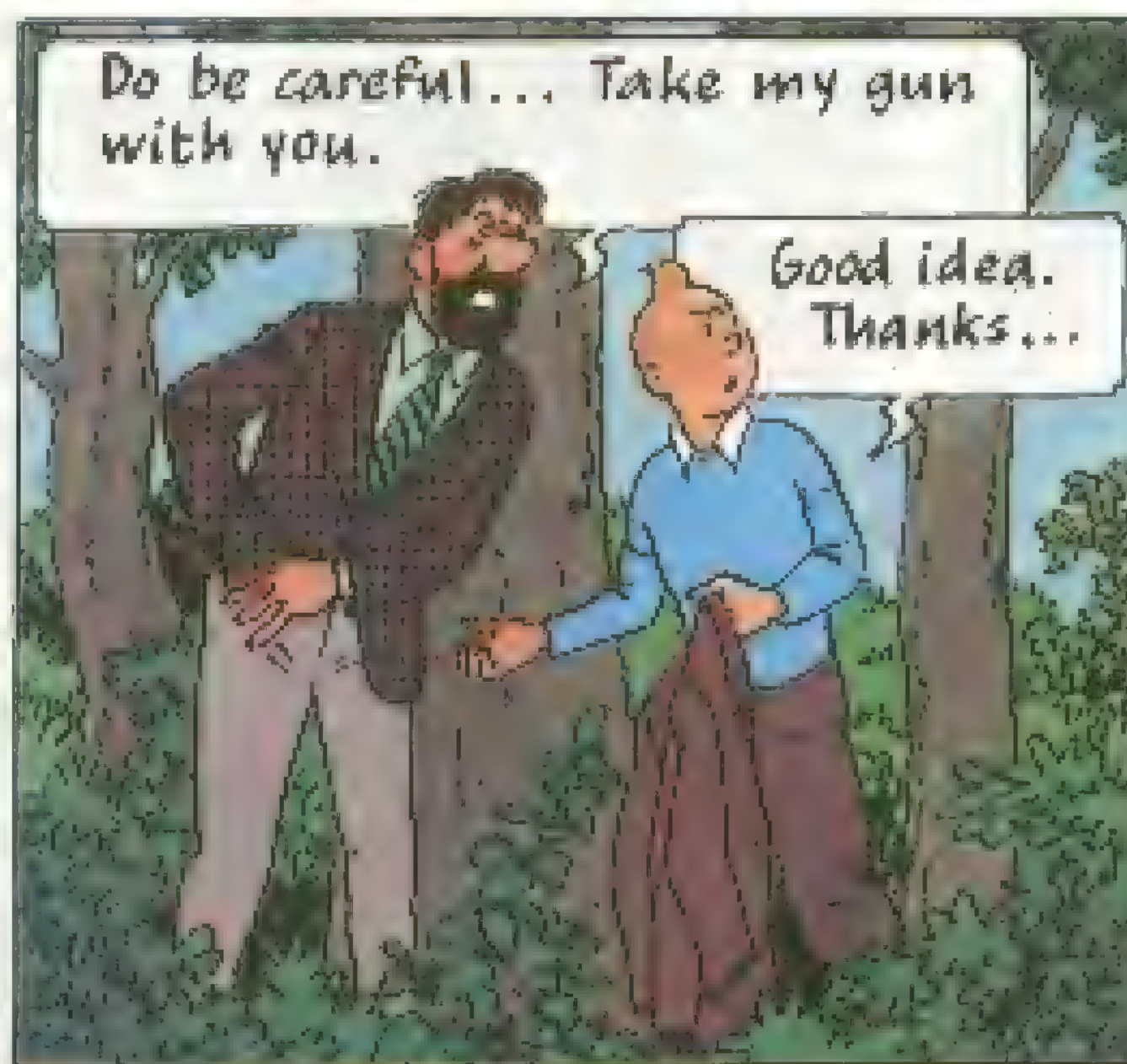


Who? ...The intruder last  
night, I'll bet... No wonder we  
couldn't find him... Wounded,  
and chased like that, he didn't  
know which way to turn... so he  
took refuge in the top of this  
tree...



But... he could still be  
up there...

You're right... I'm going  
to see for my-  
self...



Do be careful... Take my gun  
with you.

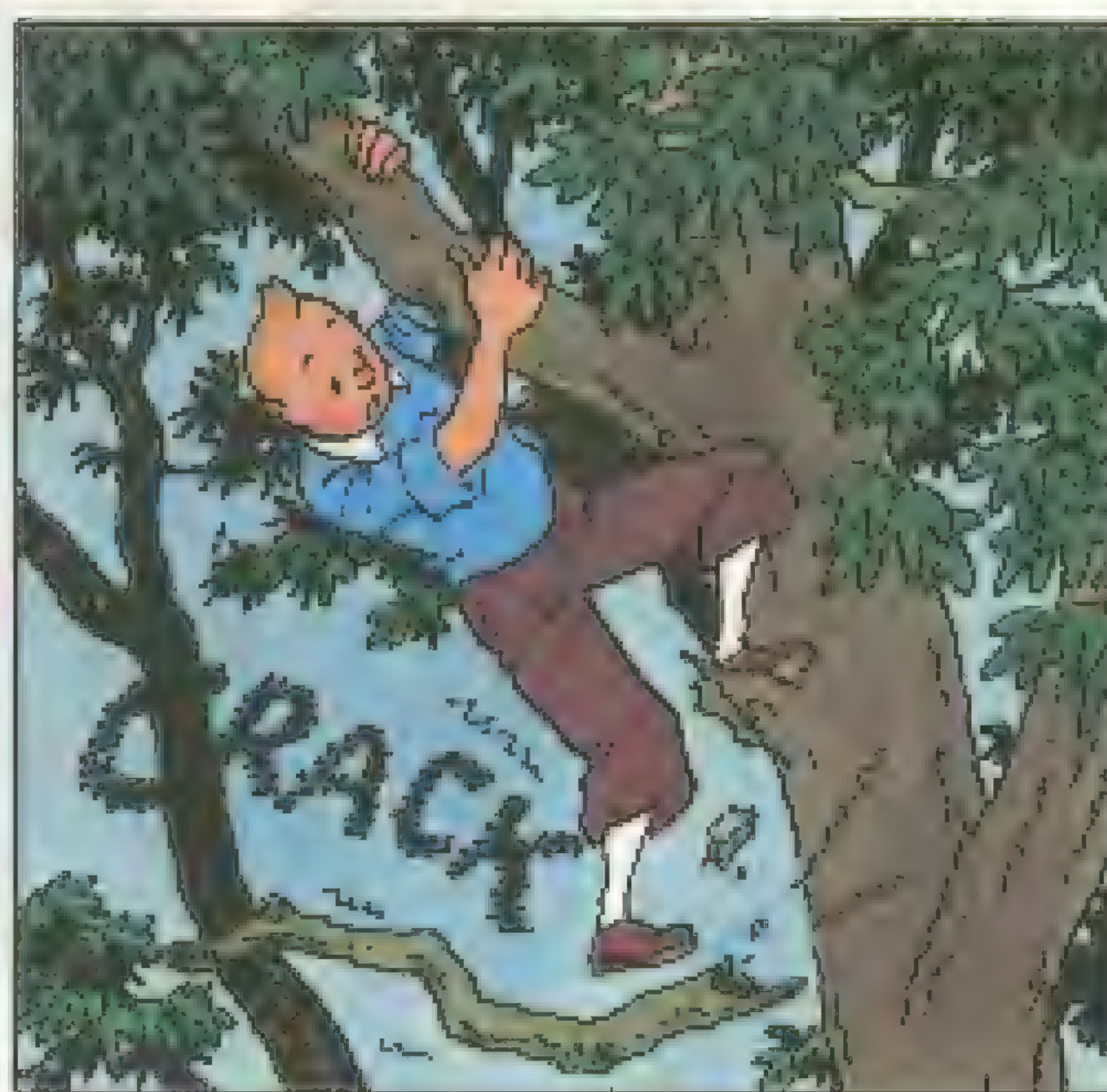
Good idea.  
Thanks...



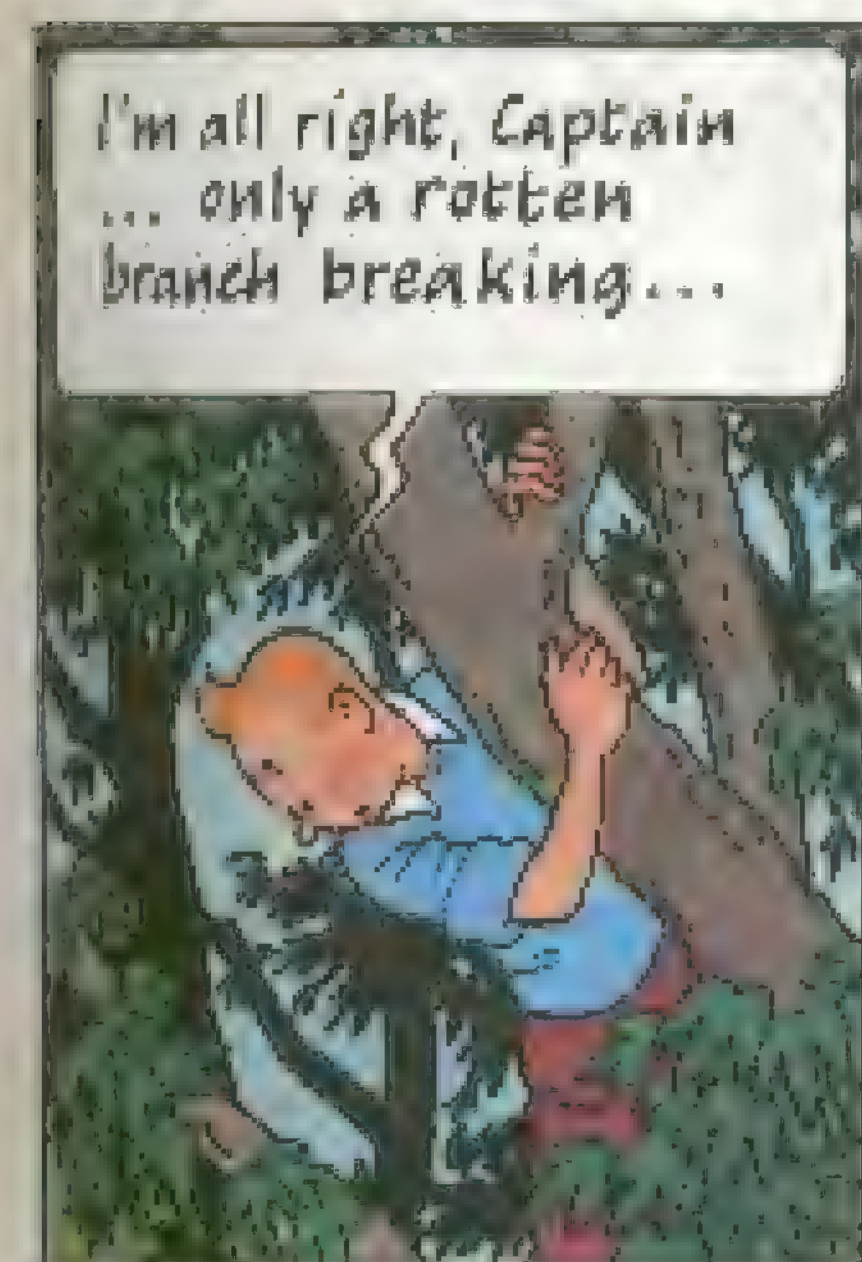
Any luck?



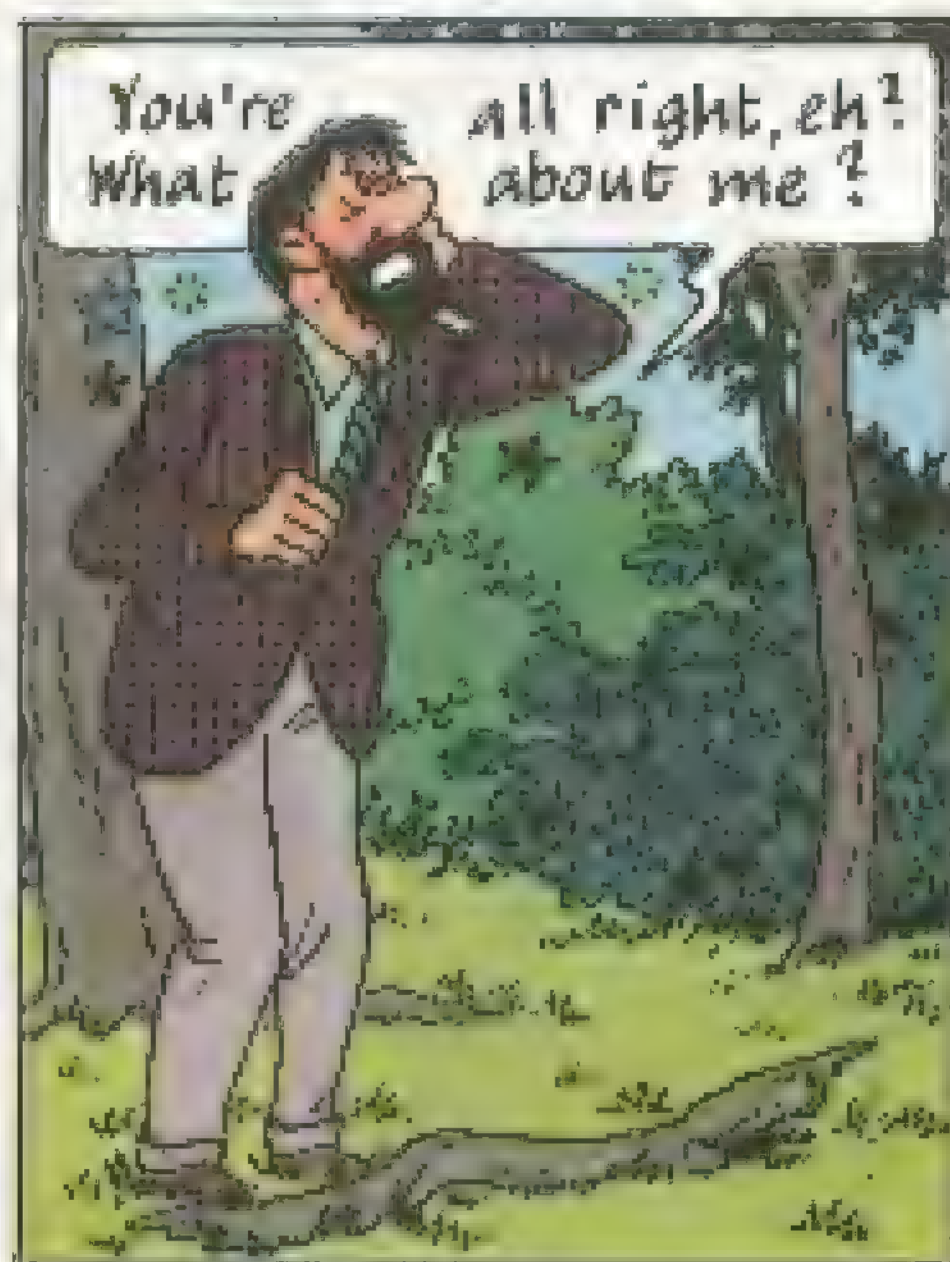
No, I still can't  
see anything...



CRACK



I'm all right, Captain  
... only a rotten  
branch breaking...



You're all right, eh?  
What about me?



There's no one here  
now. I'm coming down.



Captain!... Over  
there, to your right,  
look!... More to the  
right... more... There,  
you've got it!



It's Calculus's umbrella!



It is his, isn't it?

Yes, of course it is!  
How in the...

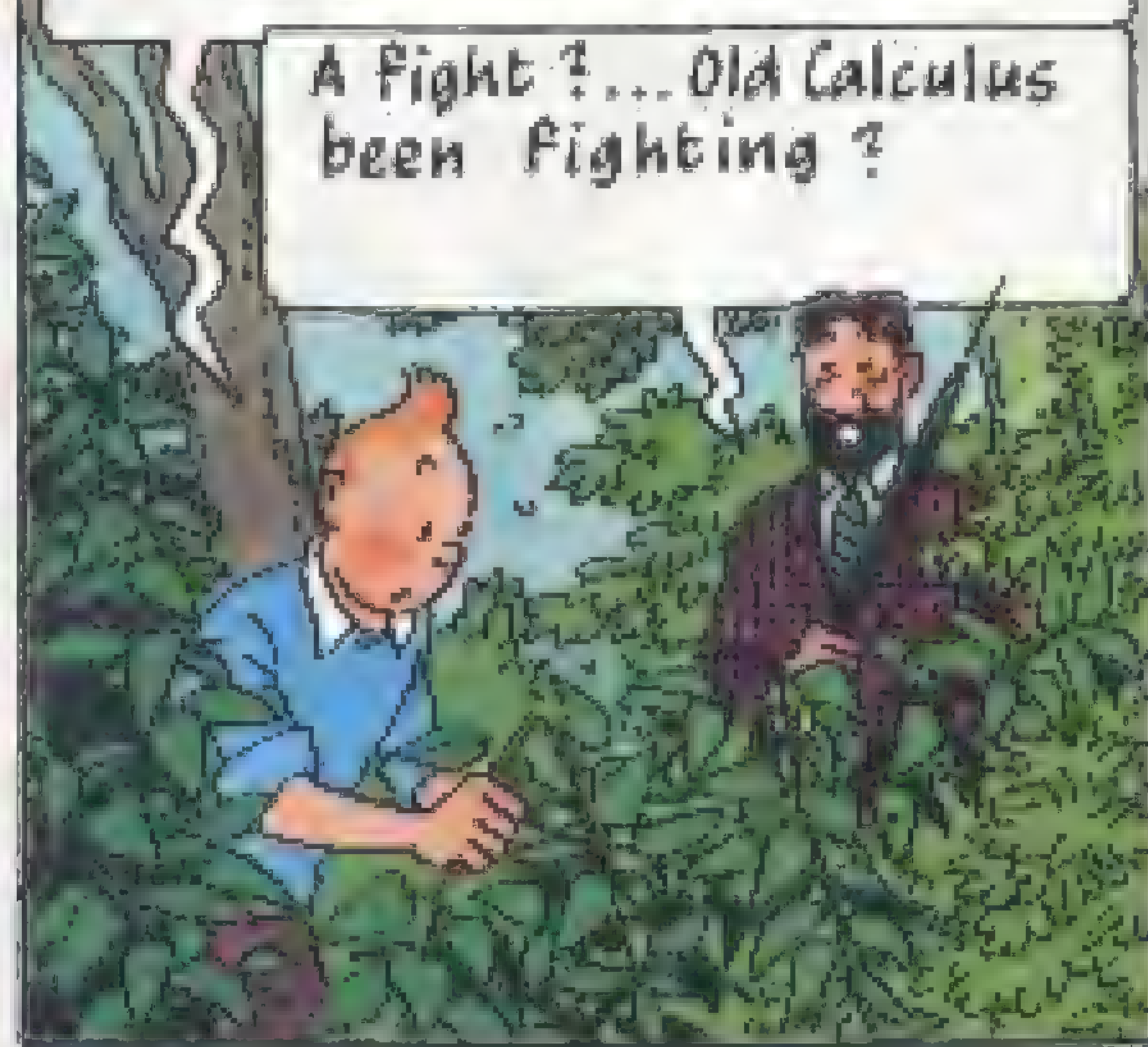


Look there...  
The grass is all  
trampled down.



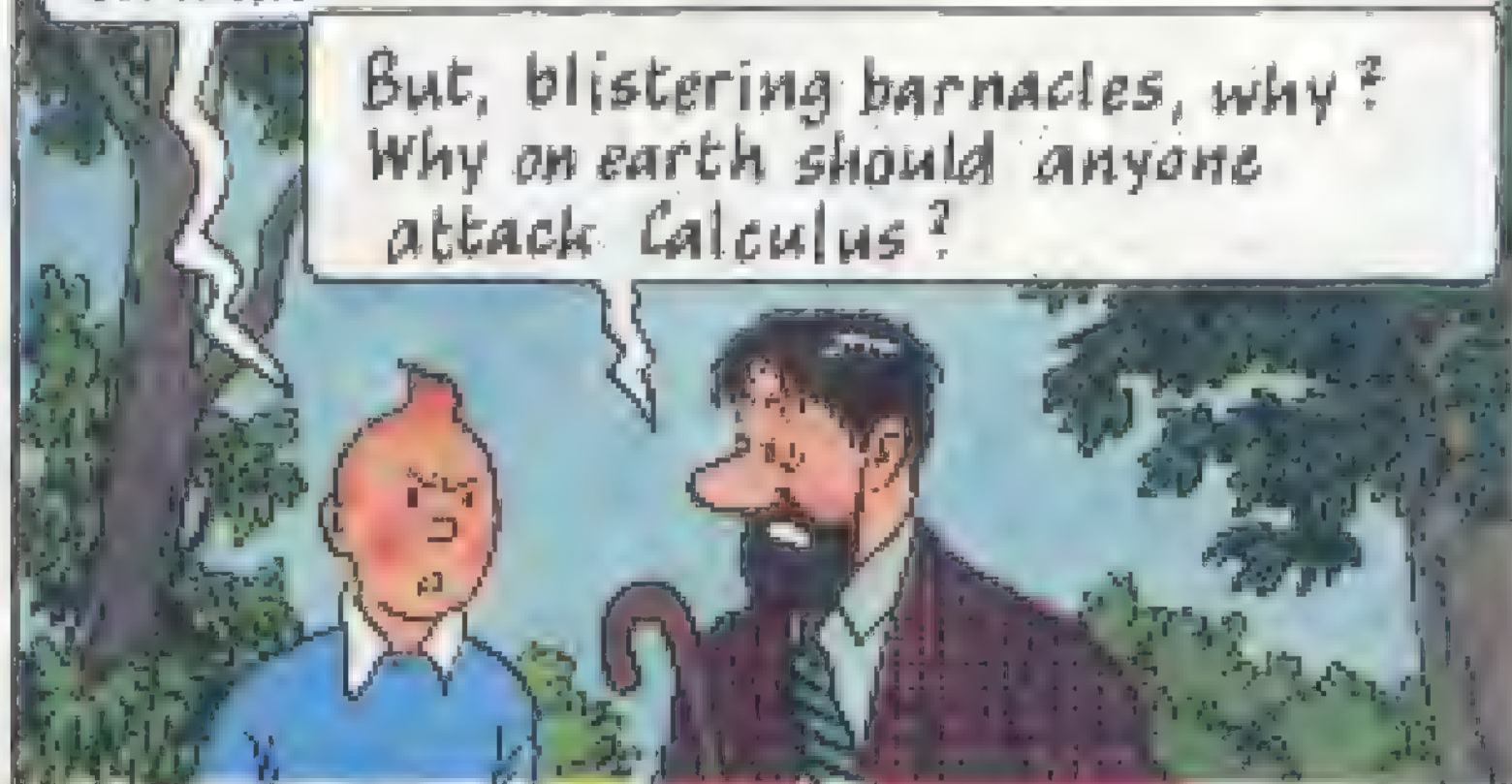
And these broken branches  
... There's been a fight here!

A fight? ... Old Calculus  
been fighting?



Maybe not... But he's certainly been attacked  
... Now I see what happened... The intruder  
was still up in the tree... Along came  
Calculus... and the other fellow jumped  
on him.

But, blistering barnacles, why?  
Why on earth should anyone  
attack Calculus?



I don't know, Captain,  
I don't know. All  
I do know is that  
Professor Calculus  
has disappeared, and  
we've got to find him.



SNOWY!  
SNOWY!  
SNOWY!



Snowy!  
Snowy!  
Snowy!



You can have your bone  
back in a minute,  
Snowy. But first of  
all you must try to  
find the Professor.



Seek, Snowy, seek him out!...  
Go on... Quickly!



Is he in there?



Look out, Captain!... Look out!  
Take cover!

Why?... What  
is it?

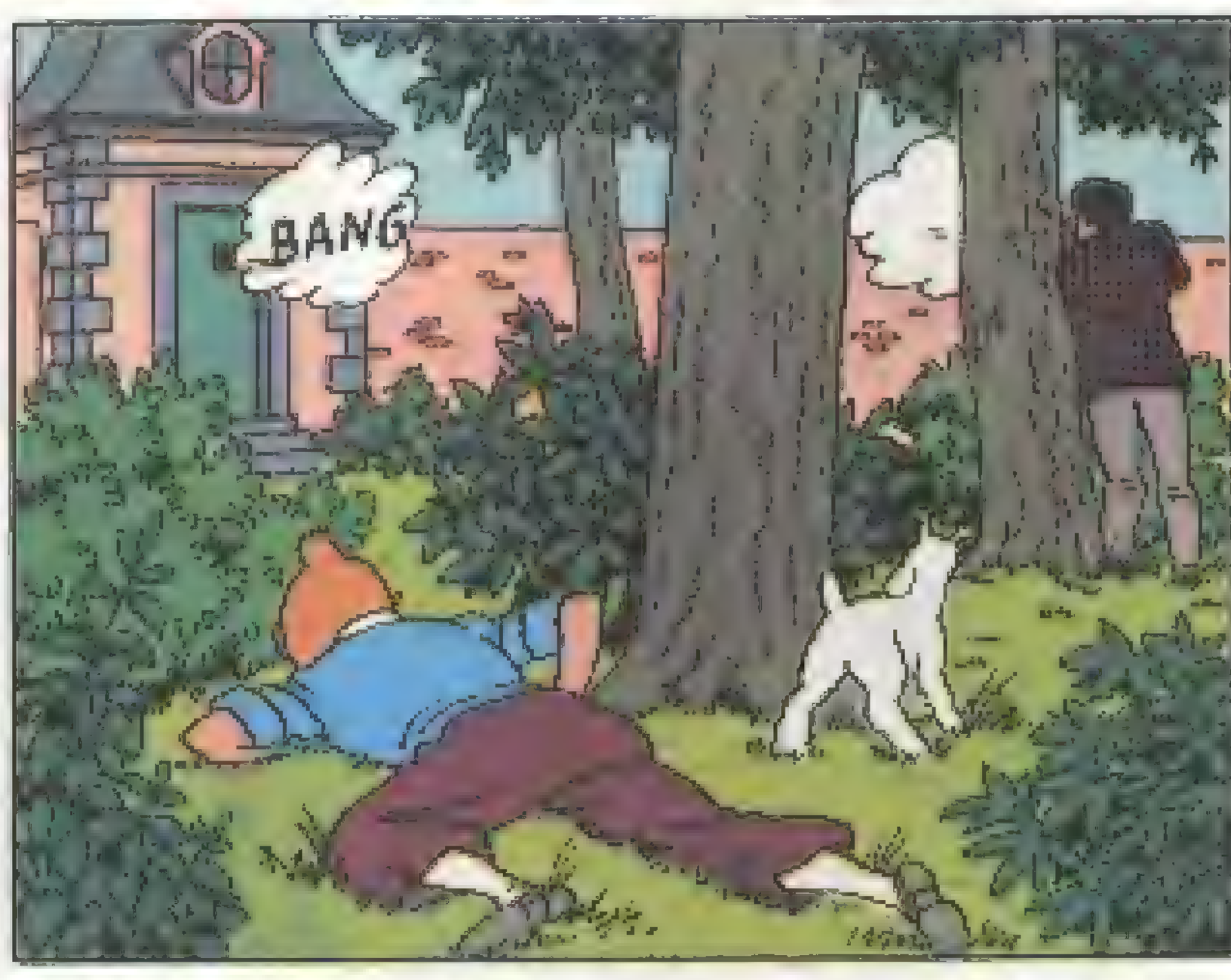
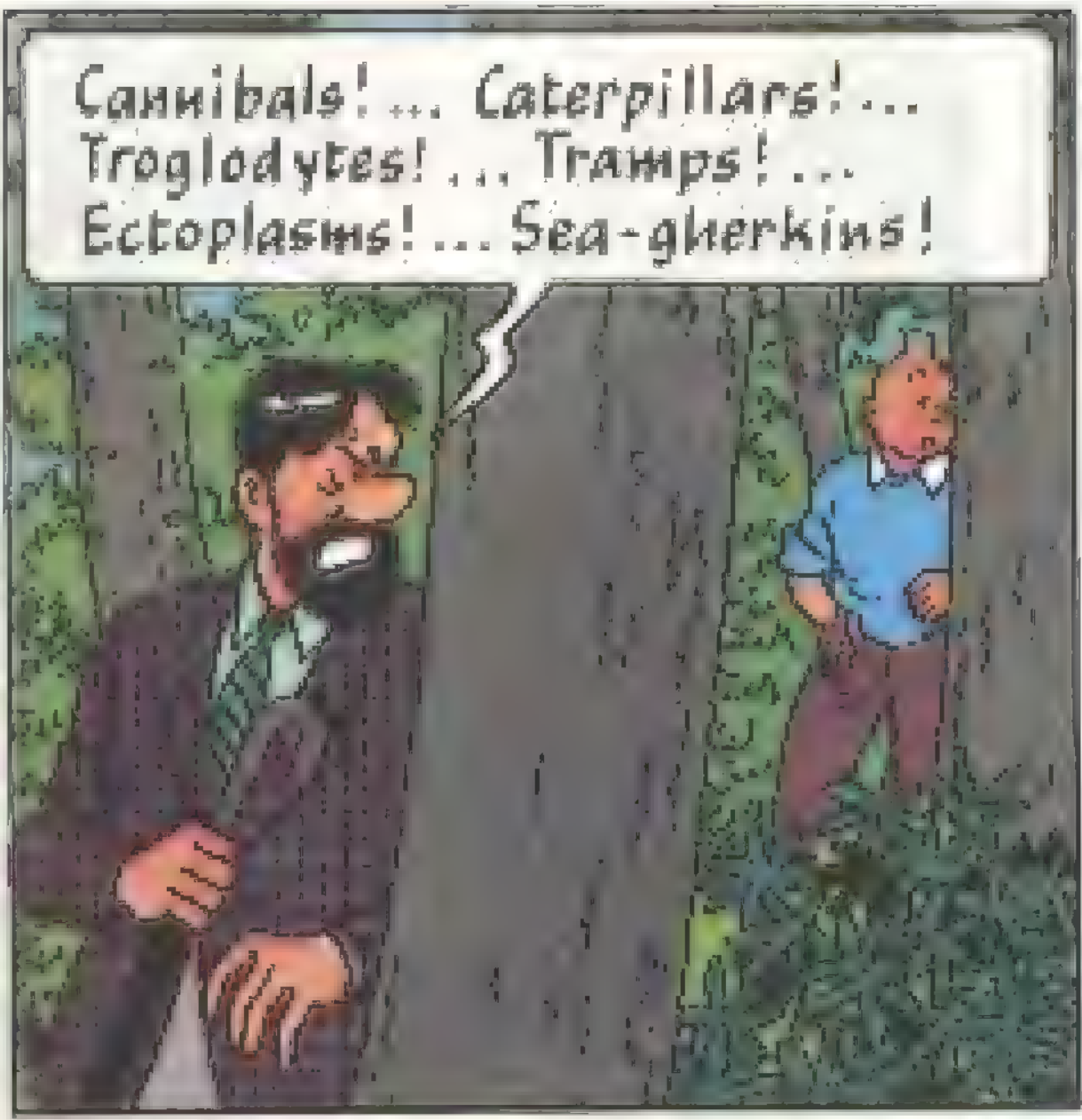


Take cover!

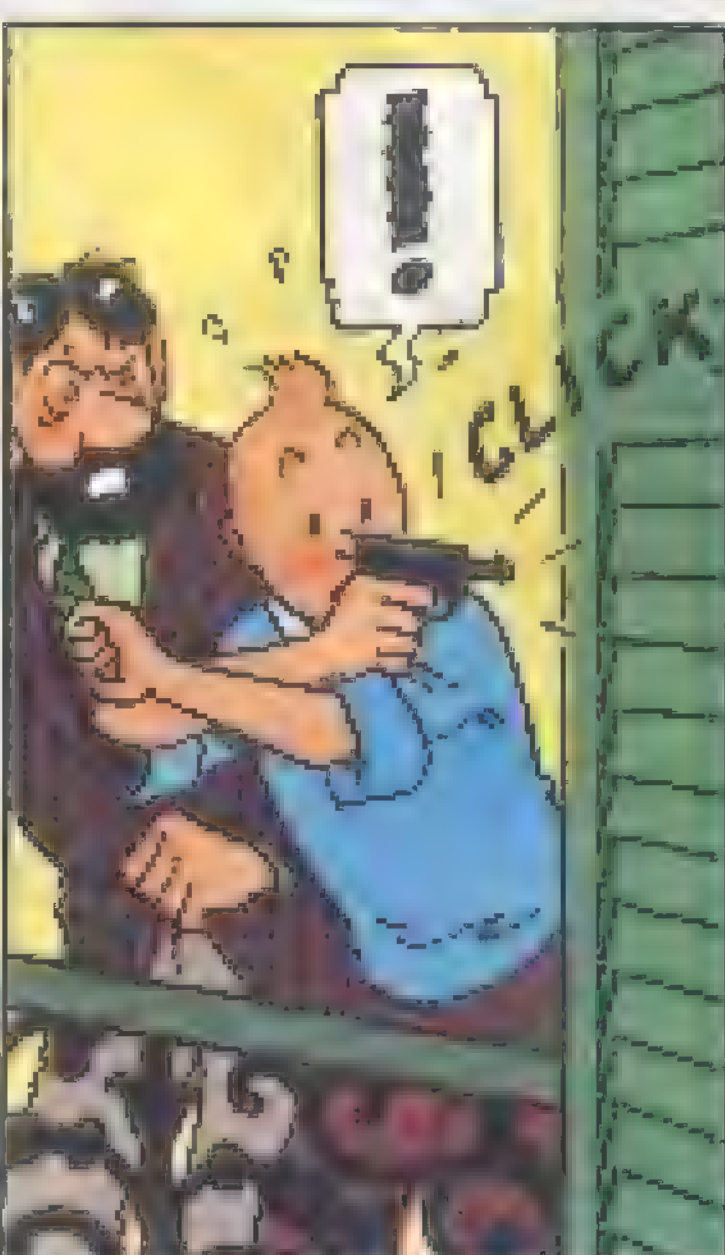
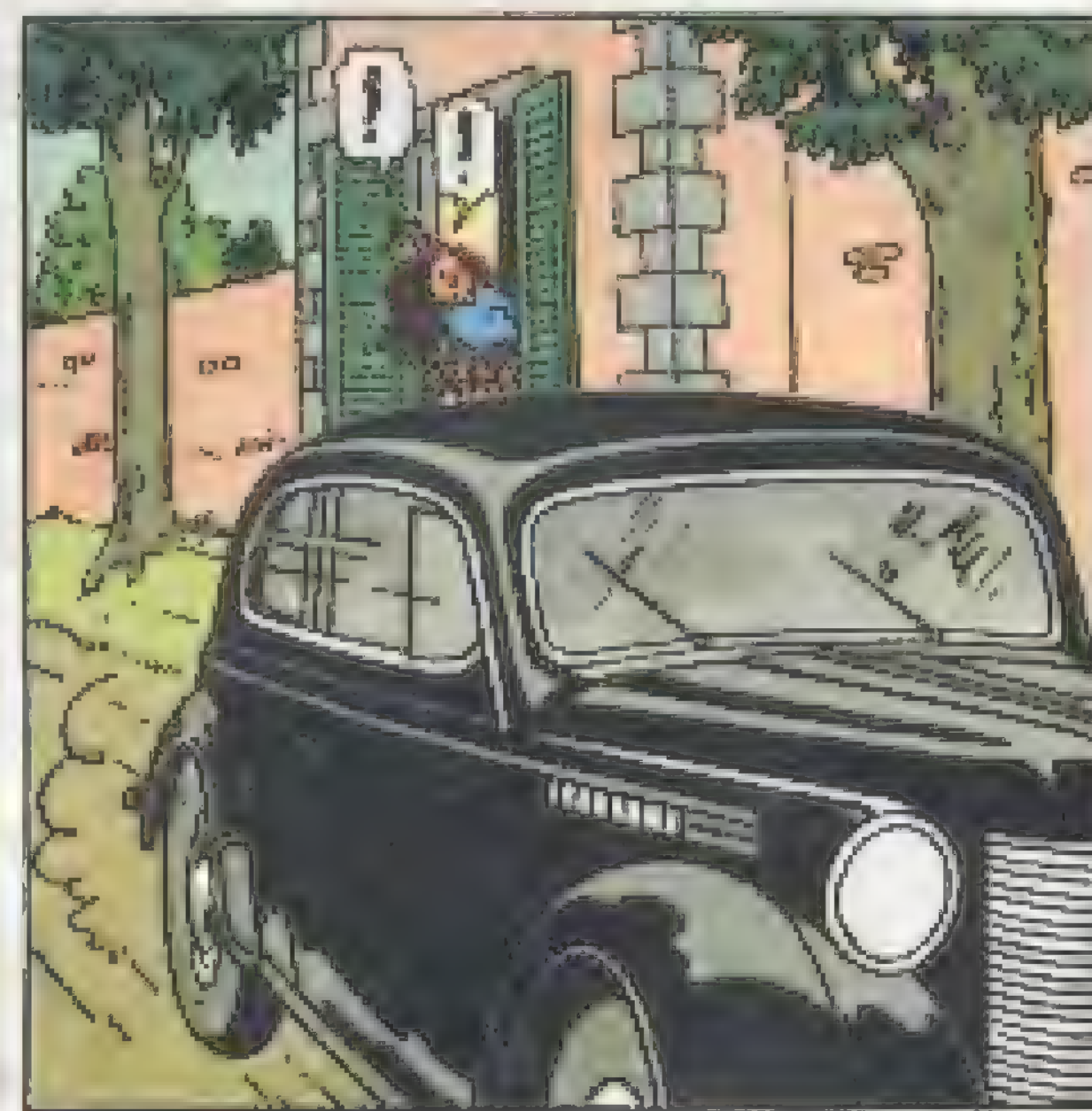
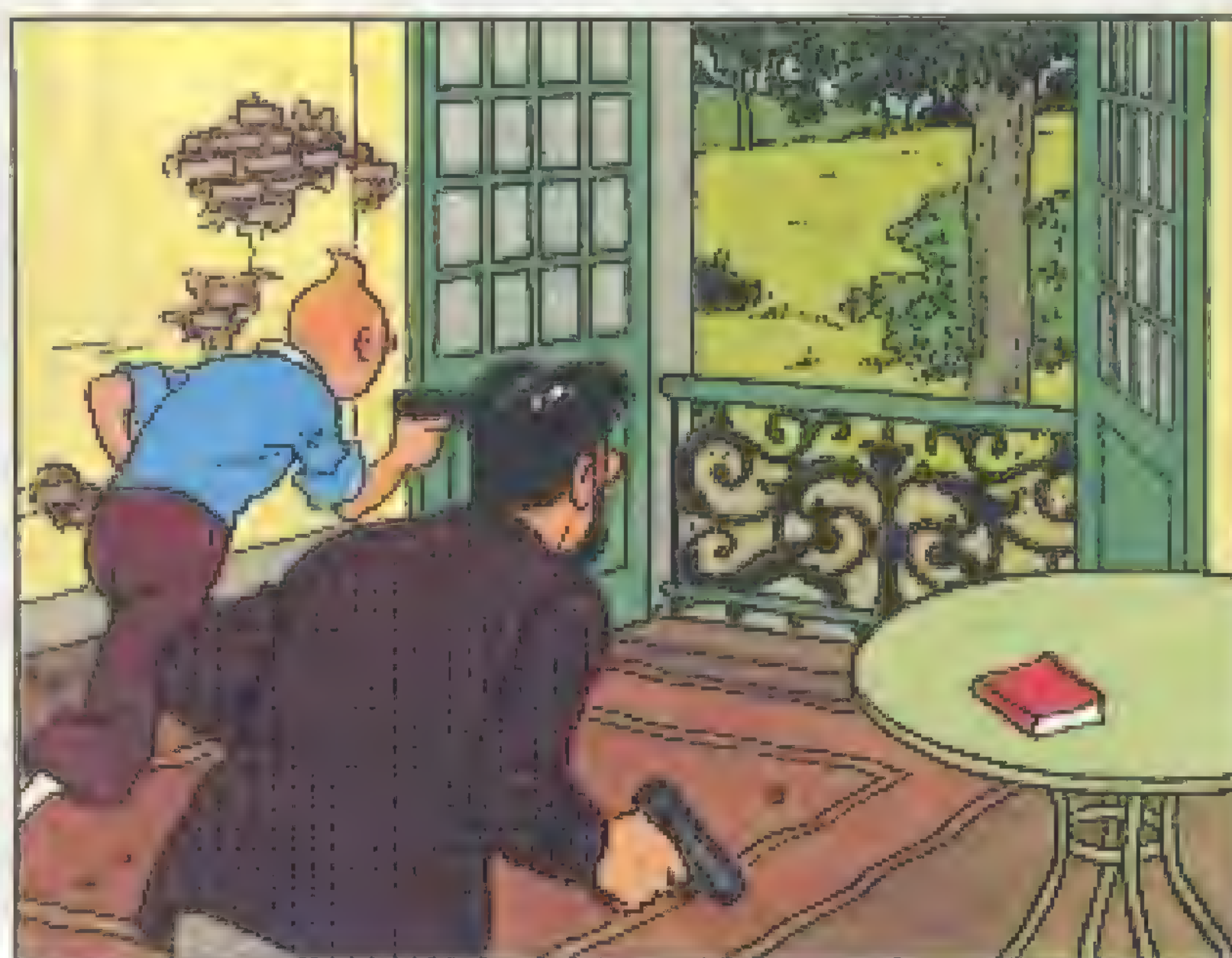
BANG  
BANG













Tribe of savages! ...  
Vampires! ... Monsters!

Here, Captain ... I've  
got the car number...  
We're not beaten yet...  
Come on, quickly!  
...

The inspector will  
pass the number  
on to his headquart-  
ers at once ...

The rats!

Hello, Headquarters? This  
is Chambers... Yes... One  
of Professor Tarragon's  
friends has been kidnapped  
... Professor Cuthbert Cal-  
culus... Yes, in a car... I'll  
give you its number and a  
description ...

An Opel.

Headquarters to all stations.  
Calling all cars. Arrest  
occupants of black saloon  
car, model Opel Olympia,  
registration number 317413,  
proceeding from Harlesford  
in a south-westerly  
direction.

The brutes! ... Kidnapping Calculus!  
... And why, may I ask? ... What  
possible reason can they have  
for kidnapping poor Cuthbert?

RRRING  
RRRING

Hello? ... Yes...  
Chambers speak-  
ing... Oh, yes sir  
... Right... right...  
you'll keep in  
touch? ... Good!

Well, that's that ... There  
are police check-points  
on all the roads in this  
area ... They won't  
escape us ... Never  
fear...

Diabolo! ... The police!

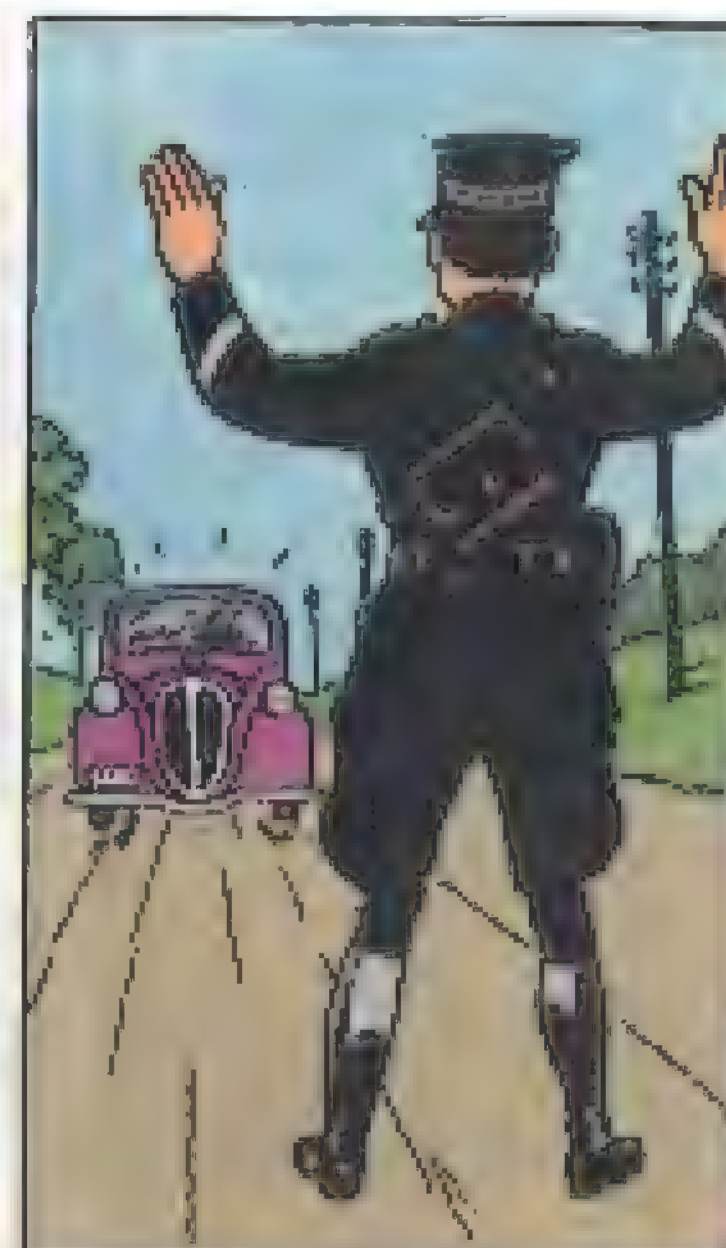
PAAAAARD

The swine!

Yes... Police patrol at  
Wallinghead reporting  
... The car has just  
passed here at high  
speed, proceeding in a  
south-westerly direction  
... You've got a road-block  
in position? ... Good...

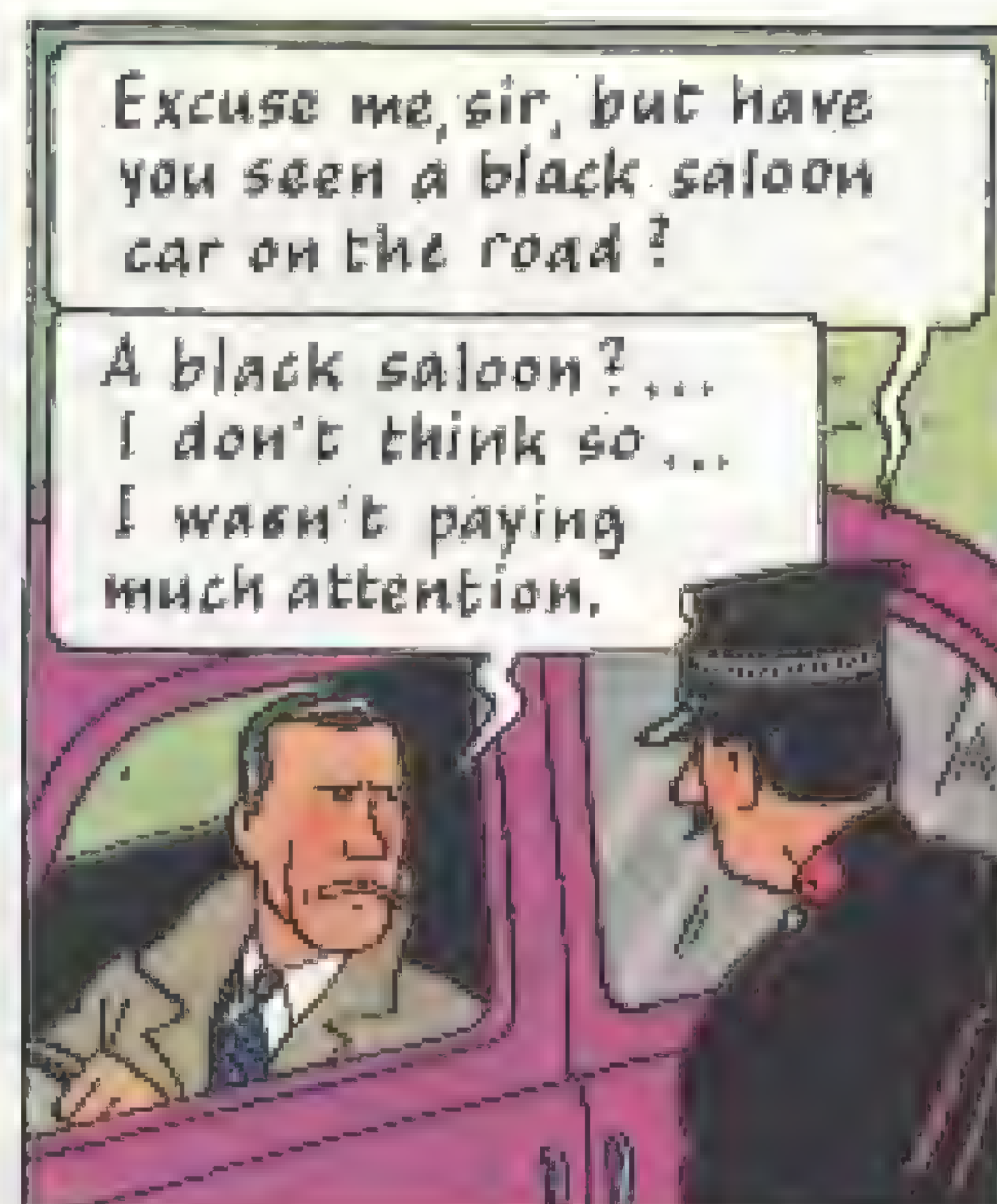


Look, there's a car coming...



Excuse me, sir, but have you seen a black saloon car on the road?

A black saloon?... I don't think so... I wasn't paying much attention.



Here comes another...



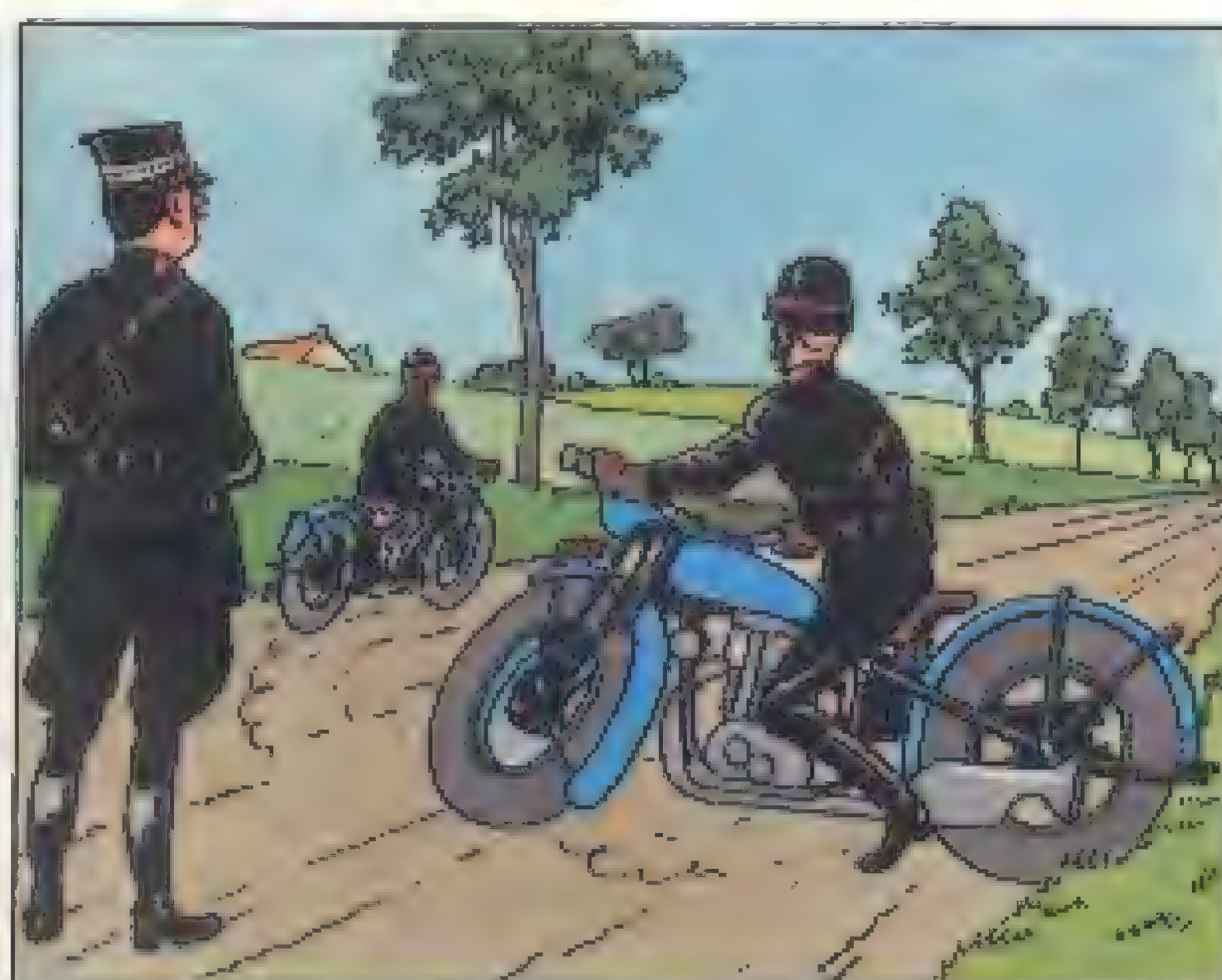
A black Opel saloon?... No... no... I don't recall seeing one...

Carry on, sir.

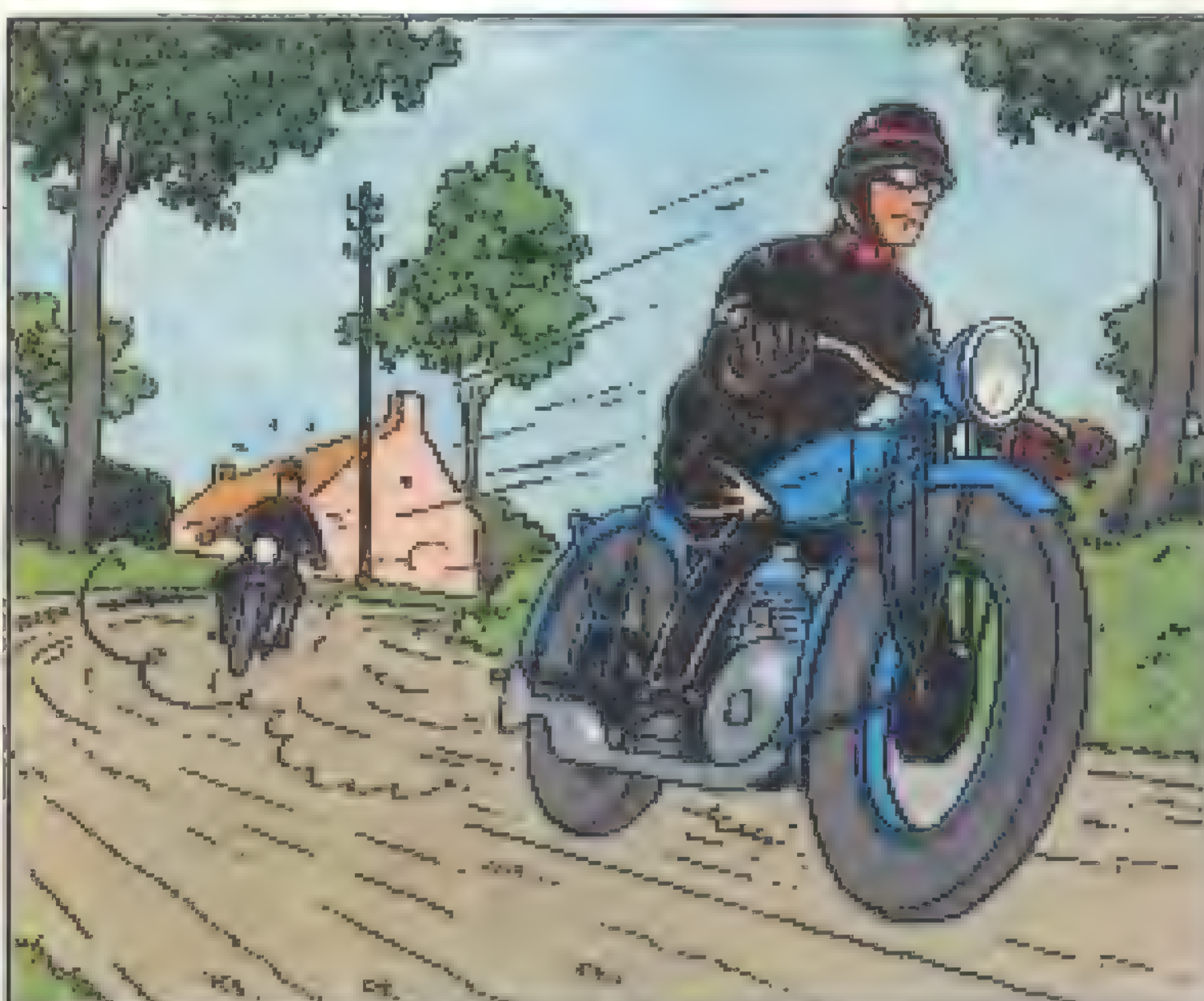
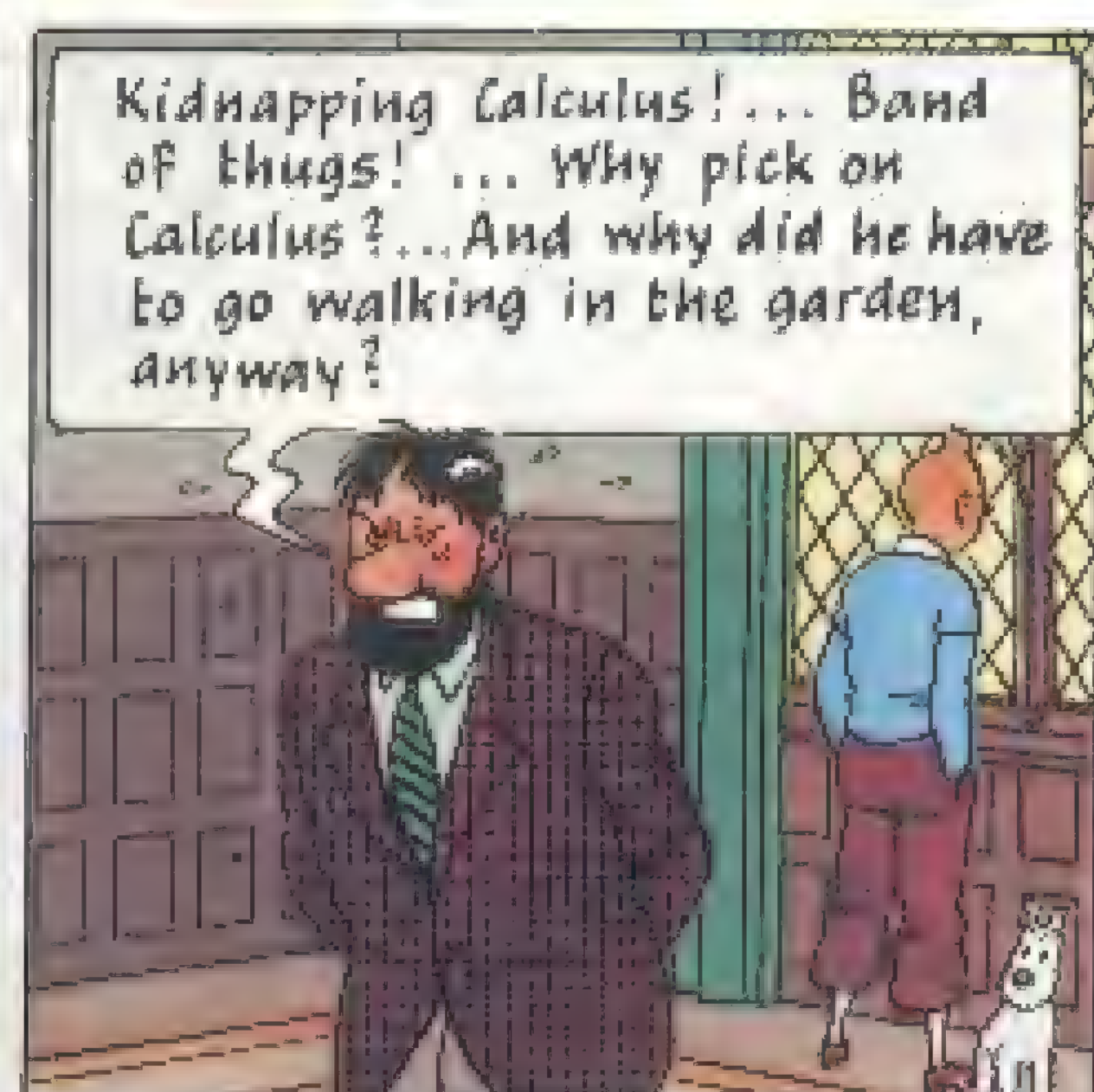


Odd!... Where can they have gone?

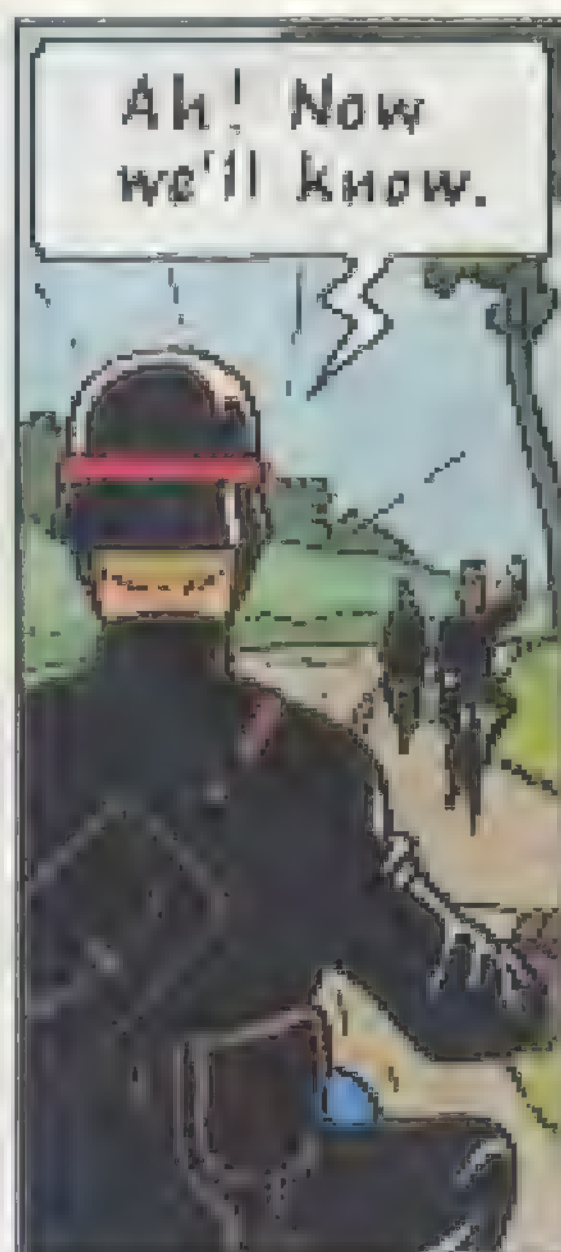
We'll soon find out!... We'll make a reconnaissance.



Kidnapping Calculus!... Band of thugs!... Why pick on Calculus?... And why did he have to go walking in the garden, anyway?



Ah! Now we'll know.

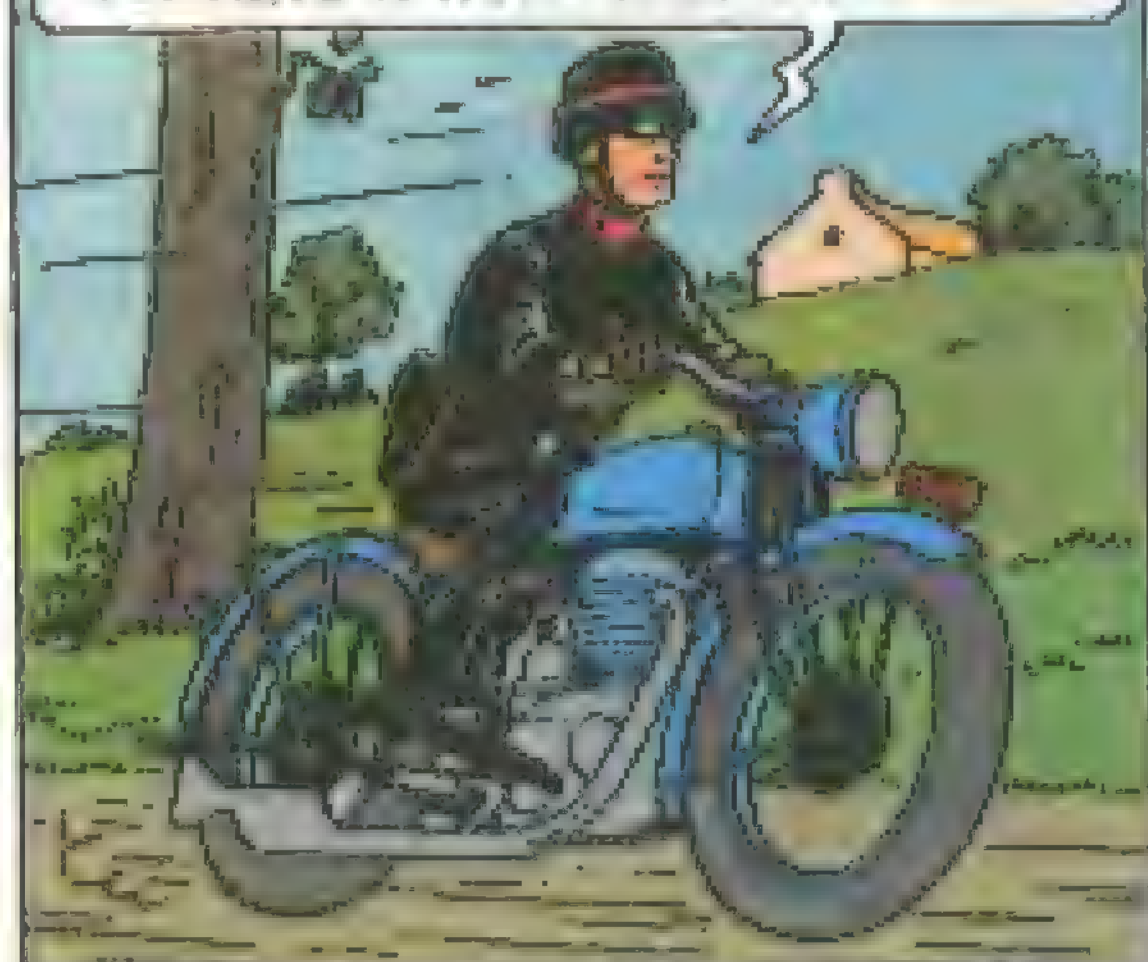


What? You haven't seen them?... But it's ages since they went past us!... They almost ran us down!





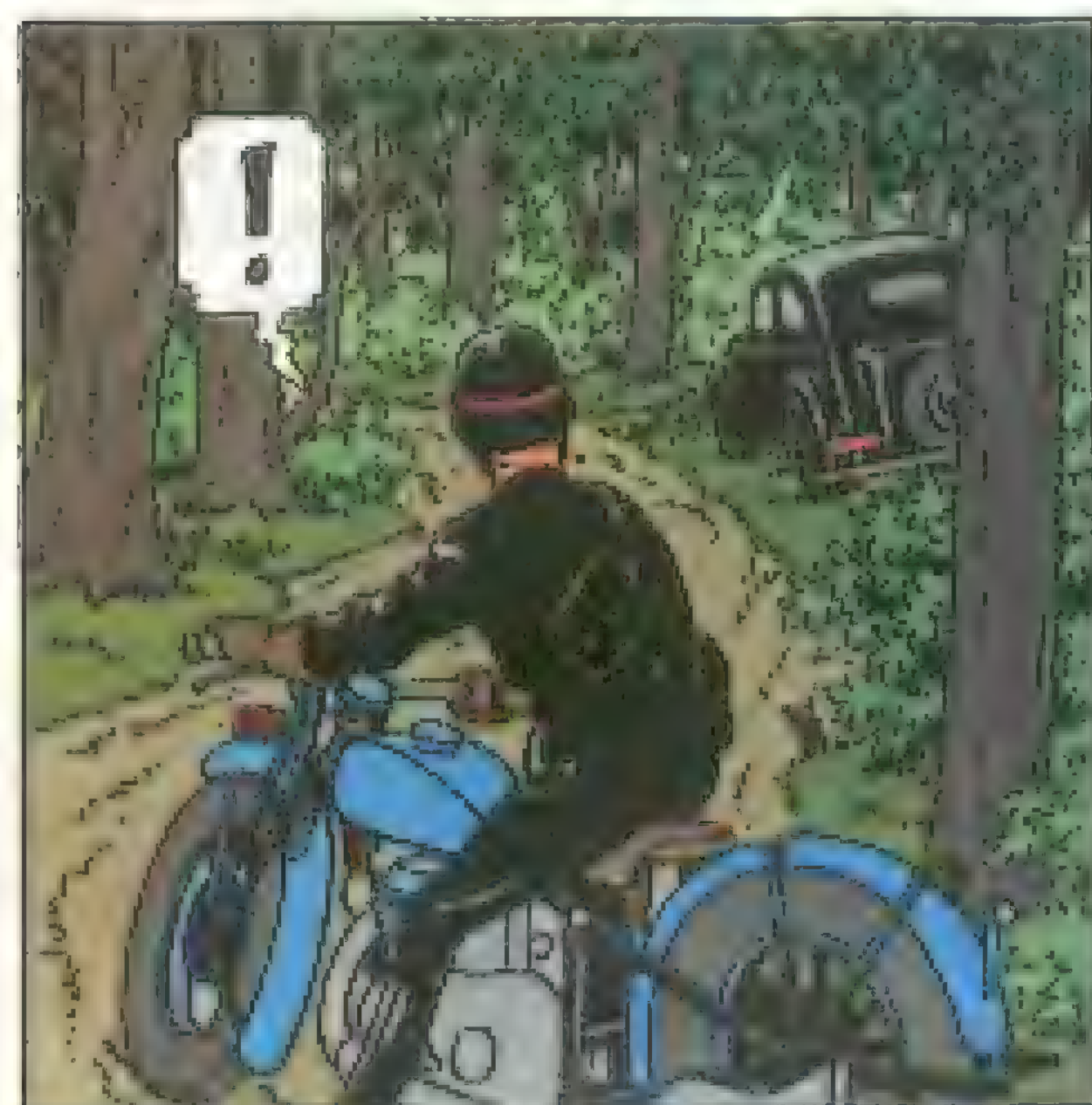
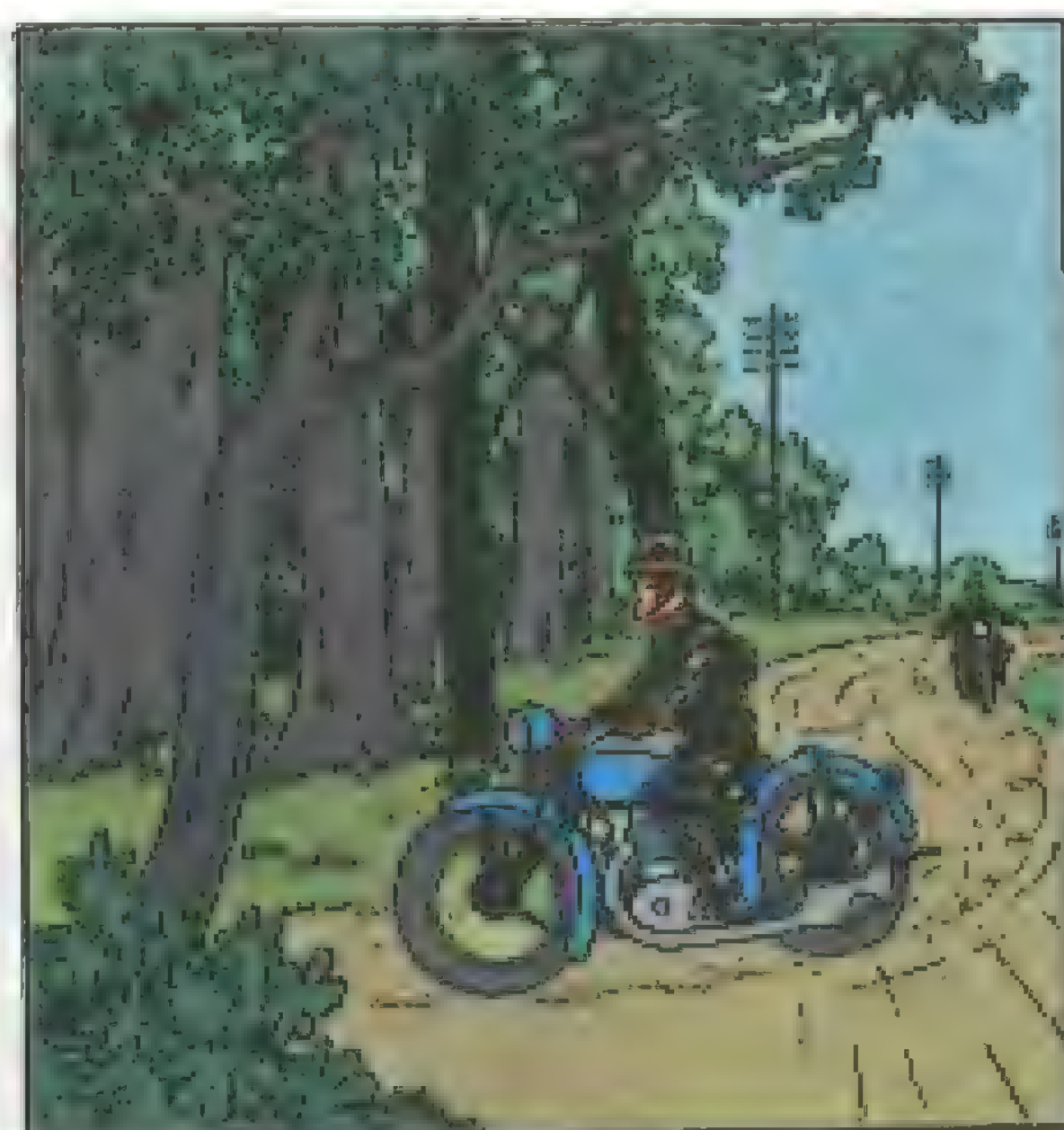
It beats me! ... Which way did they go? ... Ah, a workman. I'll have a word with him.



A black car? ... I don't know if it's the one you're looking for, but a car turned down there about three-quarters of an hour ago... to the right, into the wood.



Good. Thanks.



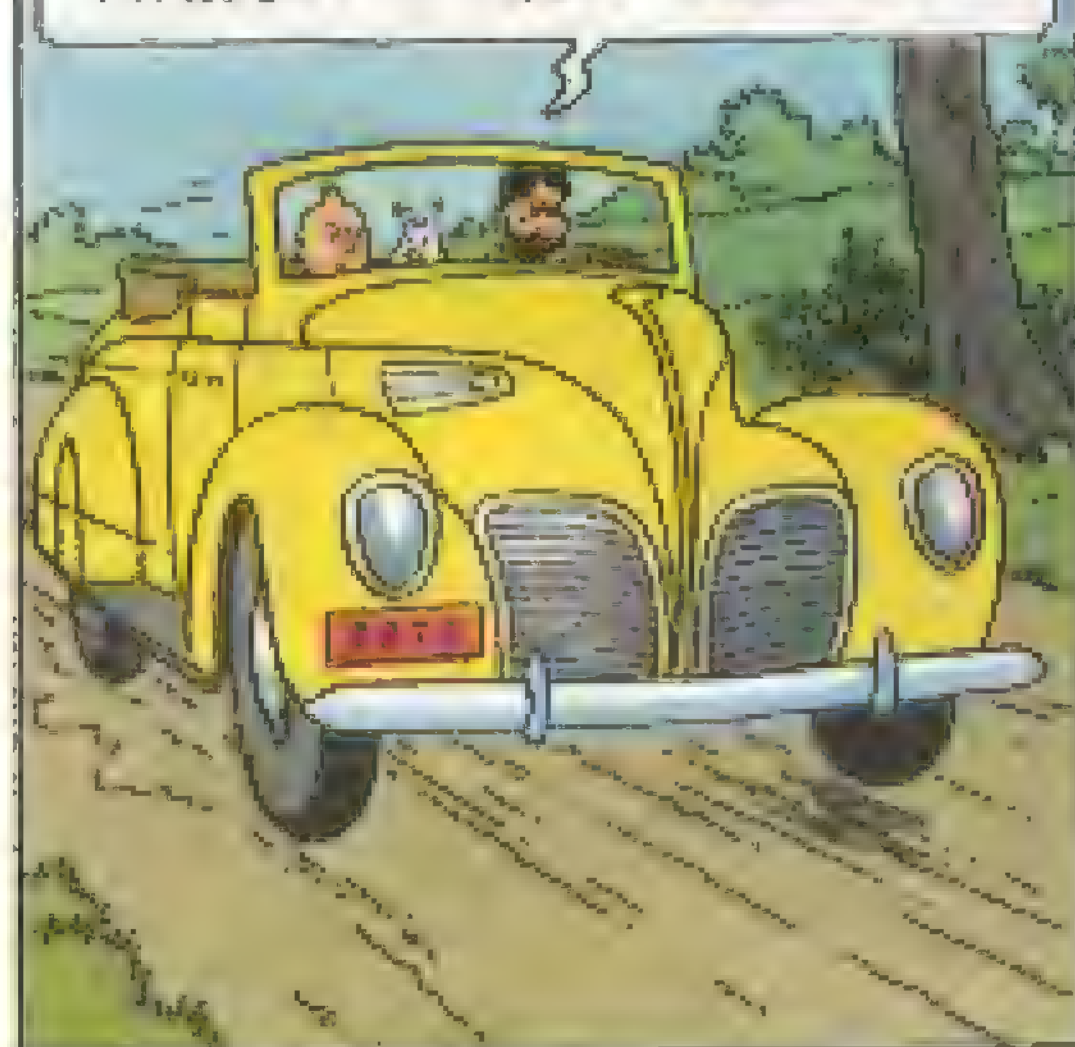
Hello, yes...yes... Well?... You've found it? That's splen... What?... Empty!



Quick, Captain, we'll hop in the car... We might learn something over there...



Nest of rattlesnakes! ... Pirates! ... Bashi-bazouks!



You found it here? Abandoned, like this?

Yes. But the occupants won't get far. The whole area is cordoned off, and we're beating the wood... The man they've kidnapped—is he a friend of yours?



It's Calculus, you poor loon! ... Calculus! ... The salt of the earth... with a heart of gold! He's been kidnapped by those devils! ... Why? I ask you... Thundering typhoons, d'you know why?

Me?... No.



Well, Sherlock Holmes... Have you found anything?

Could be...



I say, officer, you were at one of the road-blocks weren't you? So you should have seen a large fawn-coloured car go by...

A large fawn car? Just let me think...





Good heavens, you're right! A fawn car did pass us... A saloon... I stopped it myself.

You didn't think of taking the number?



No... why should I? ... But wait a bit... The driver looked like a foreigner: Spanish, or South American, or something like that... Fattish, suntanned, black moustache and sideboards, horn-rimmed glasses...

And the others? ... There were some others, I suppose?



Yes, there was someone sitting beside him... Another foreigner, I'd say: dark hair, bony face, hooked nose, thin lips... I think there were two other men in the back, but I only caught a glimpse of them.



Good! ... Well, you can call off the beaters... It's a waste of time. The kidnappers are far away.

Oh, yes? How do you know that?



How do I know? ... Look at these tracks... Here are the tyre-marks of the Opel. But here are some others, different tyres, Dunlop I'd say: the tyres of the car that was waiting for the Opel.



Blistering barnacles, you're right! But how did you guess that it was fawn-coloured?

Look here...



Specks of fawn paint... The lane is narrow. In turning, one of the wings of the car scraped against this tree, leaving traces of paint.



The crooks! So they switched cars!

Come on, we must pass all this on to the police at once. Perhaps they'll be able to catch them further on...



The next morning...

Let's see... Ah, here...



"The car used by the kidnappers is a large fawn saloon..." Good... "The occupants are believed to be of South American origin..." That's right... "Anyone who can give any information is asked to get in touch with the nearest police station immediately."



Oh well, there's still some hope left...



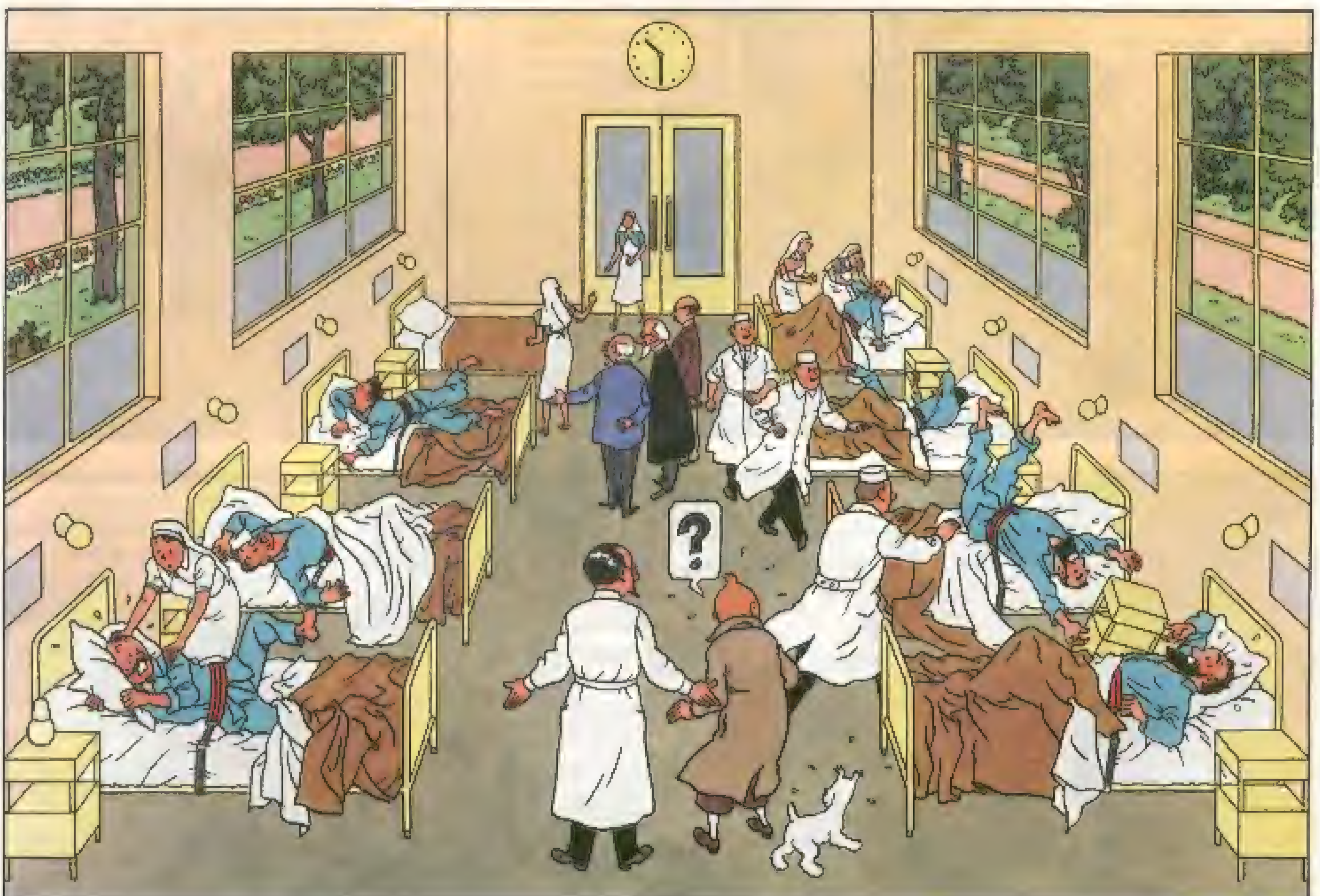
RRRING  
RRRING



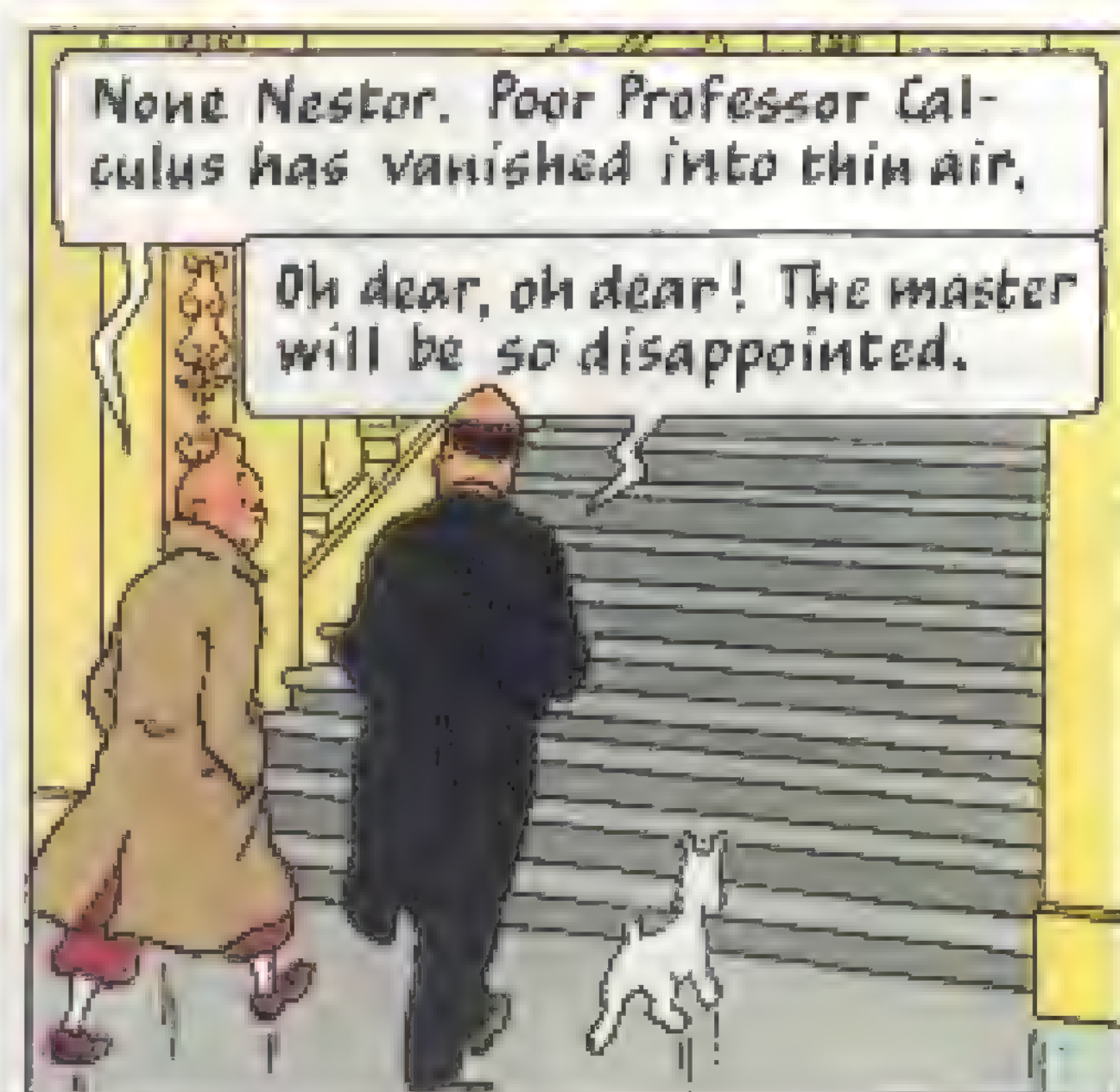
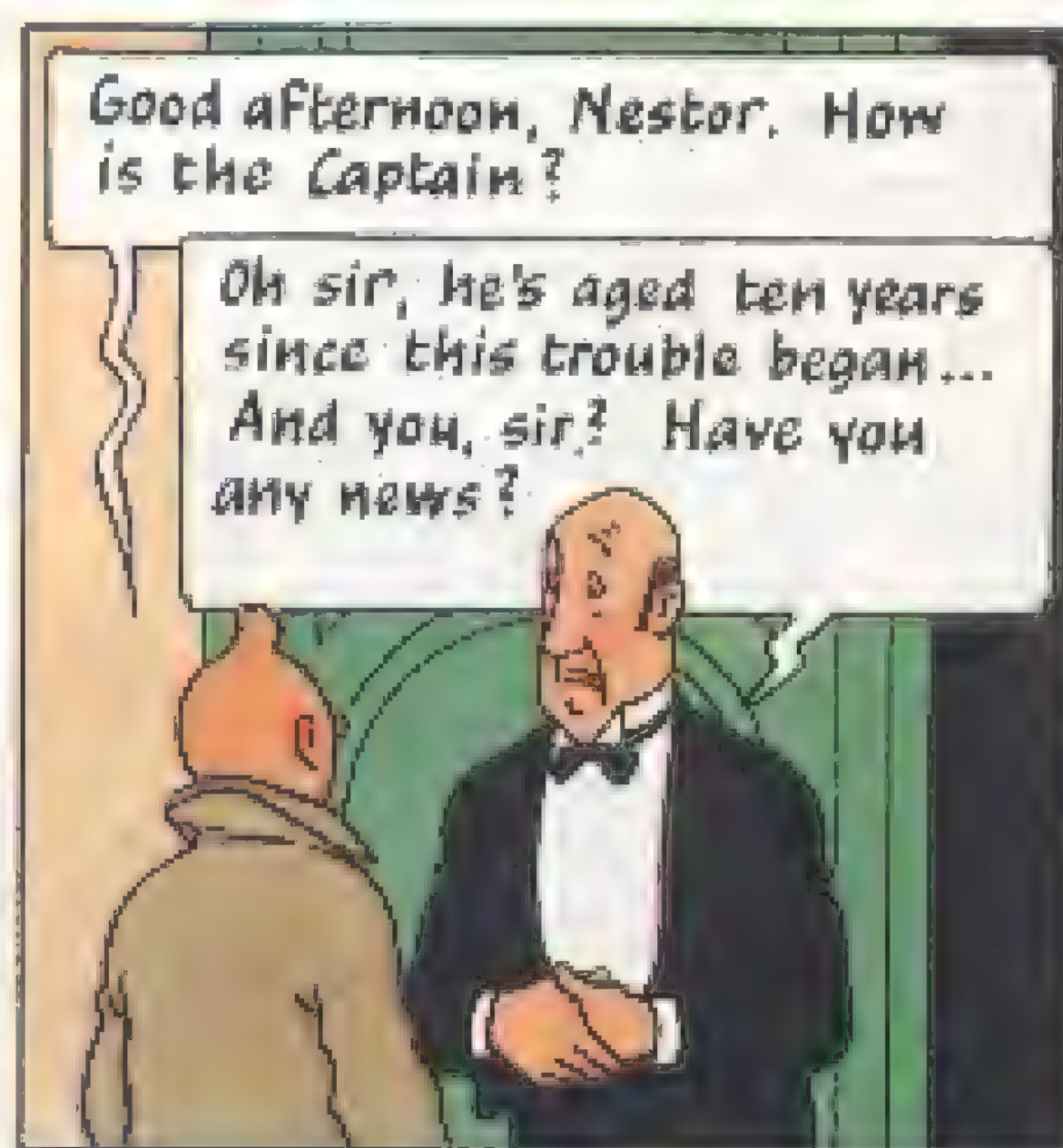
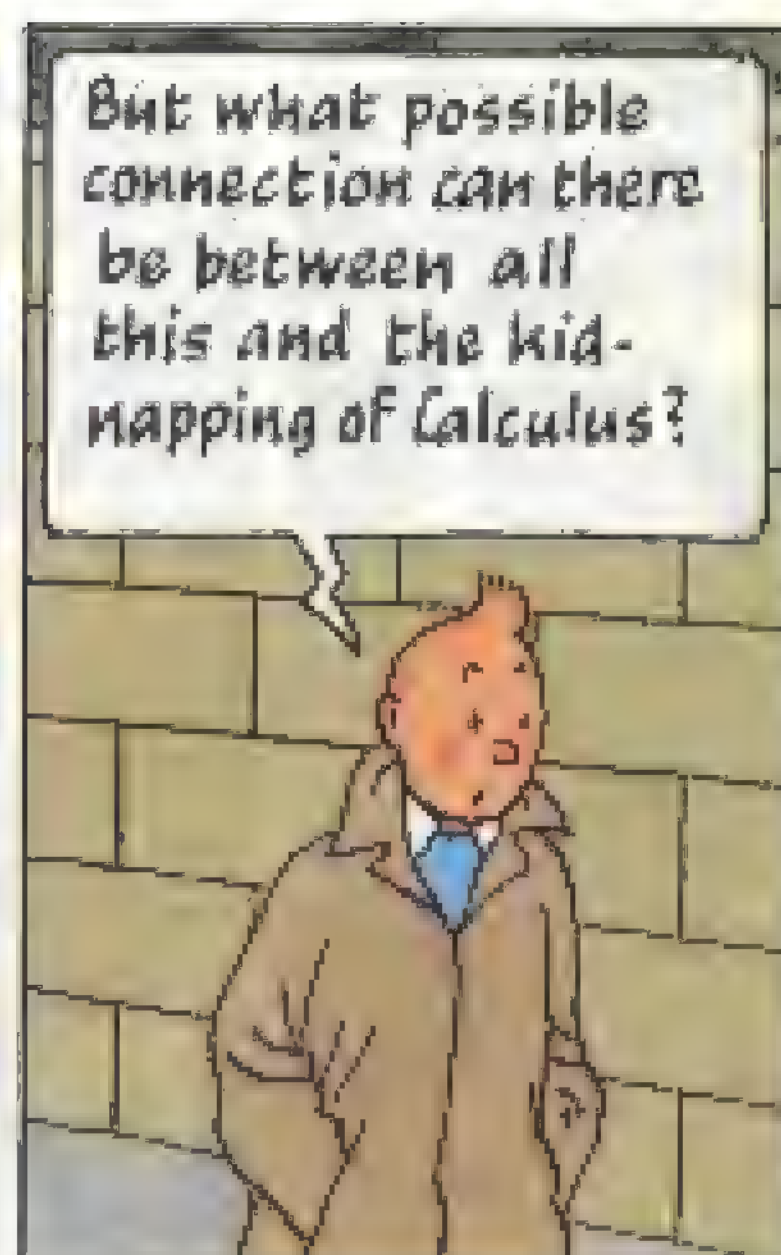
Hello, this is Thomson... Yes, without a P... I say, there's something very queer going on at the hospital where the seven explorers are detained... I think you'd better slip round there...



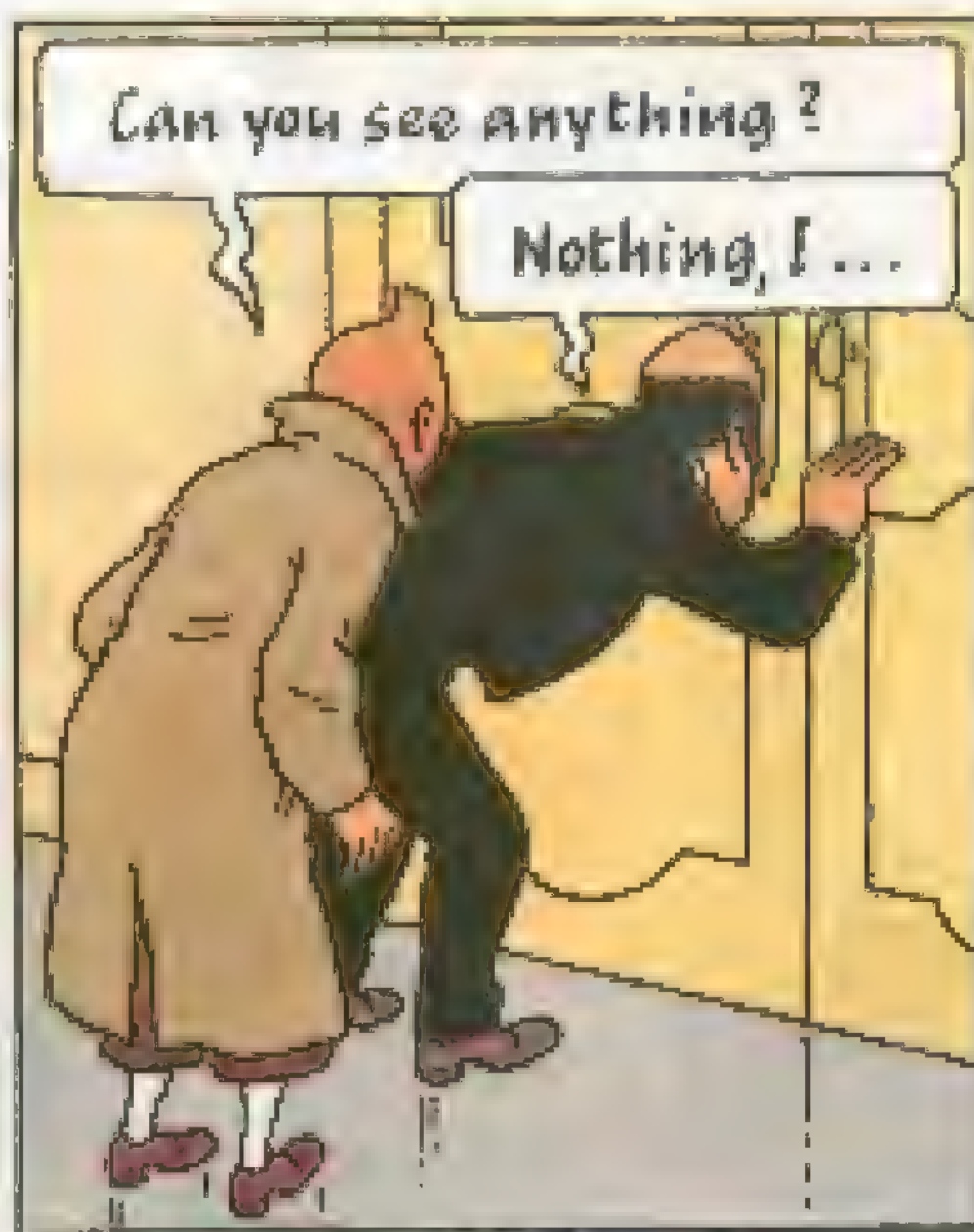
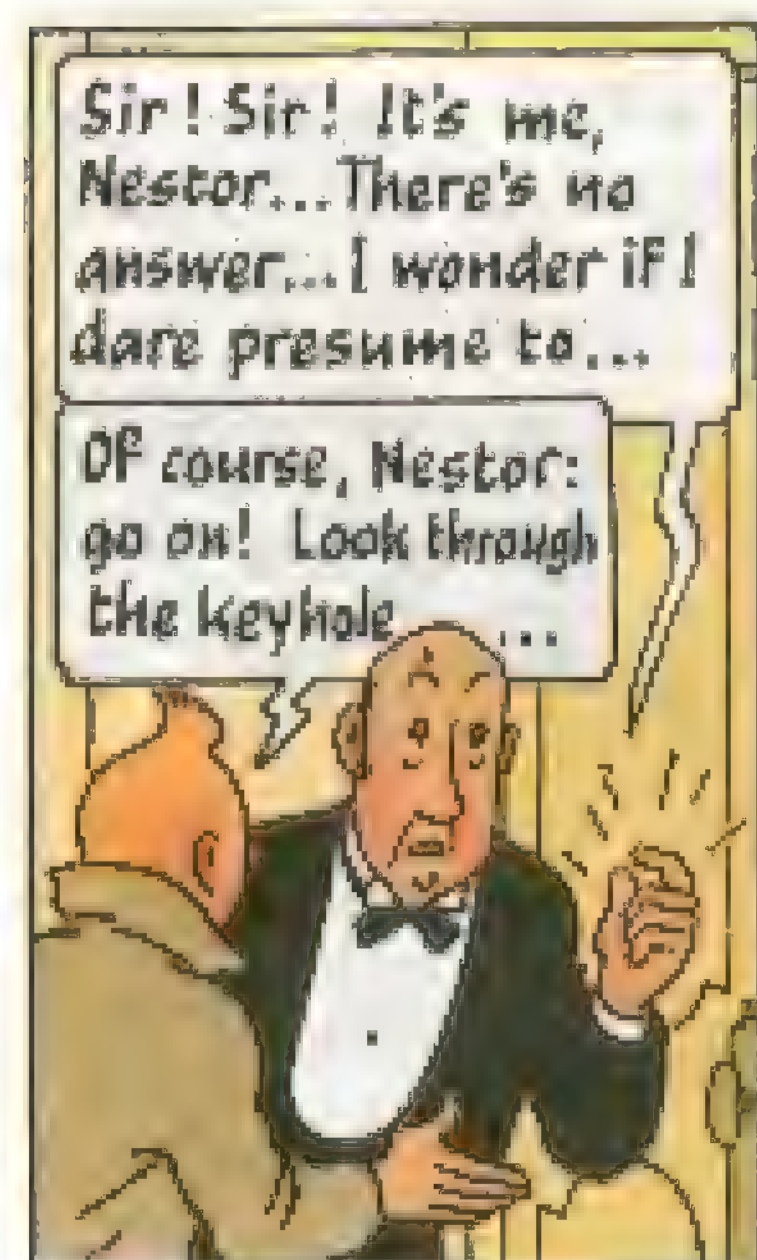
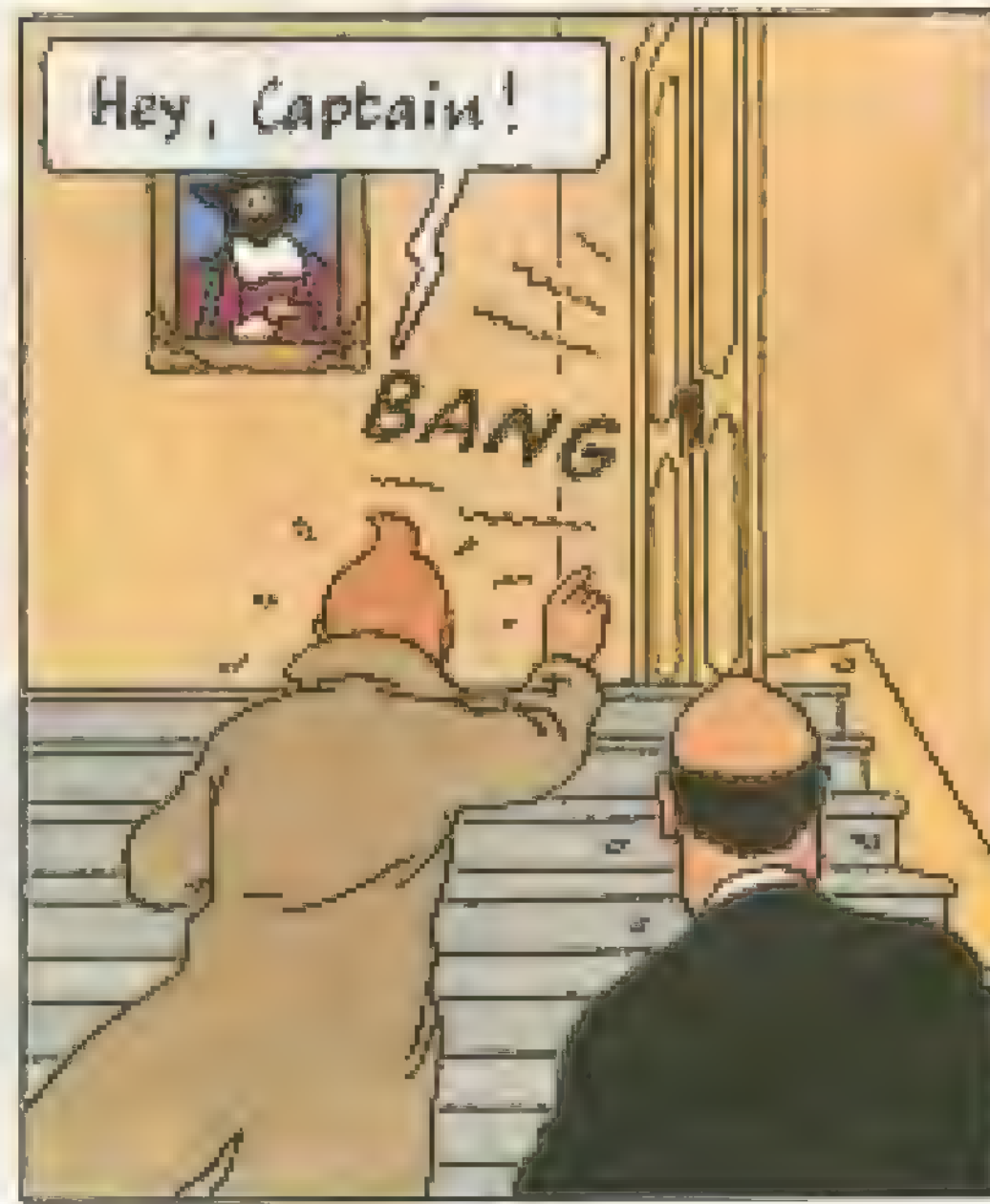
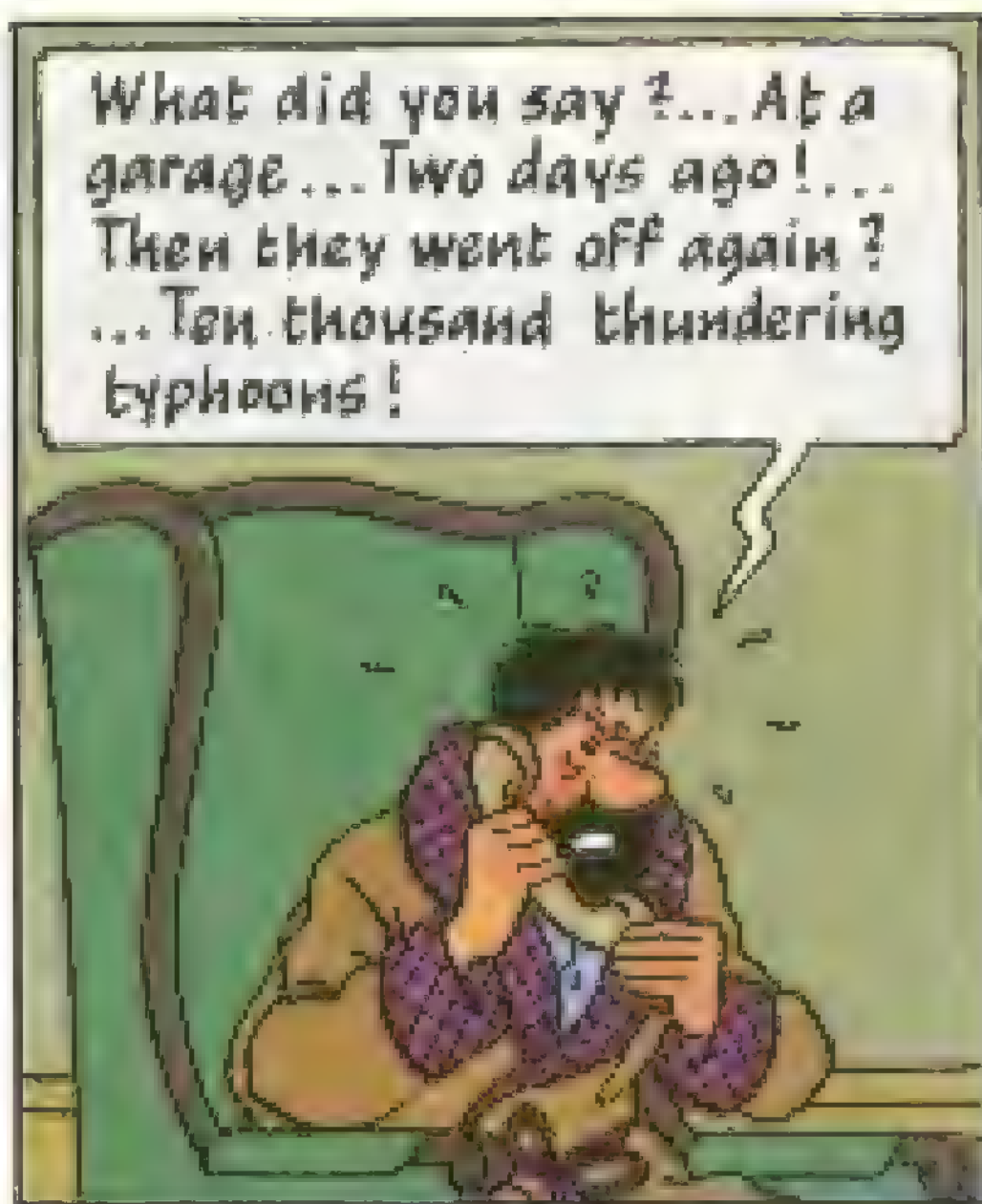




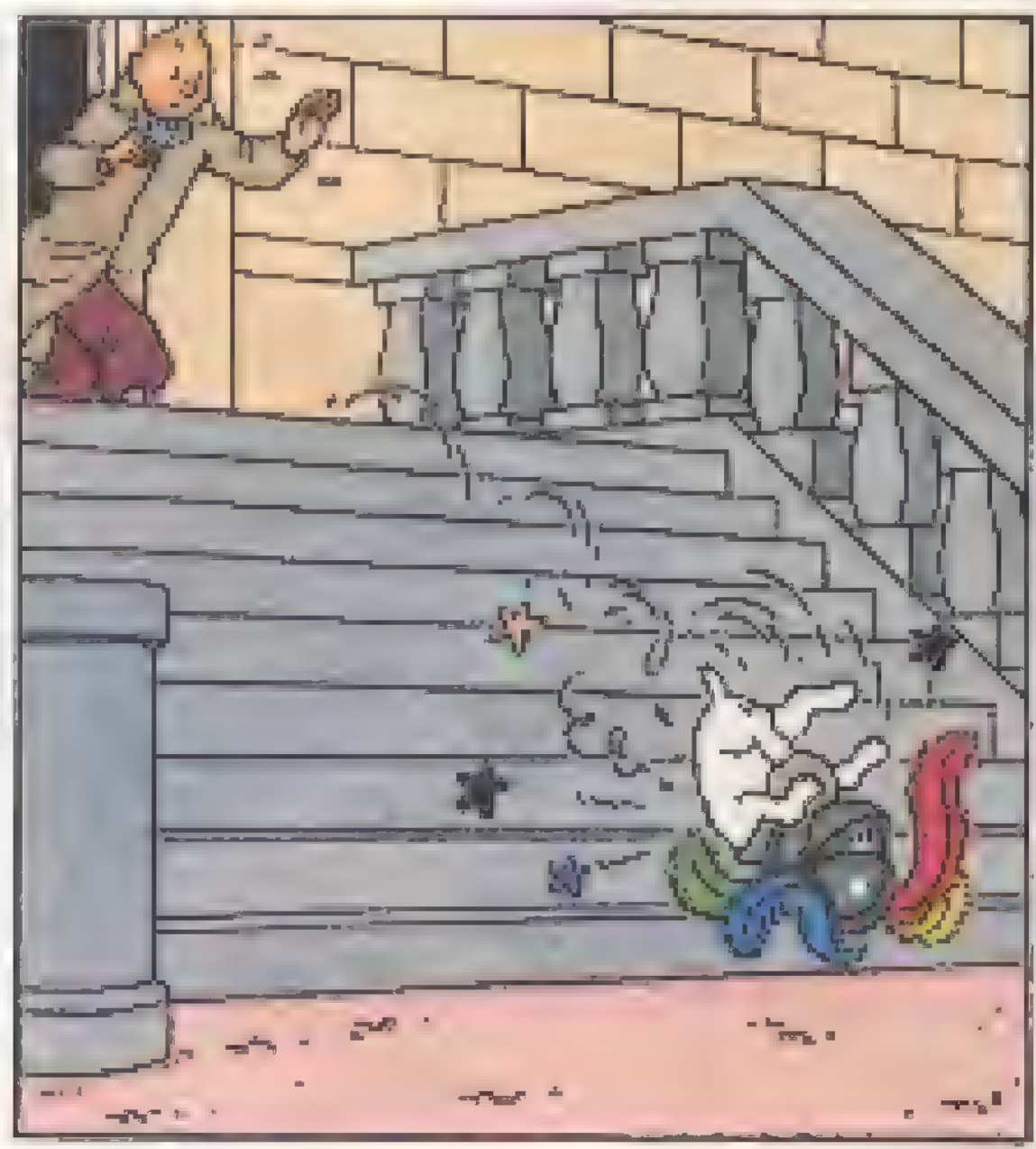
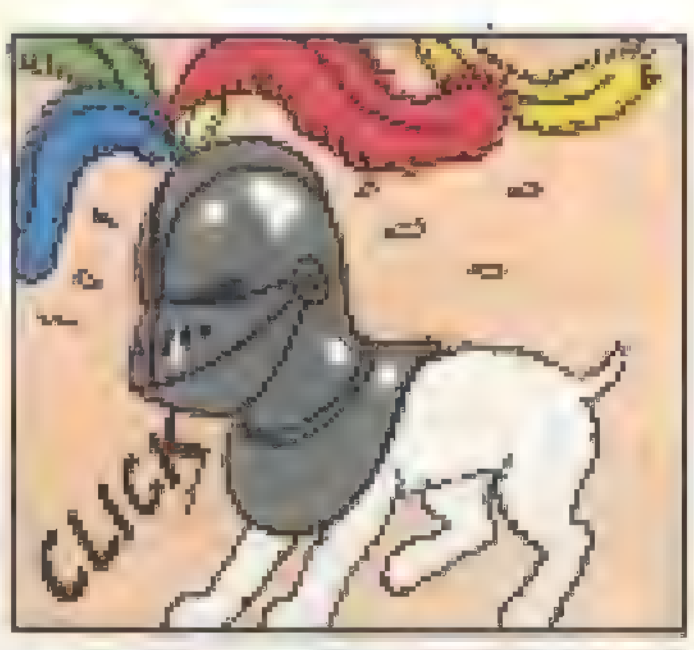
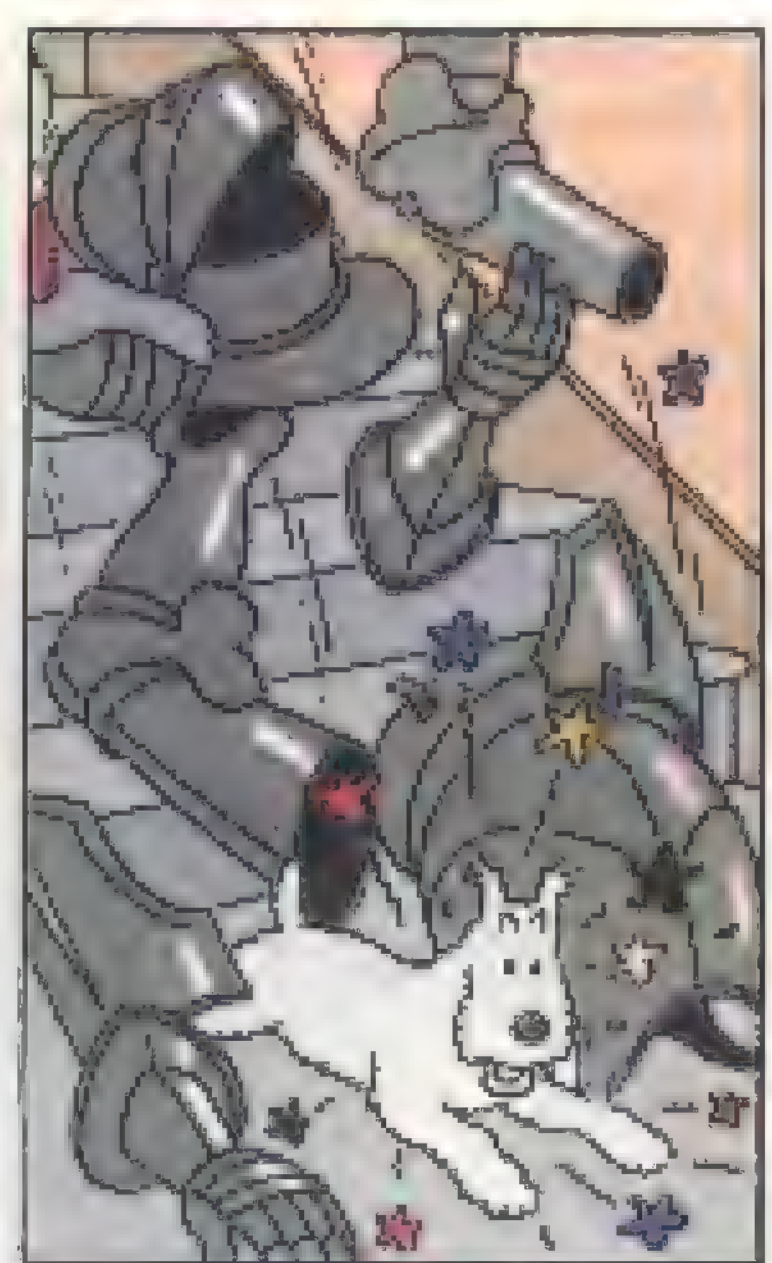
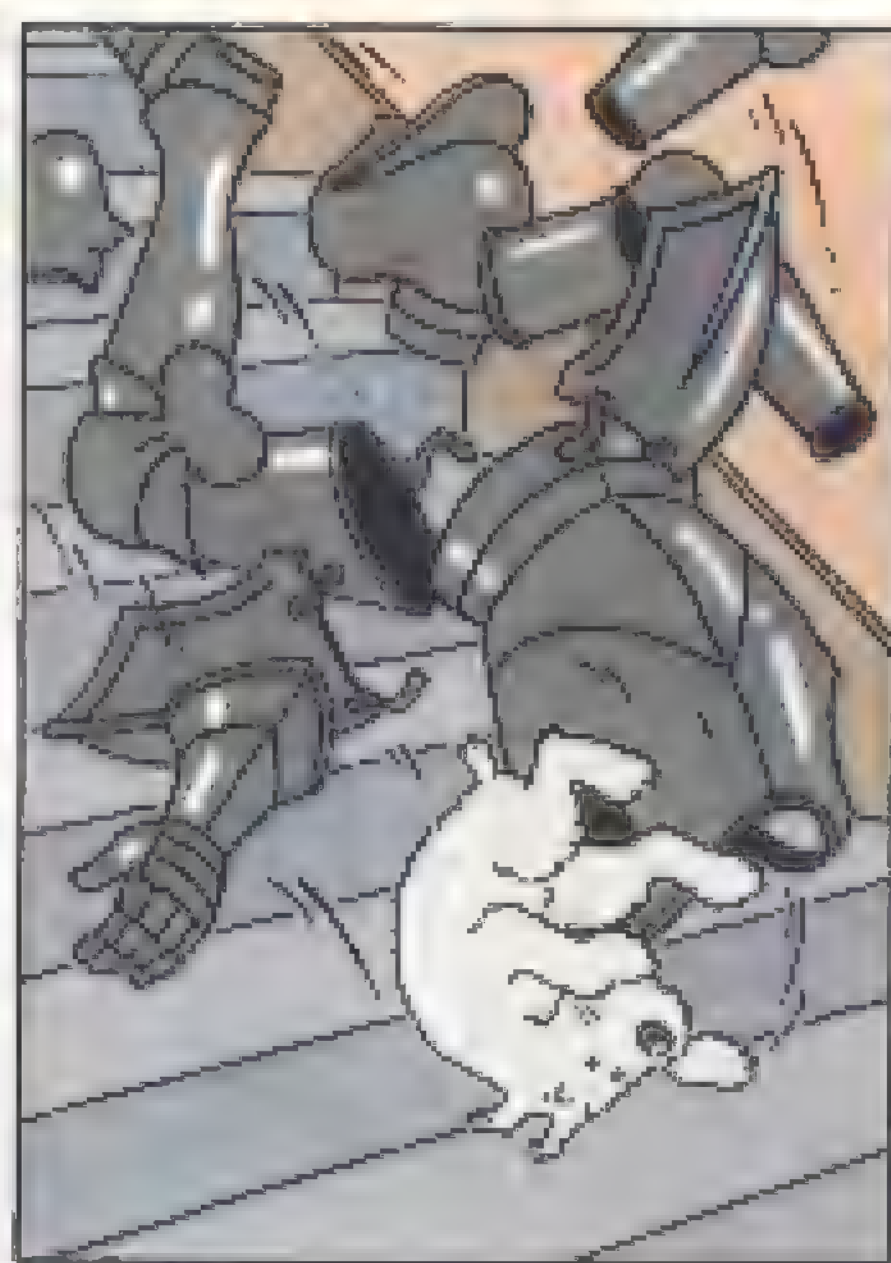
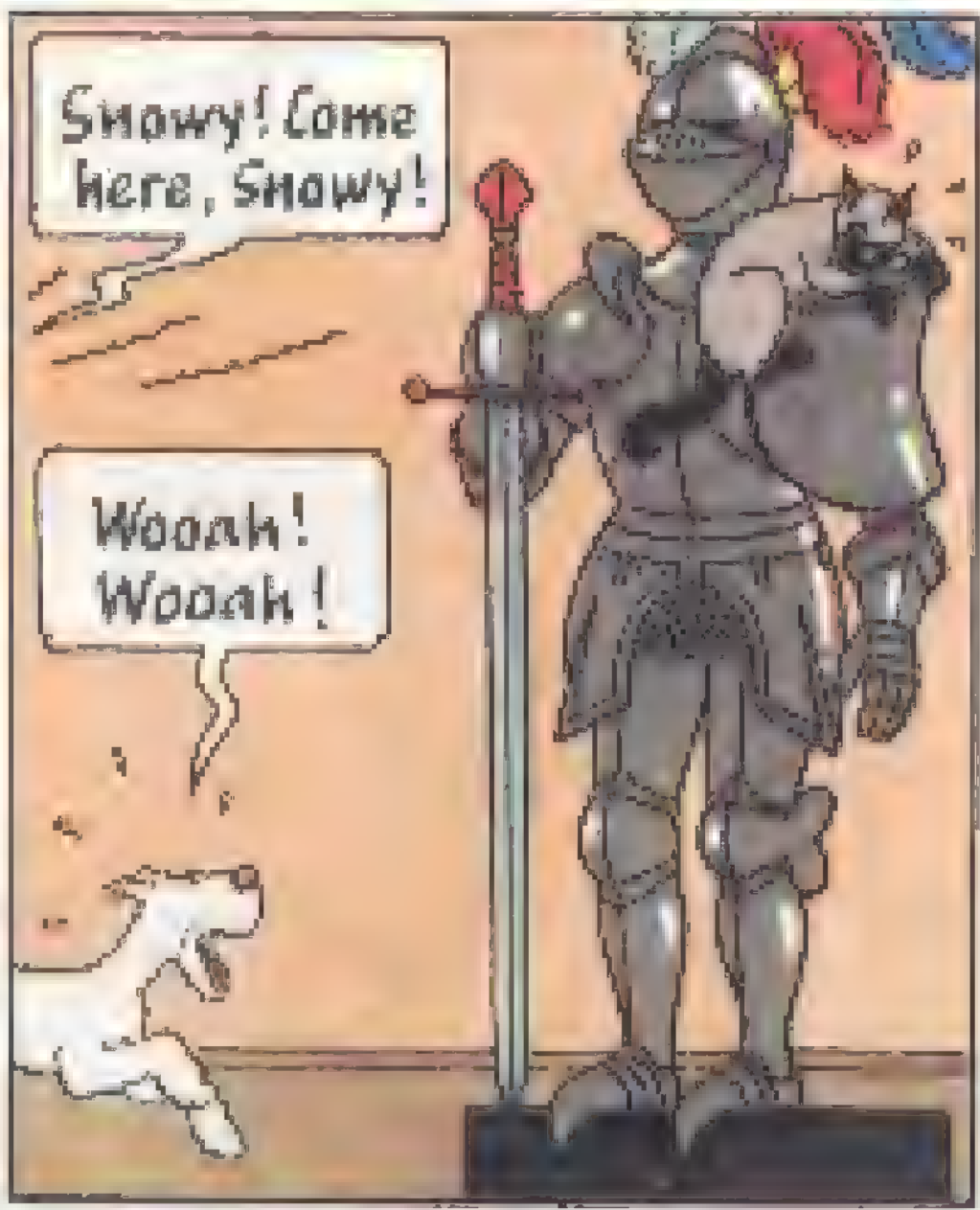














Meanwhile...

Just one more  
tot... the last...

My poor, poor  
friend. What has  
become of you?

Here's to you, Cuthbert old  
chap. We'll find you, I promise  
- dead or alive.

As I've told you before -  
more to the west!

And now perhaps you'll be kind enough  
to behave yourself. Otherwise it's a  
muzzle and lead ...understand?

What is it now? Oh,  
you're thirsty?  
...All right,  
go on.

Mm-m-m-m!  
This is what I  
call water!

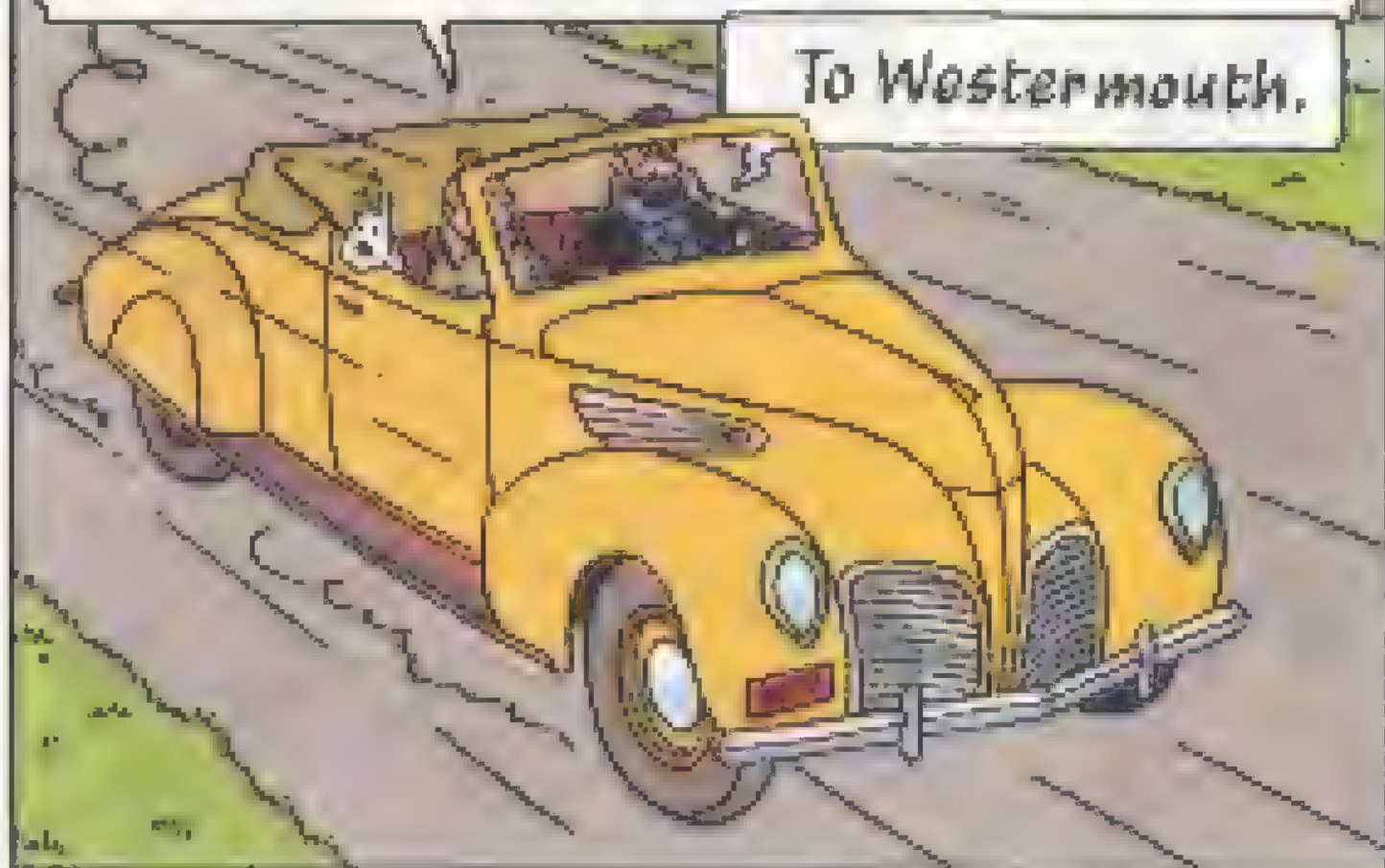
?



*A few minutes later ...*

And now, Captain, will you please tell me where we're going?

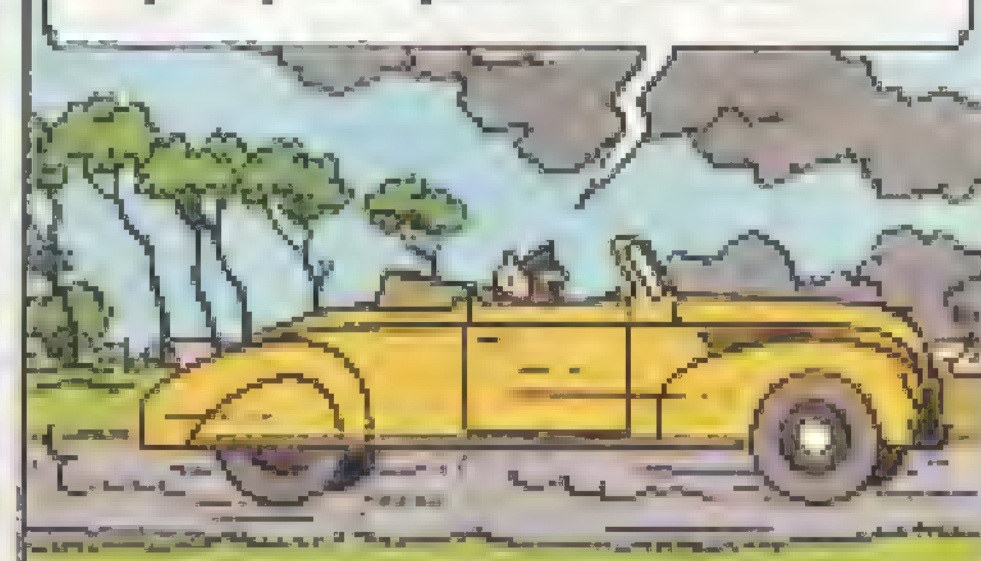
To Westermouth.



The police rang me... The fawn car was seen near there two days ago by a garage-hand. They stopped at a pump for petrol, then left, heading towards the docks. Undoubtedly the kidnappers have boarded a ship with Calculus... And so will we...



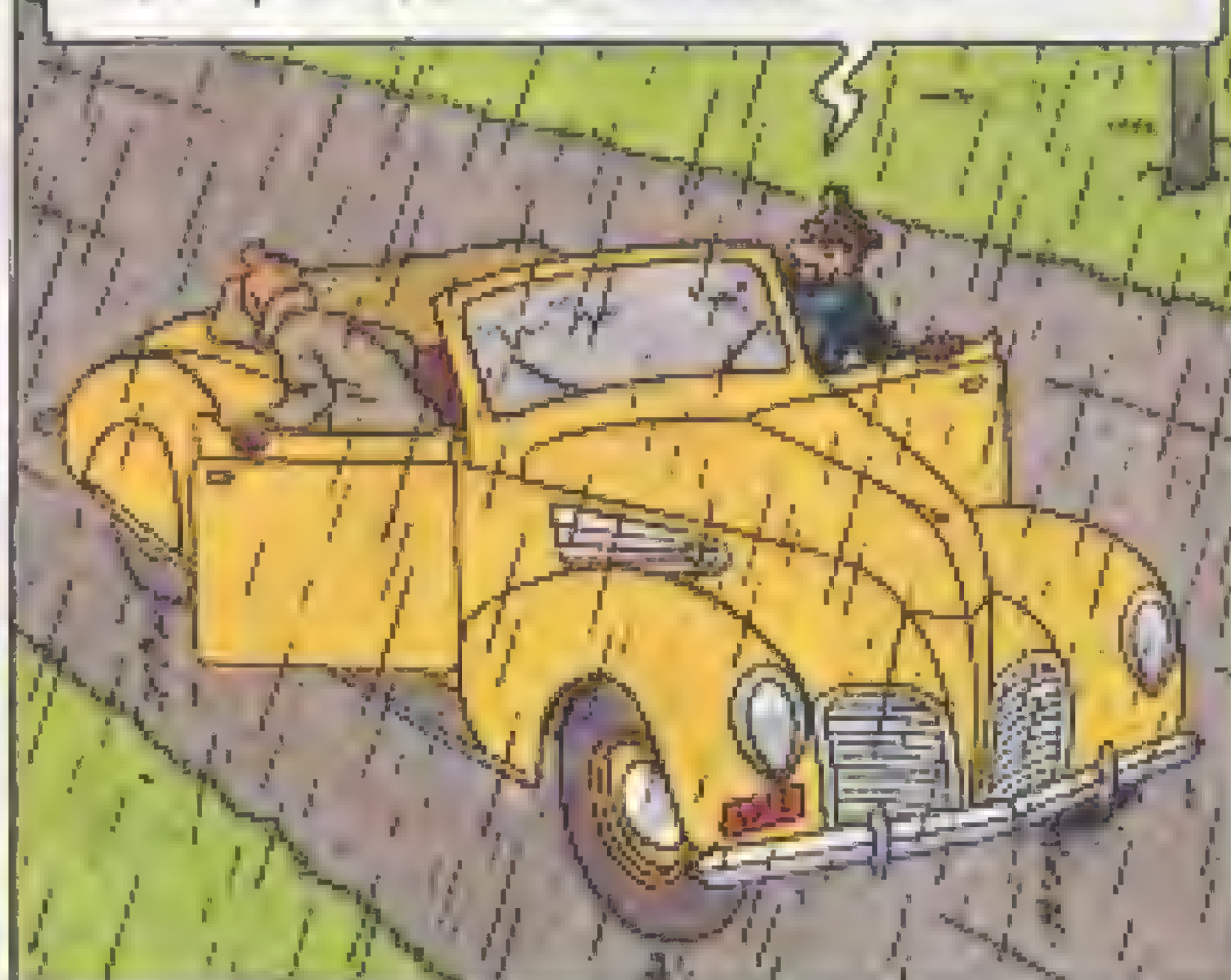
... by thunder, and snatch him from the grasp of those iconoclasts, those vampires, those... And just think: Westermouth, docks, jetties, the ocean, the sea-breezes whipping the spray in your face...



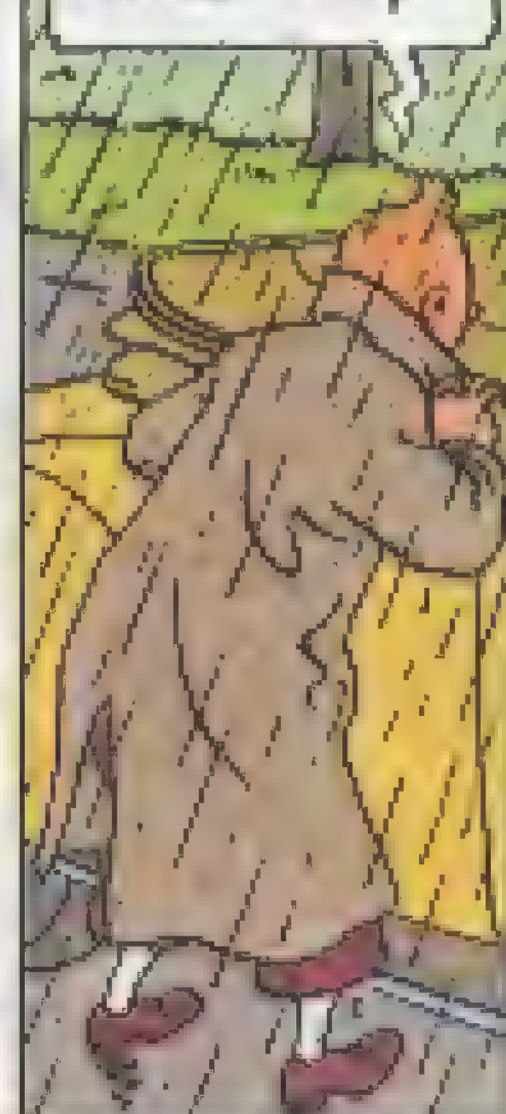
As for the spray, Captain, you've got your wish!



Blistering barnacles!... Quick, the hood, or we'll be drenched!



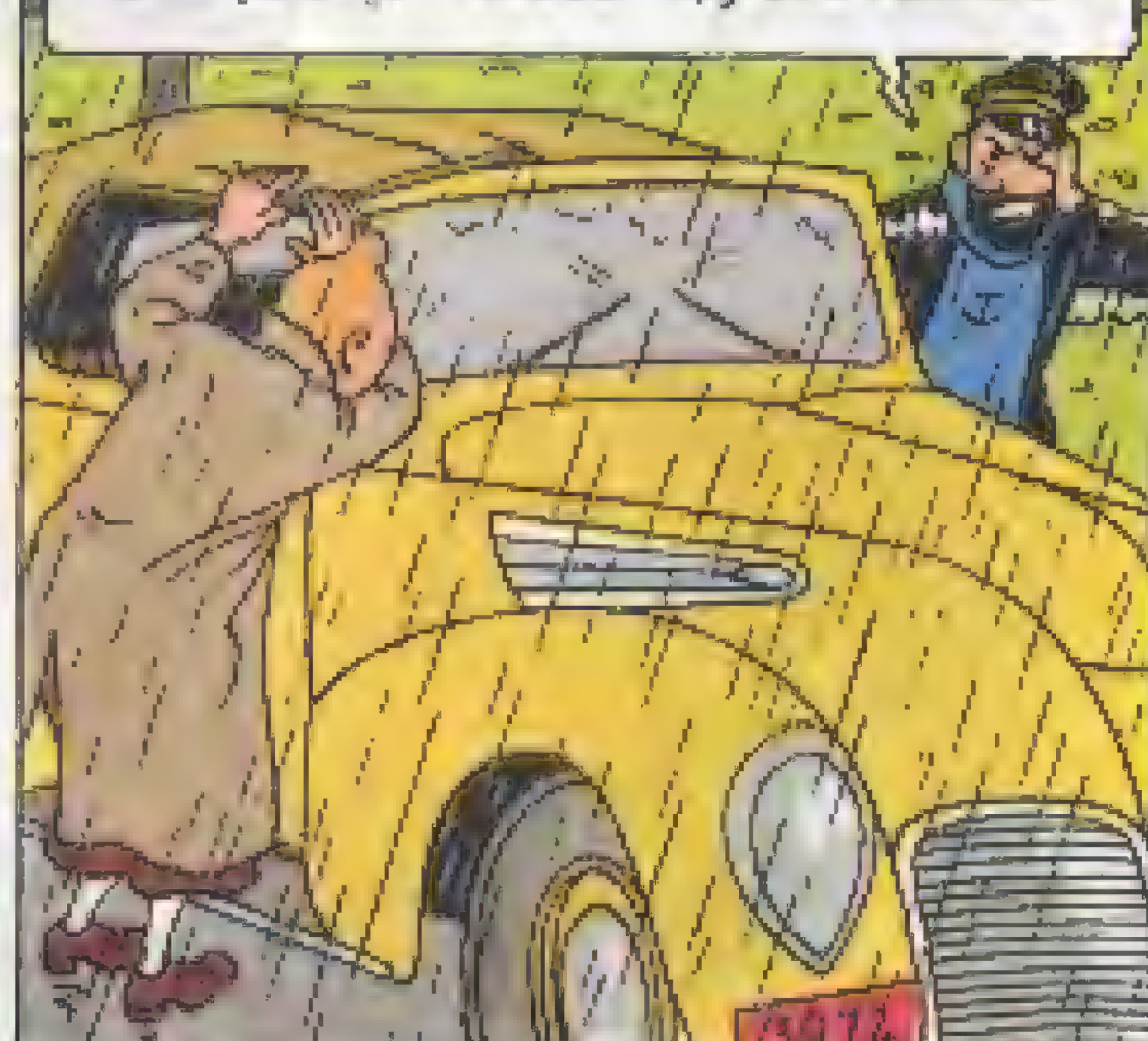
What's up?



Thundering typhoons, it's stuck!... Something's caught up... I'll try to do it from inside the car...

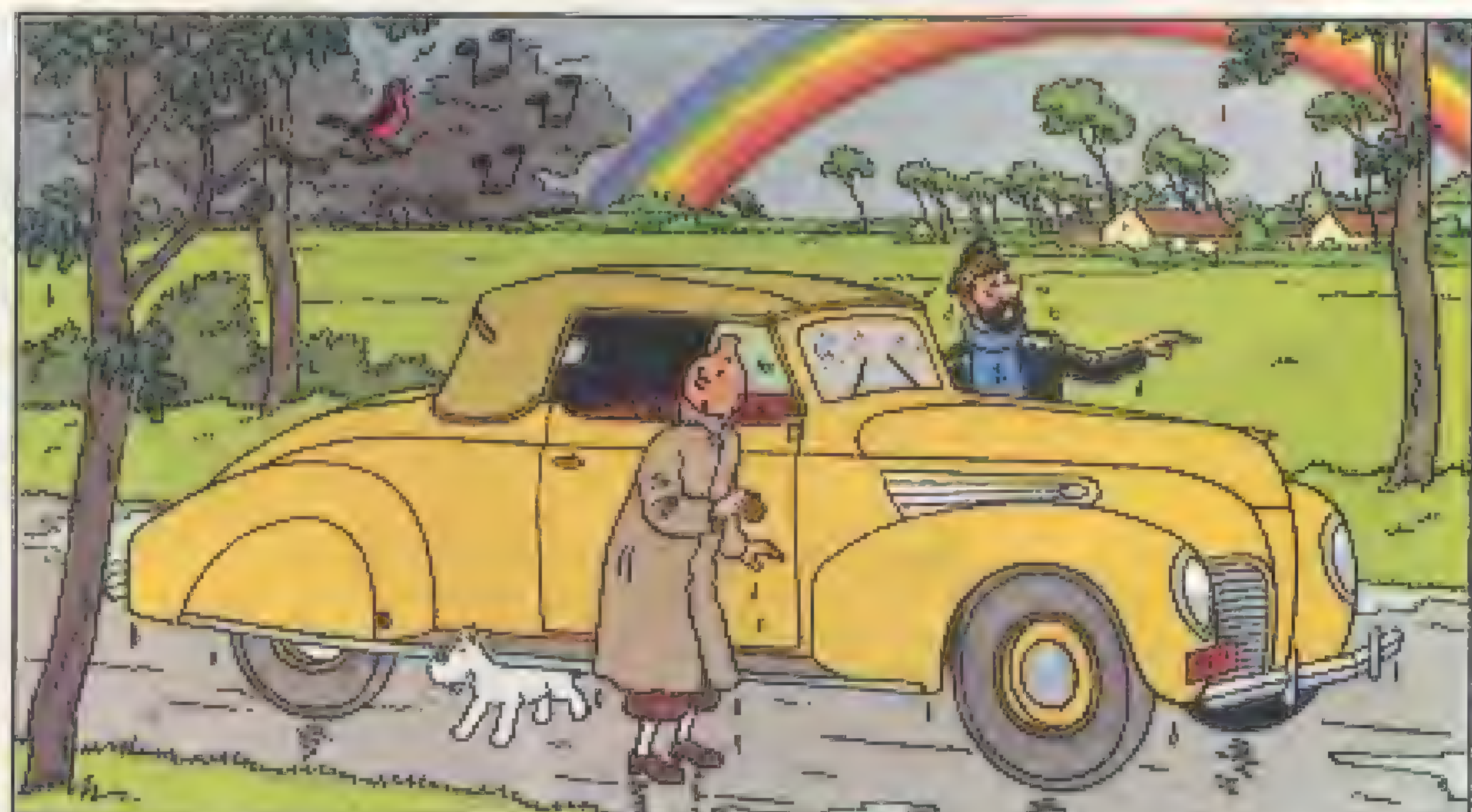
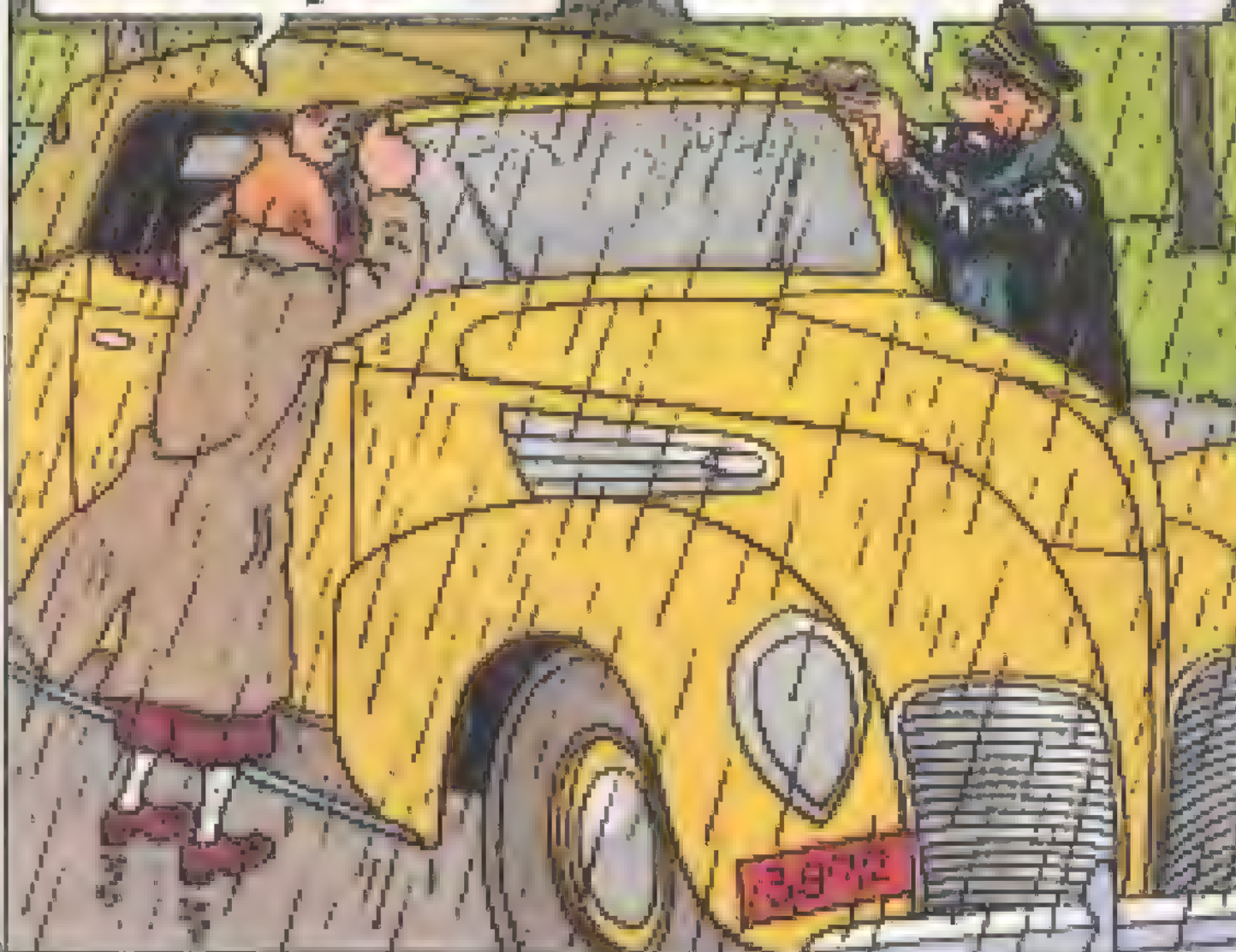


Billions of blistering barnacles!



That's got it!

About time too!







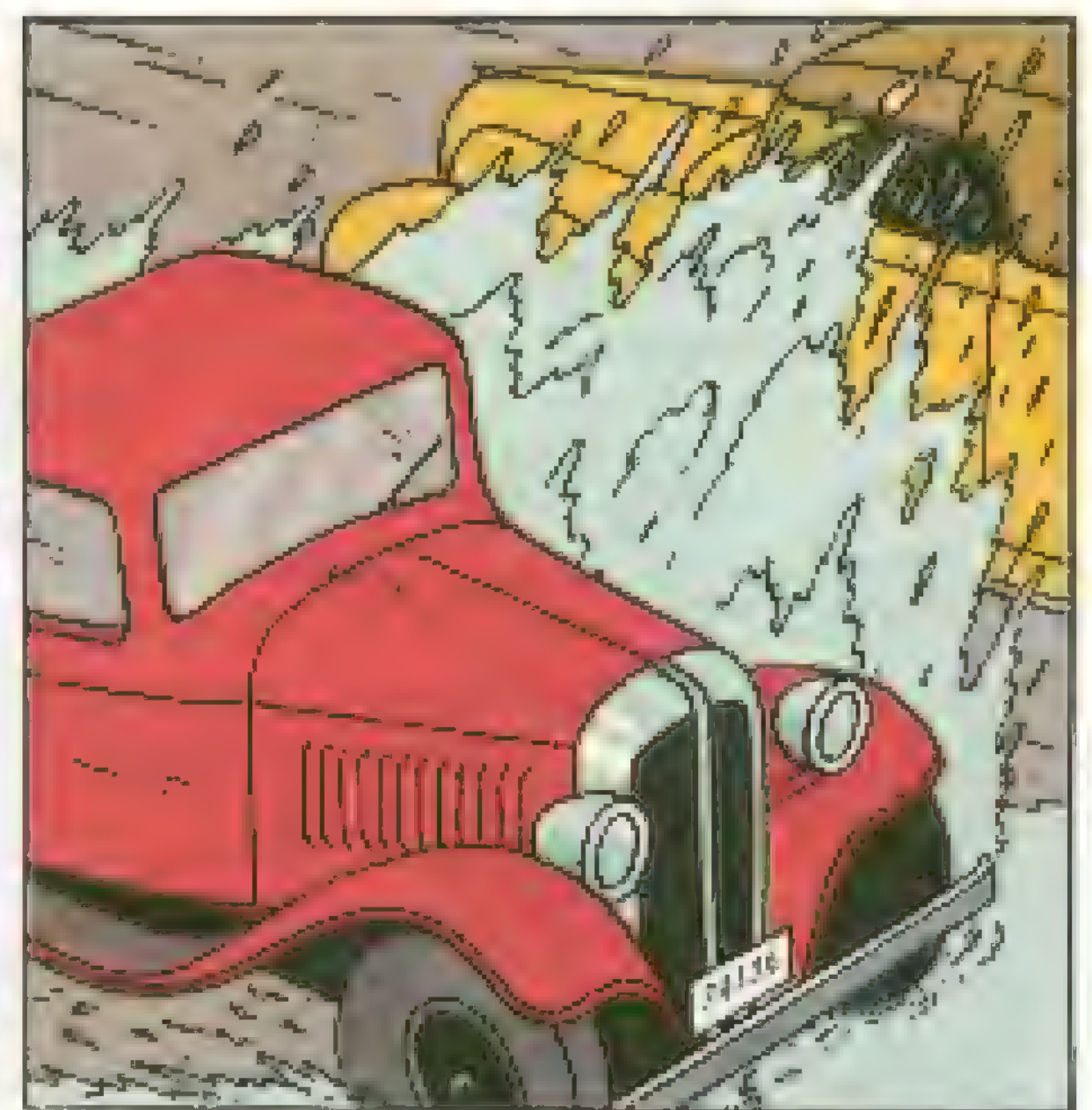
Thundering typhoons!  
I'm soaked!



Everything happens to me!



Oh, well, at least I'm a bit  
drier now...

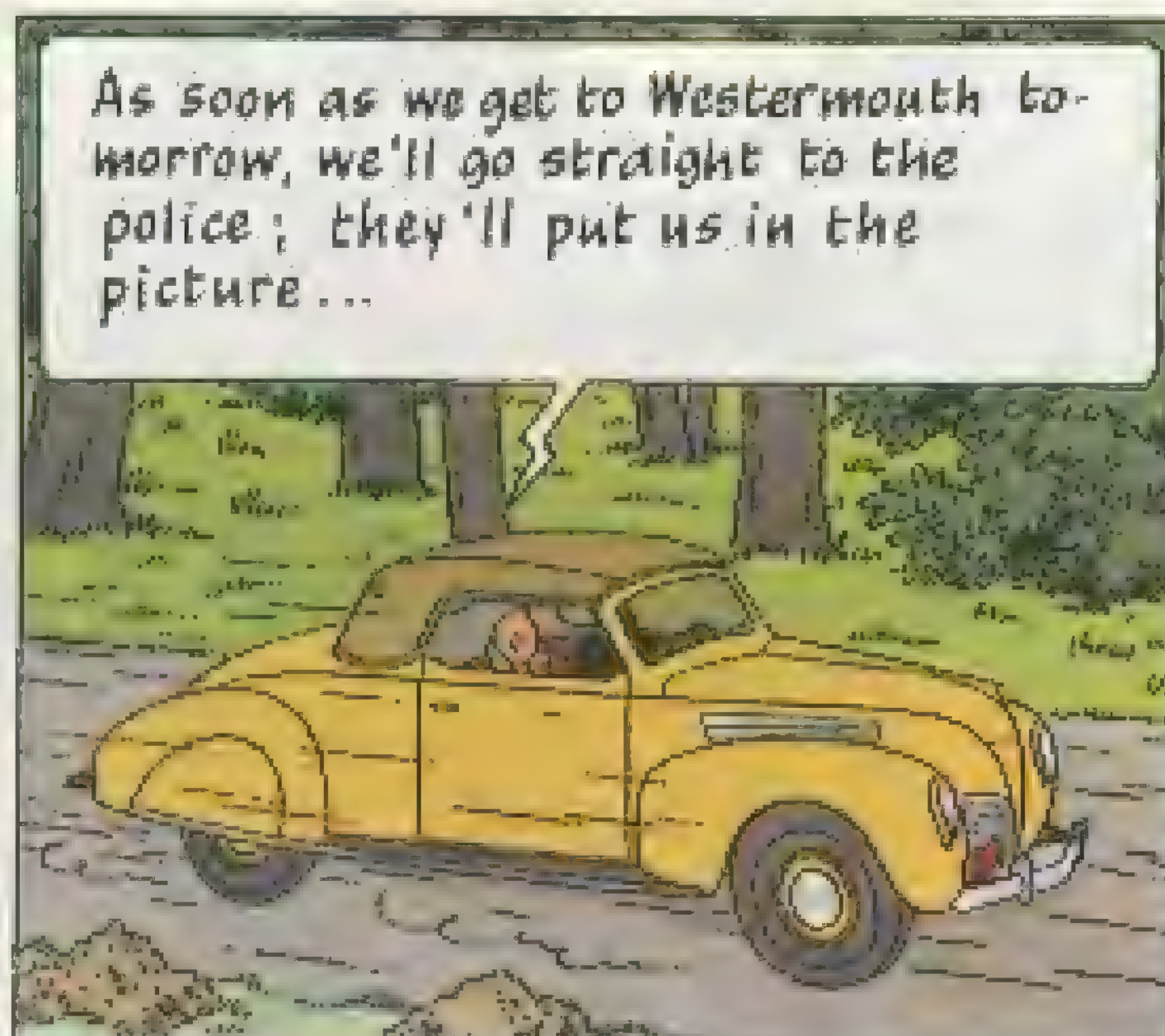
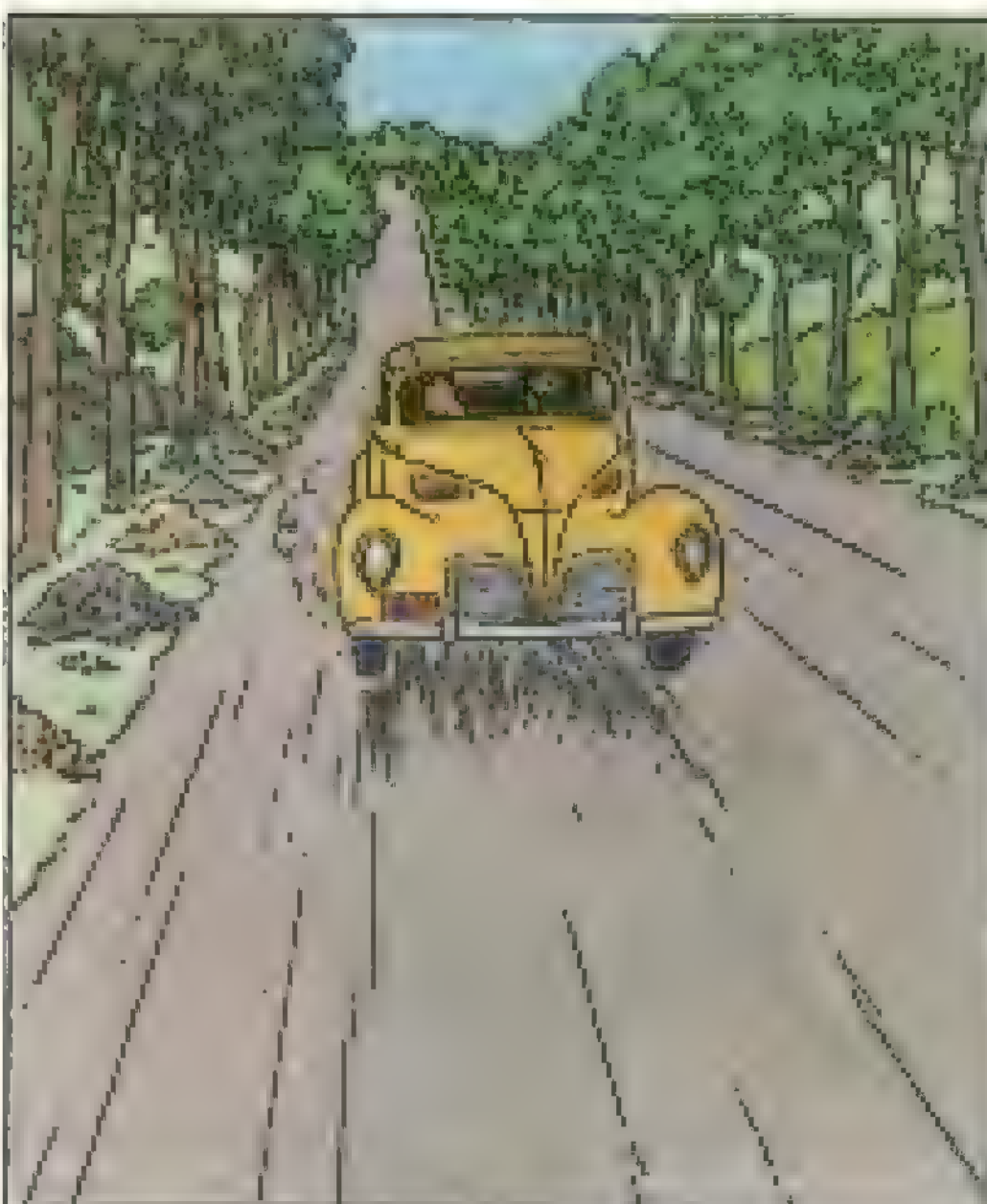


Gangsters!... Road-hogs!... Mountebanks!  
Steamrollers!... Nyctalops!... Parasites!



Sea-gherkins!... Pock-marks!  
Cannibals!

Come on, Captain; hurry up, or  
we'll never get there.



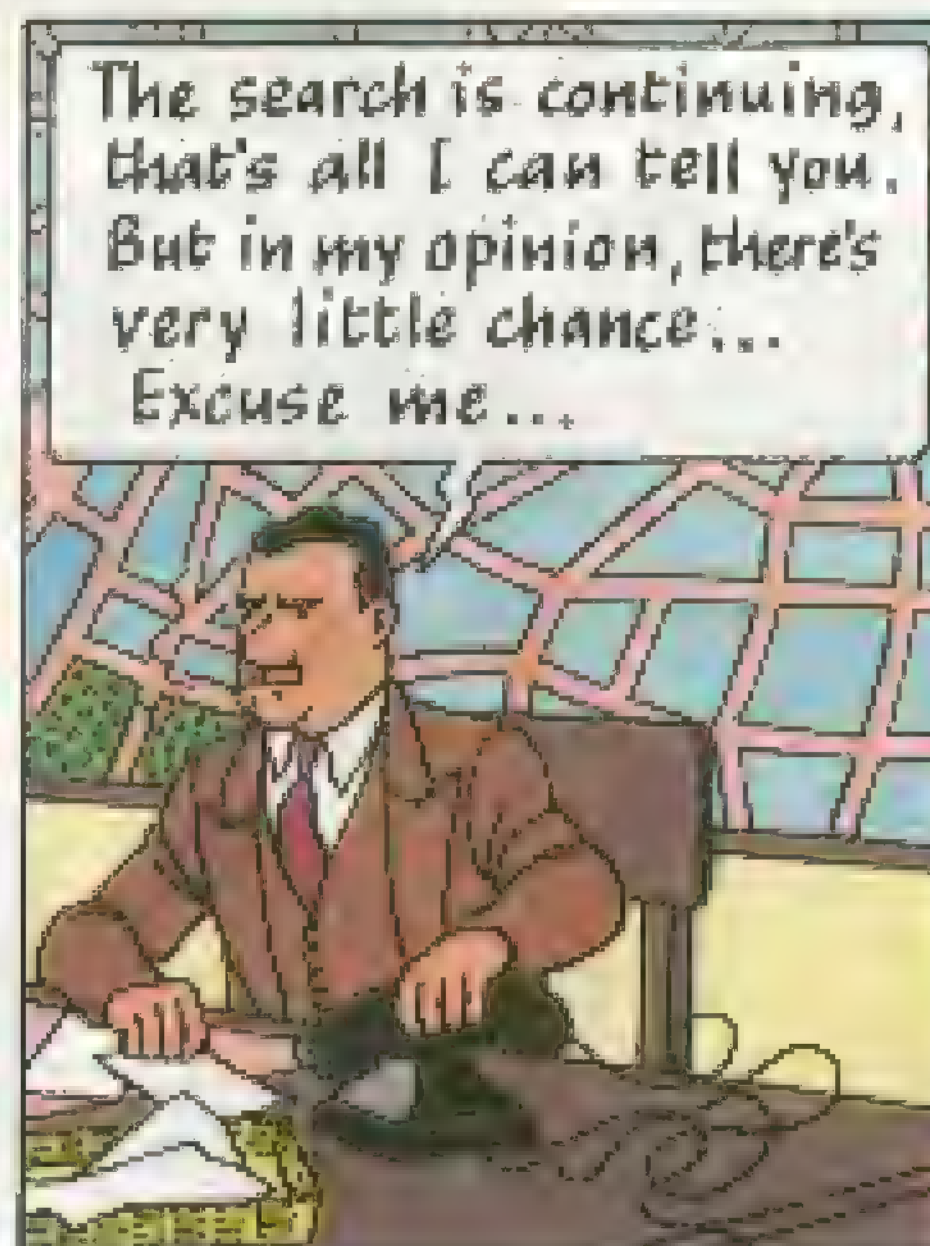
As soon as we get to Westermouth to-  
morrow, we'll go straight to the  
police; they'll put us in the  
picture...



Early next morning...



I'm sorry, there's nothing fresh... It was a  
fawn car all right; but was it the one containing  
your friend? It was seen heading for Wester-  
mouth... and since then, nothing... it has  
simply vanished.



The search is continuing,  
that's all I can tell you.  
But in my opinion, there's  
very little chance...  
Excuse me...

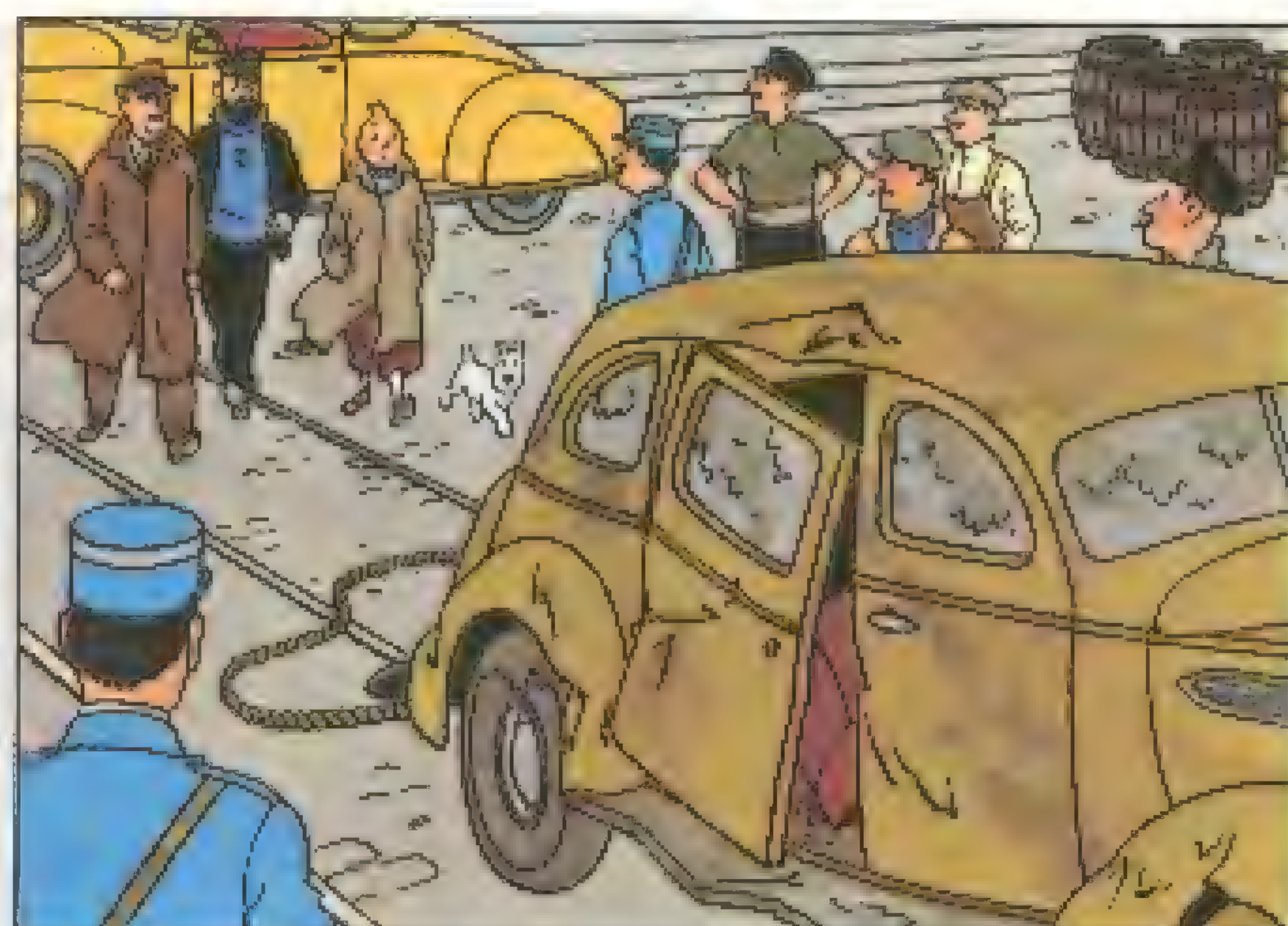
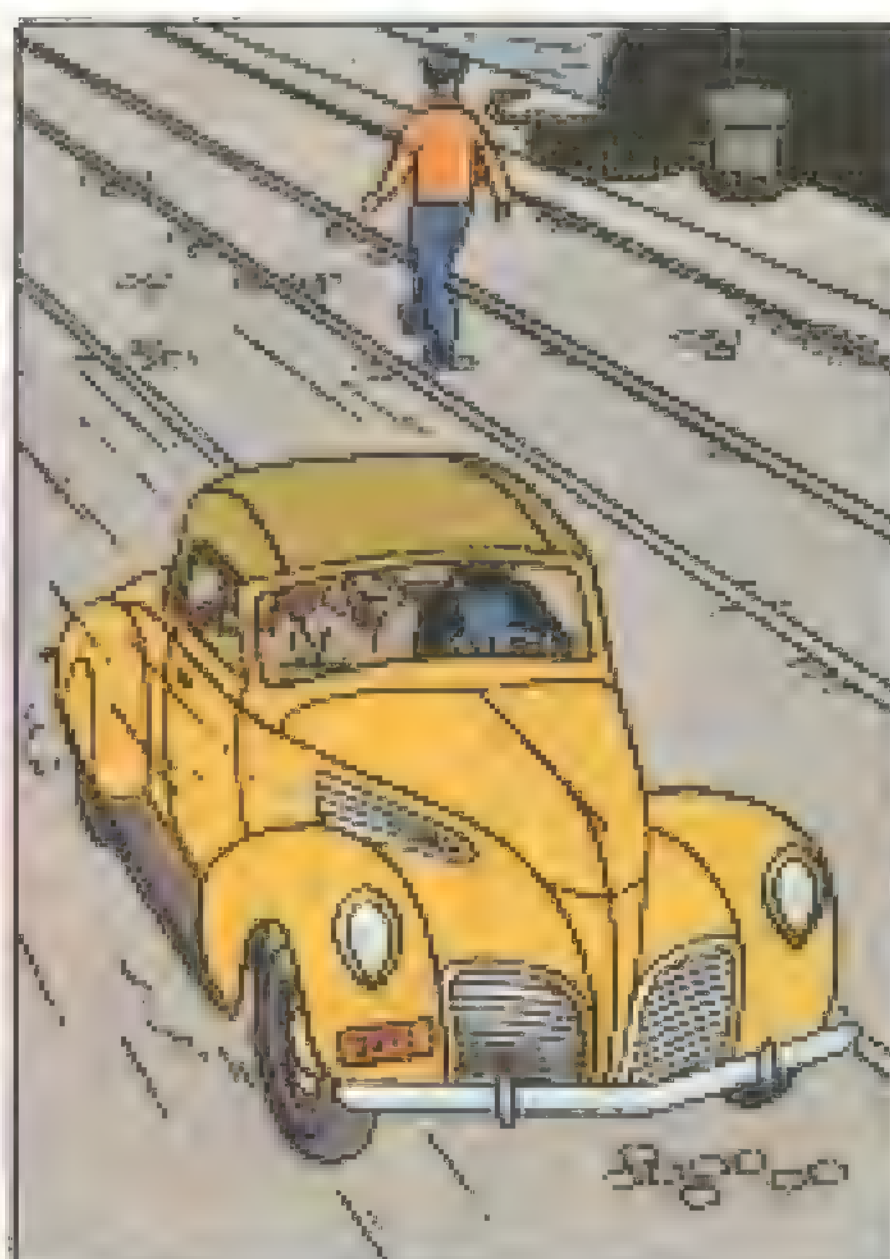


Hello?... Yes, this is Inspector  
Jackson... Yes... Again?...  
What?... Where?... In one  
of the docks?...  
Well I'm...!! There's no  
mistake about it?...  
Excellent!



Well, gentlemen, you're in luck! The fawn car has just been recovered from one of the docks. If you'd like to come with me, we'll go and have a look.

Thanks very much!



It was a trawler, coming in. She struck an obstacle, so we dragged the dock... And there you are.

Is there any means of identification? ...  
Number plate? ... Licence?  
... Engine number?



Nothing at all, sir. There are no number plates, and the engine and chassis numbers have been filed off. It's a mass-produced car, so there isn't much chance of ever finding out...

Yes, I see...



Anyway, we can be certain of one thing: whoever kidnapped Professor Calculus embarked here, having first tried to get rid of the car by dumping it in the dock.

Yes... yes... perhaps...



We must act at once: we'll radio a description of your friend to all the ships that have sailed from Westermouth since the twelfth... Then we'll see what happens.

Thanks, Inspector - and you'll let us know how things are going?



All things considered, we're not much further on.

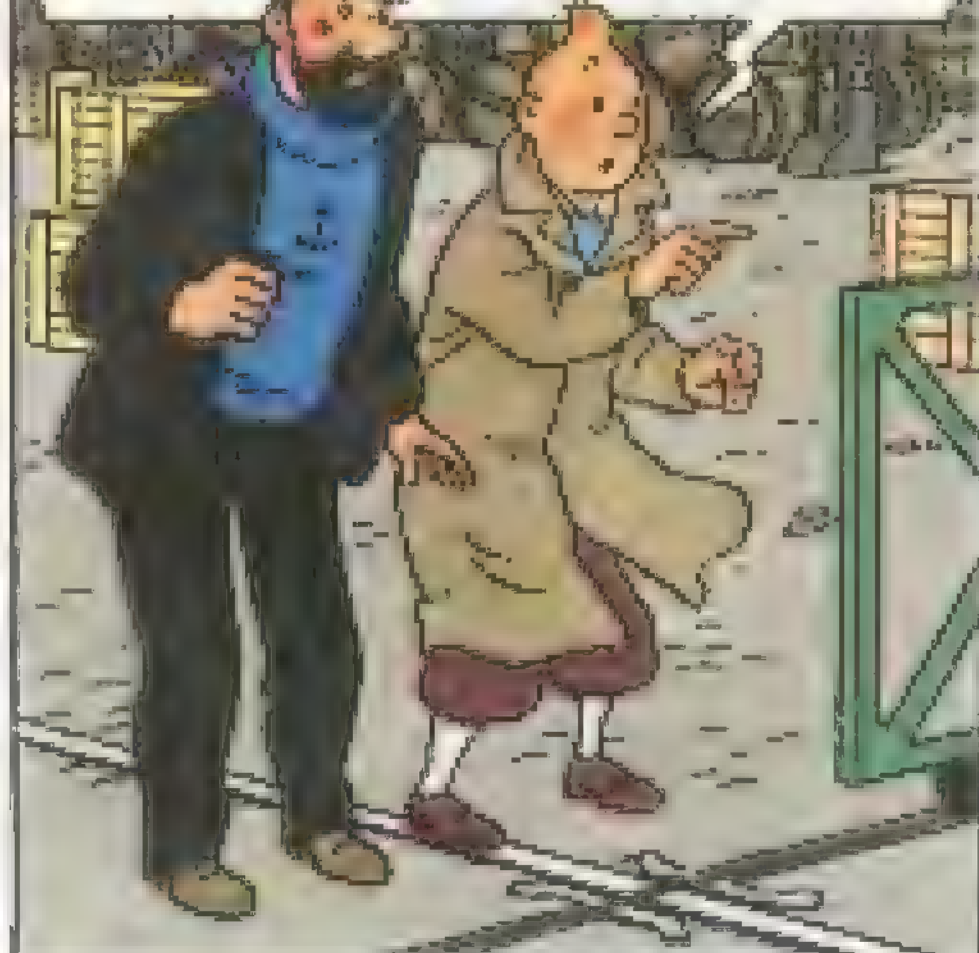
I know.



Hello, she's leaving for South America... and the kidnappers could be aboard... with poor Calculus!



Great snakes!... That looks like... Yes, it is!



Hey!... Who are you?

Police!







Hello, General!

Ay Dios de mi vida! ... Tintin! amigo mio!



Nice to see you, General. Are you off on tour?

On tour? ... Caramba! ... I go home to my own country. Music-hall, for me is finished ... No more partner.



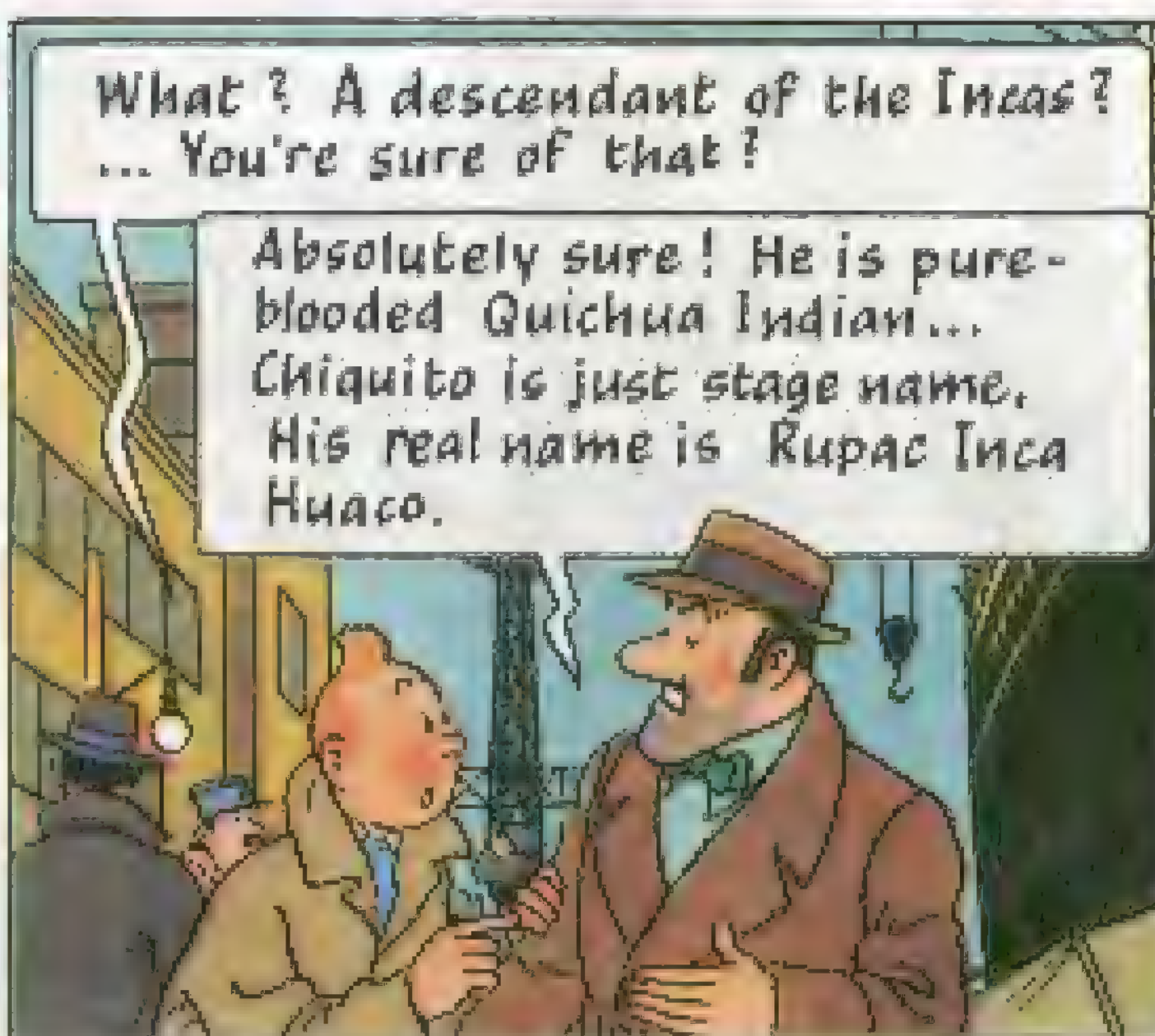
No partner? ... What's happened to Chiquito?

Gone! ... Disappeared! ... Four days ago ... I not blame him ... Before we come to Europe he say he leave me one day; not to worry, not to look for him ... And, it is so.



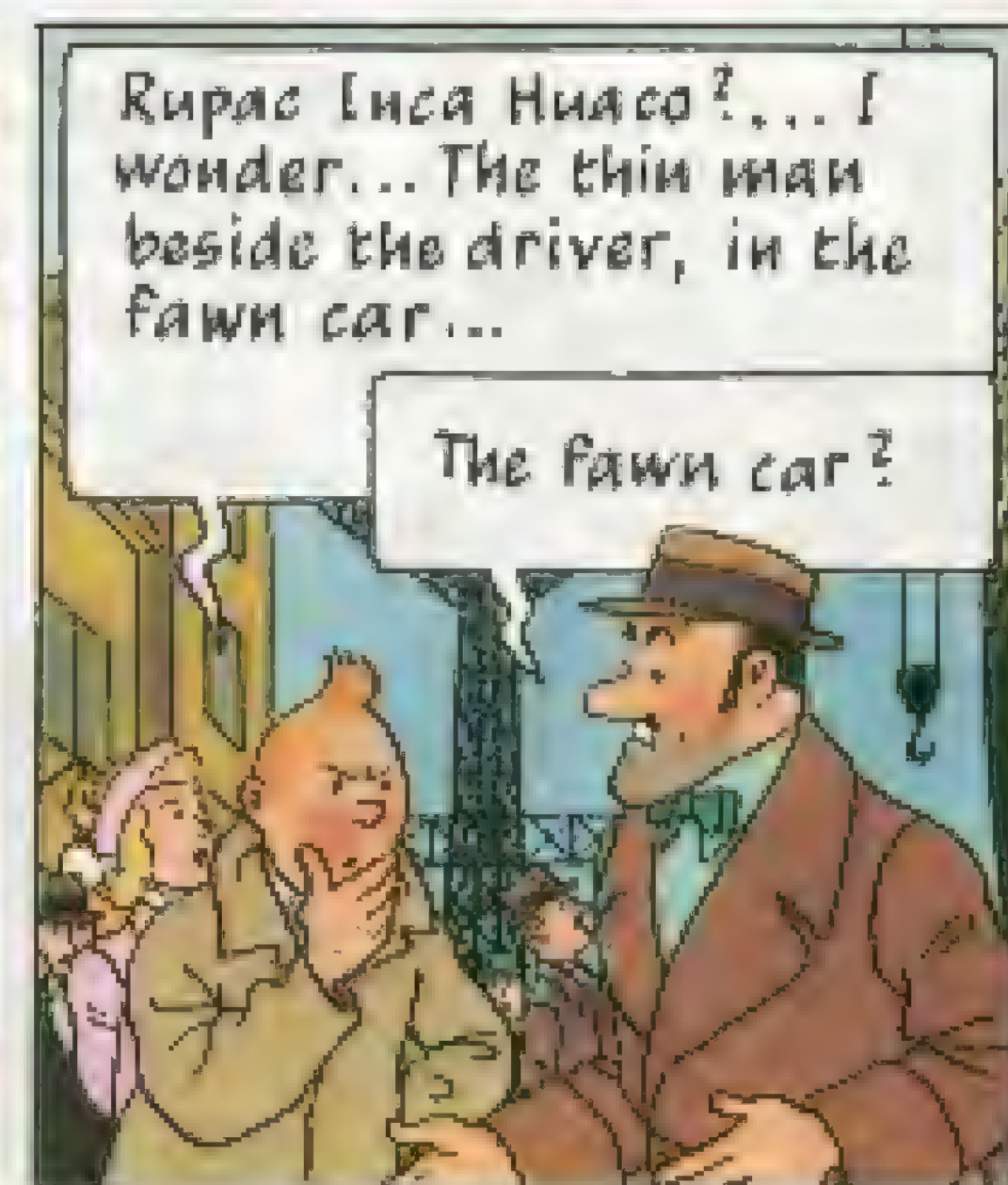
Four days ago? ... Then he disappeared on the twelfth ... well, well. Tell me: is Chiquito a real Indian?

Is Chiquito a real Indian? Santa Madre de Dios! ... He is one of last descendants of los Incas!



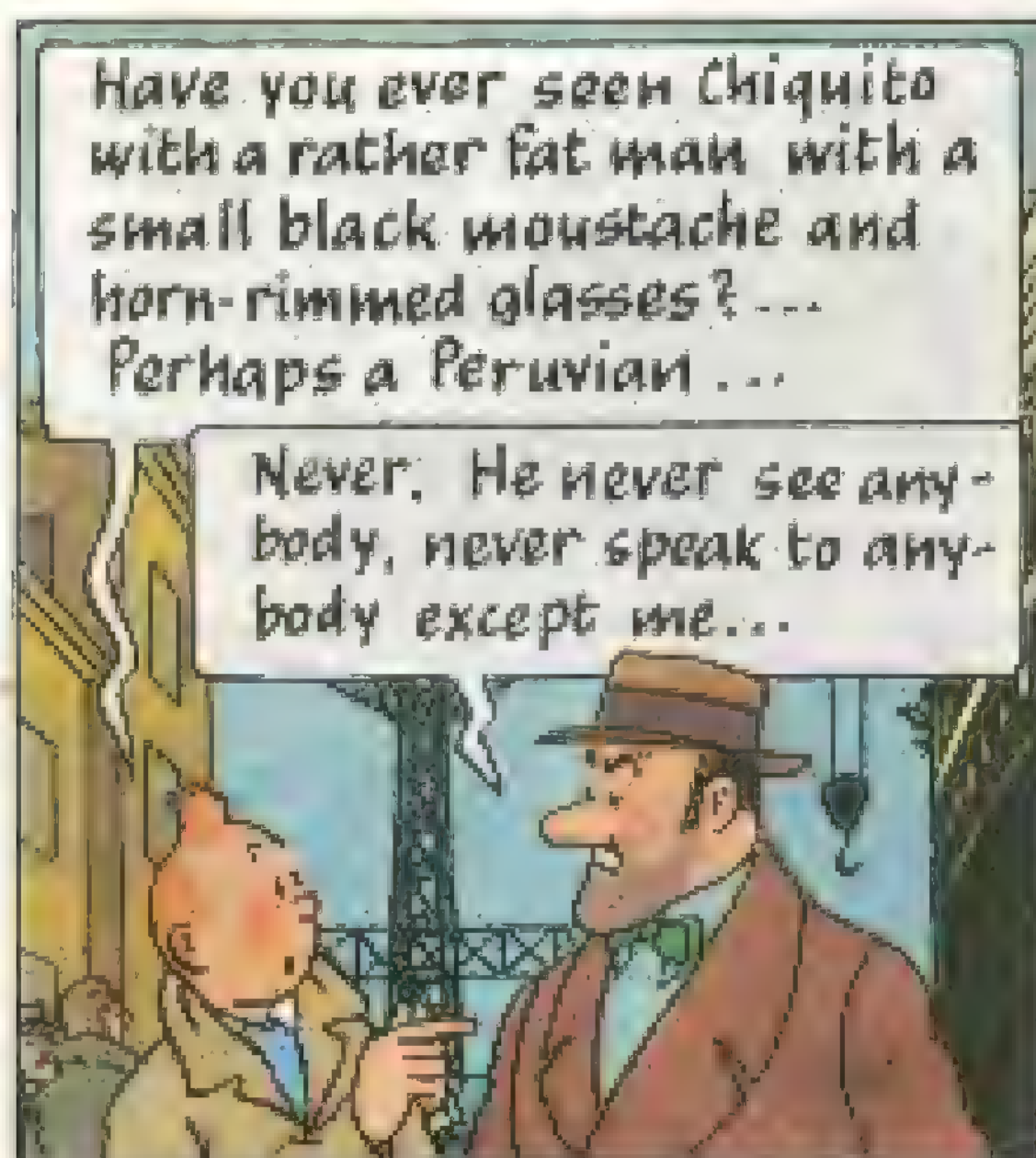
What? A descendant of the Incas? ... You're sure of that?

Absolutely sure! He is pure-blooded Quichua Indian ... Chiquito is just stage name. His real name is Rupac Inca Huaco.



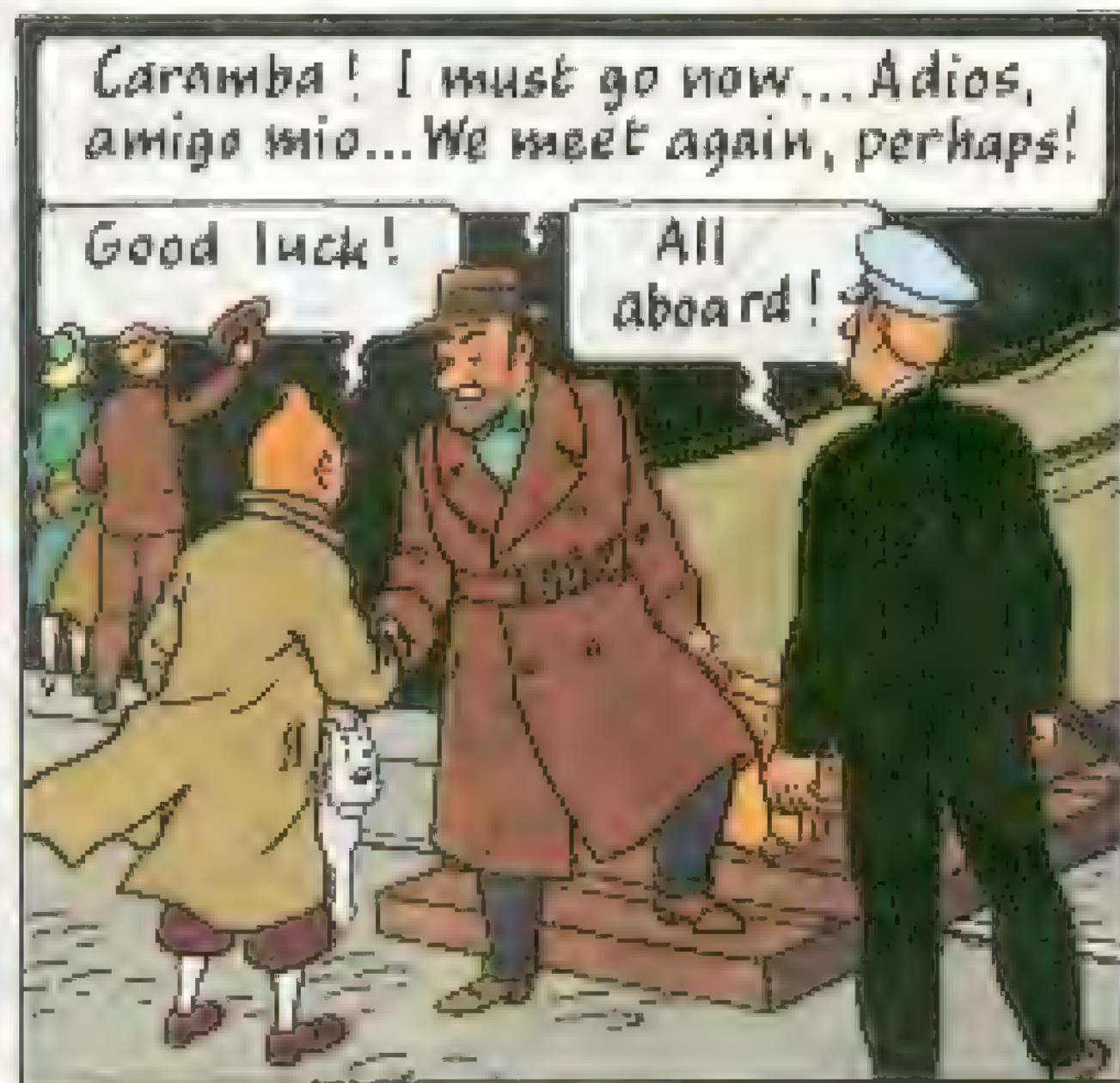
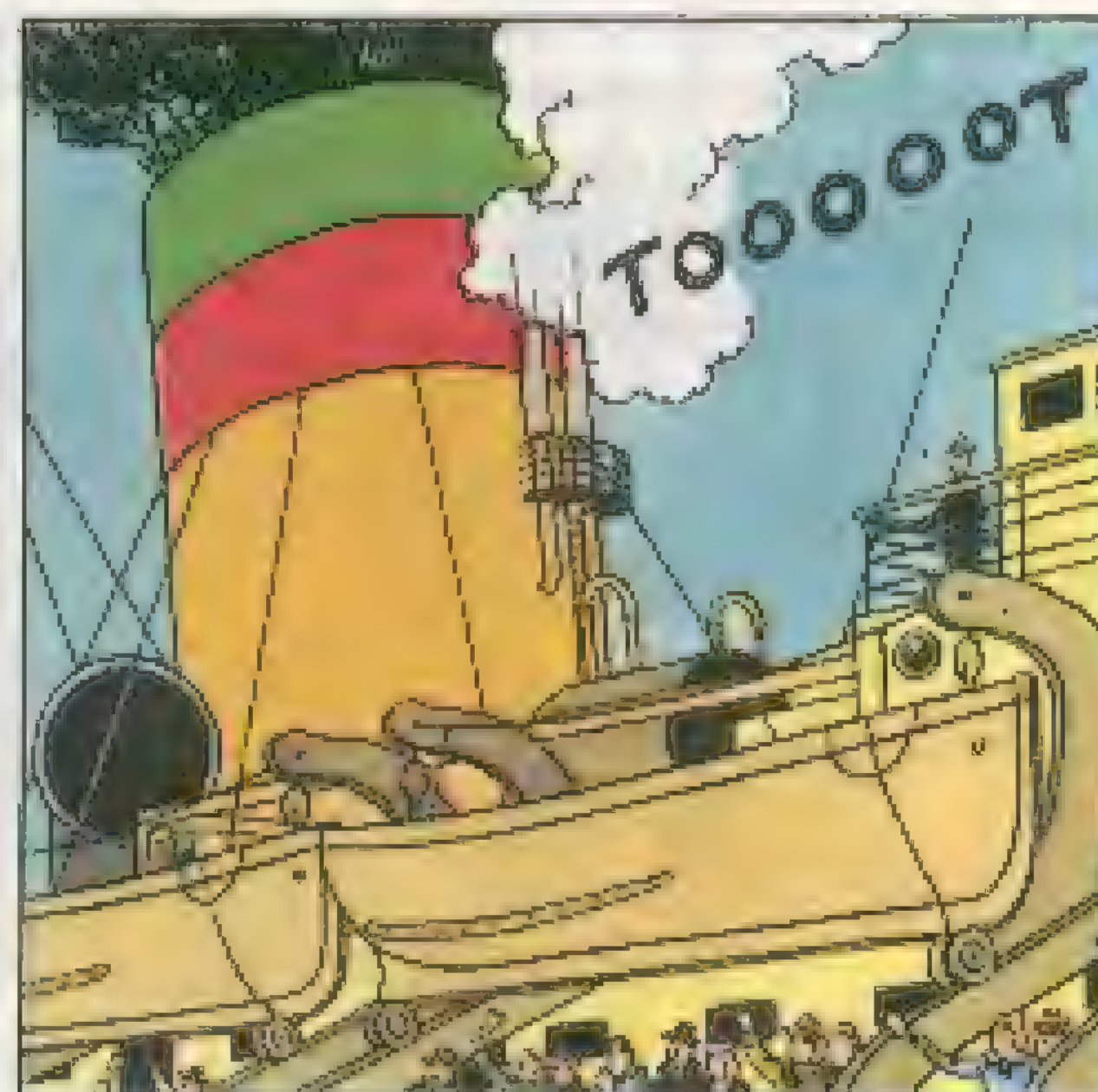
Rupac Inca Huaco? ... I wonder ... The thin man beside the driver, in the fawn car ...

The fawn car?



Have you ever seen Chiquito with a rather fat man with a small black moustache and horn-rimmed glasses? ... Perhaps a Peruvian ...

Never. He never see anybody, never speak to anybody except me ...



Caramba! I must go now ... Adios, amigo mio ... We meet again, perhaps!

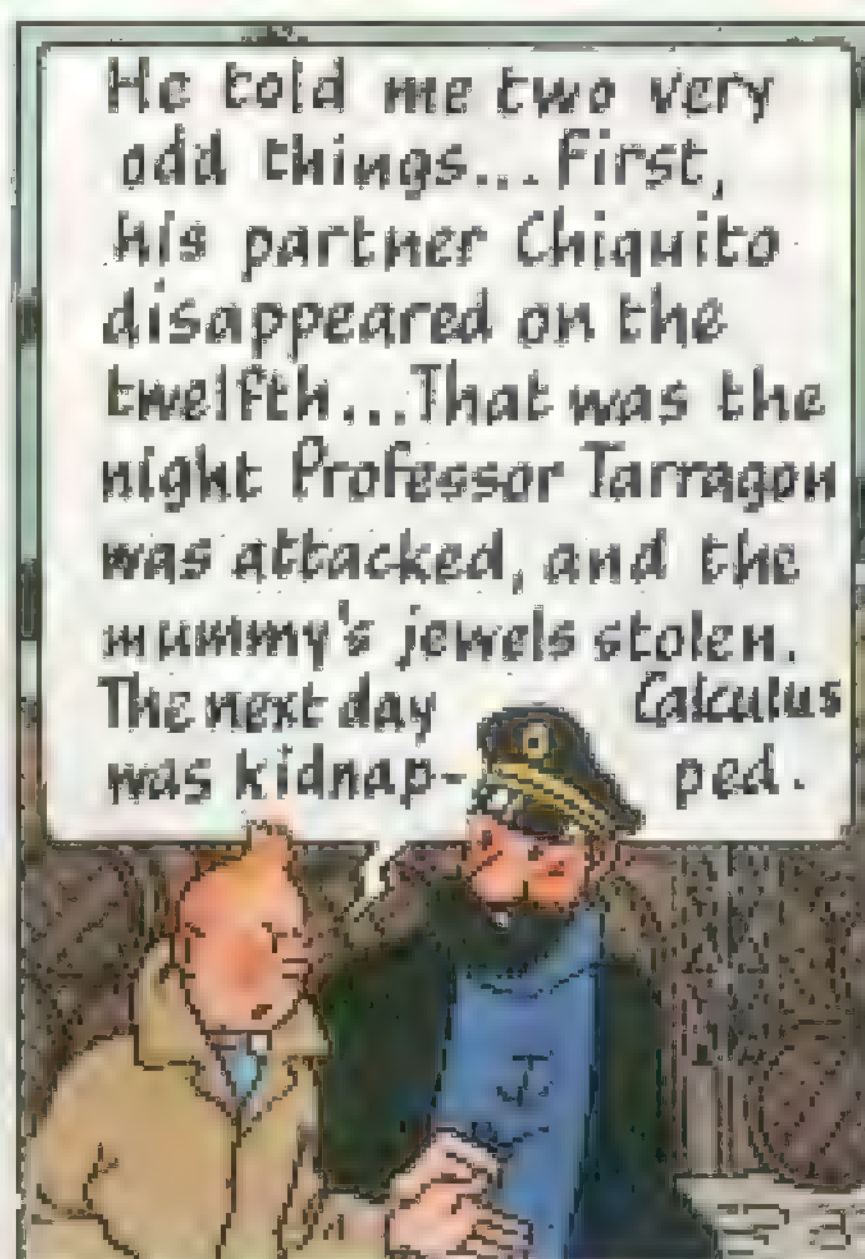
Good luck!

All aboard!



Well, who did you see over there?

General Alcazar.

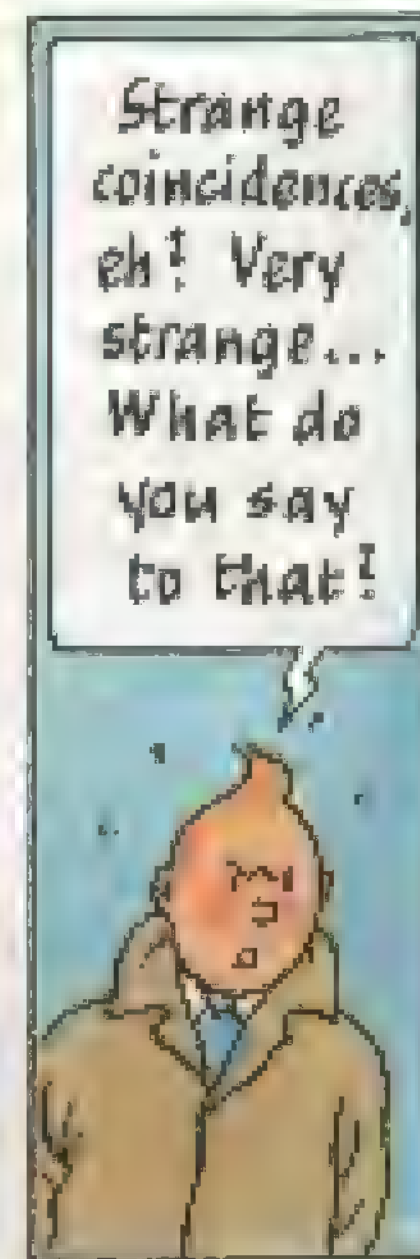


He told me two very odd things ... First, his partner Chiquito disappeared on the twelfth ... That was the night Professor Tarragon was attacked, and the mummy's jewels stolen. The next day was kidnaped.



Secondly, Chiquito's real name is Rupac Inca Huaco, and he's a descendant of the Incas!

What?



Strange coincidences, eh? Very strange ... What do you say to that?



Hey! ... Whoa! ... Stop! ...

?





Blistering barnacles, put me down! Put me down at once!



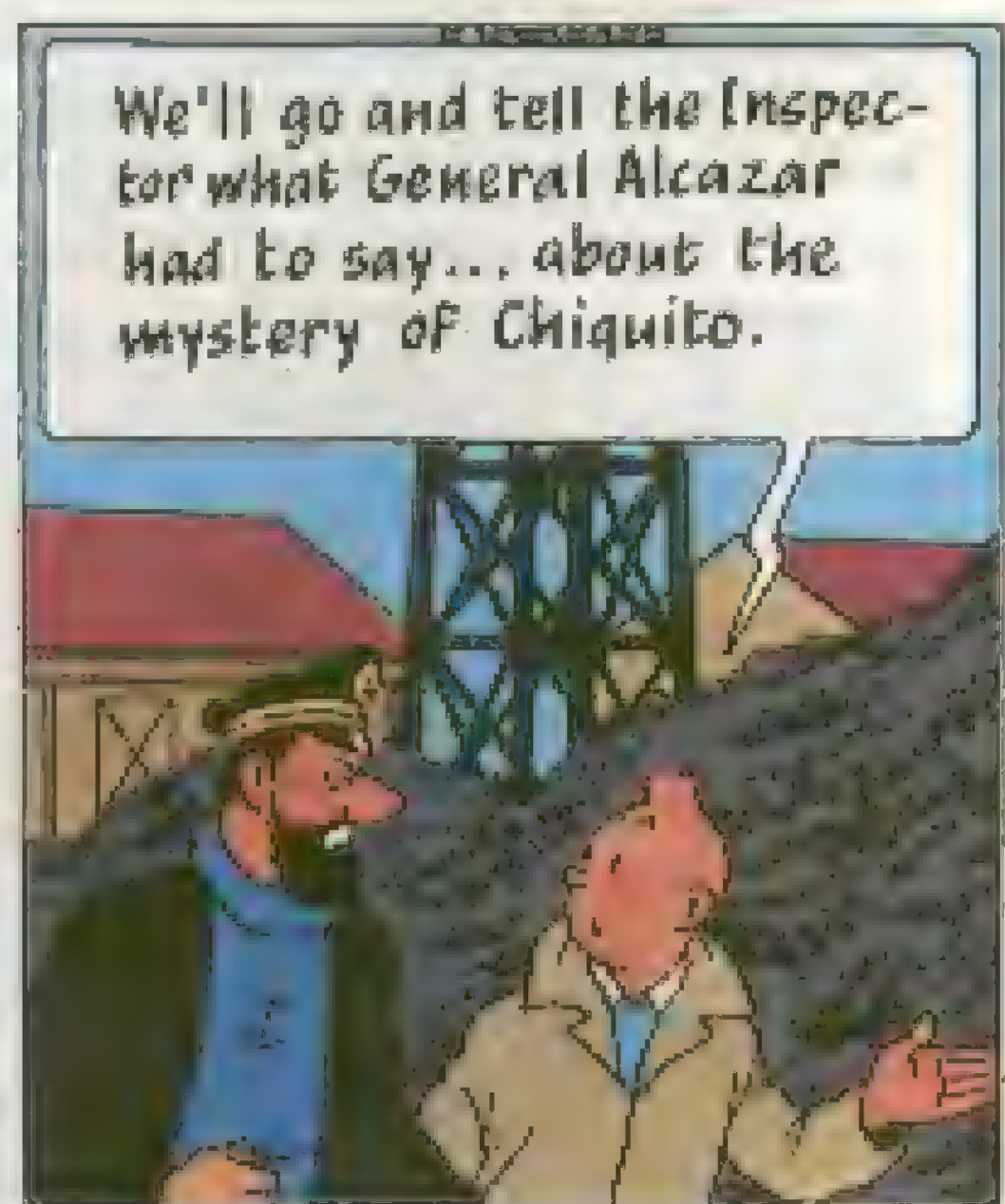
Numbskulls! ... Hi-jackers!

But Captain, I...

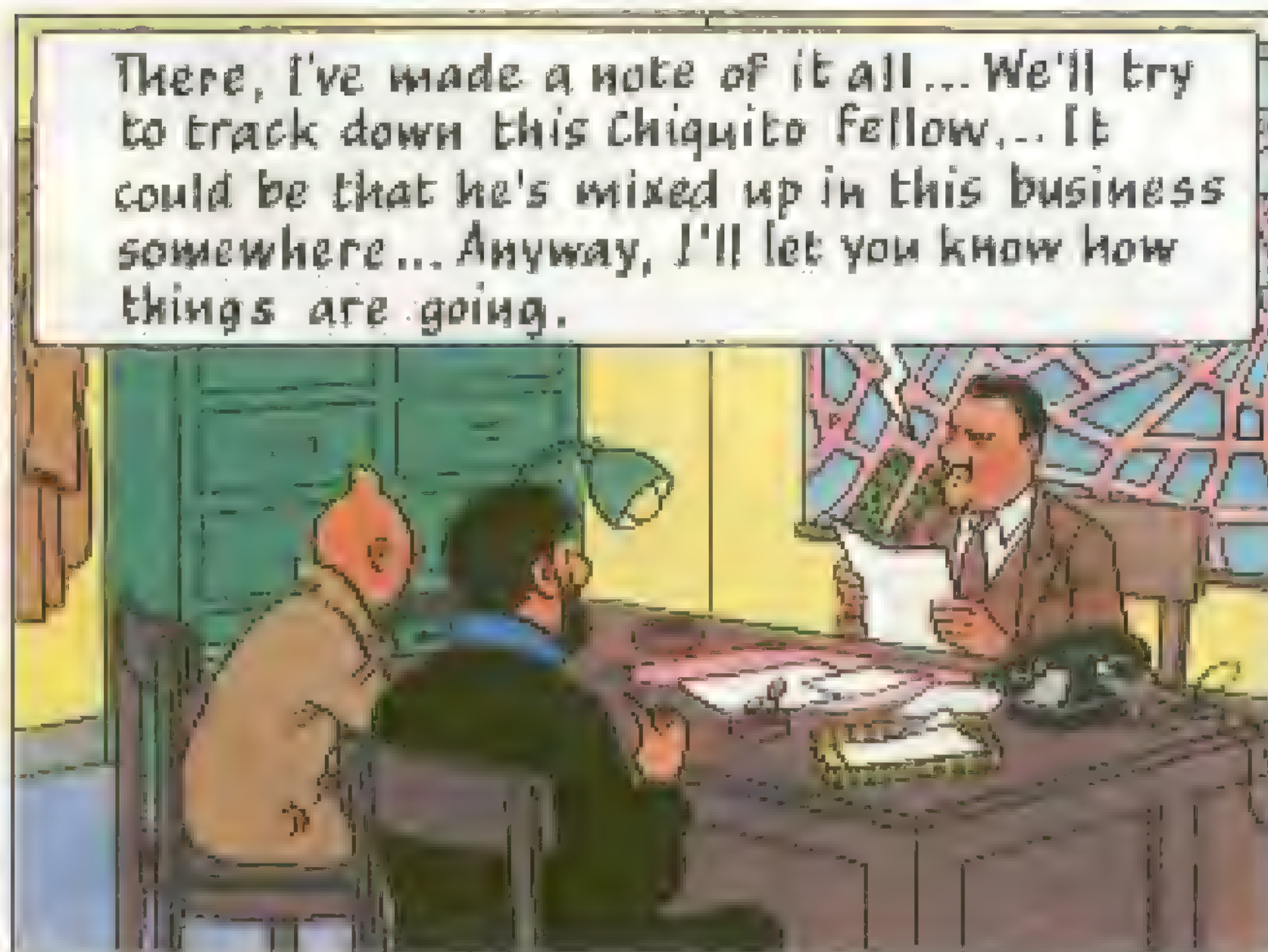


Kleptomaniacs!...Body-snatchers!

Come on, let's go, Captain.



We'll go and tell the Inspector what General Alcazar had to say... about the mystery of Chiquito.



There, I've made a note of it all... We'll try to track down this Chiquito fellow... It could be that he's mixed up in this business somewhere... Anyway, I'll let you know how things are going.



So that's that. Now what shall we do, Captain?

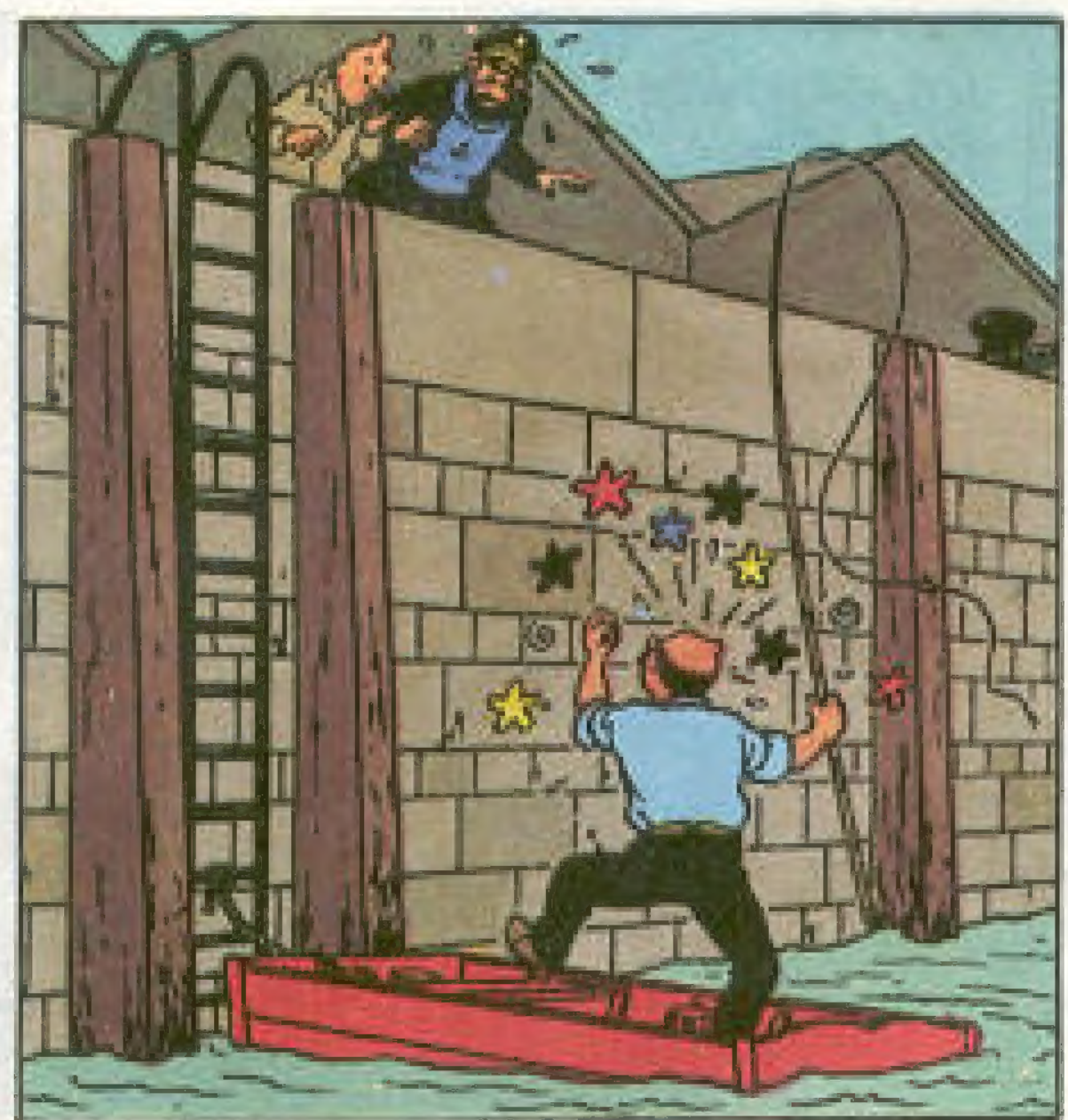
I haven't a notion.



Wait a minute! I've got an idea...

Well?









Whew, that was a near thing!



Hello, Snowy. What have you got there?... A hat?



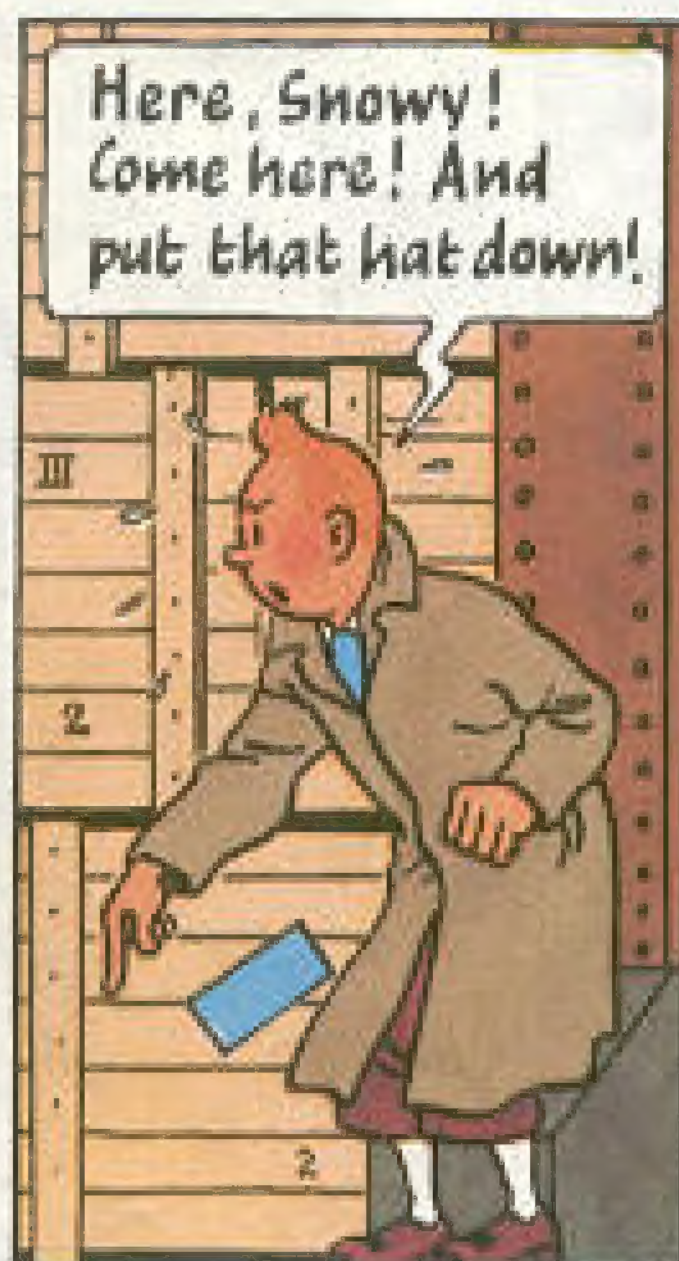
Goodness, it's the same one... The one the Captain kicked.



There... And leave the dirty thing alone!



Here, Snowy! Come here! And put that hat down!



Why can't you do as you're told?



We'll put a stop to your little game...



Now!... At least you won't go in there after it!



Come along, Snowy!... Here!



Wooah! Wooah!

SPLASH



Oh, so you're trying to make a fool of me, are you?



Donkey! What do you want me to do with the hat? Wear it?



Then I'd look like... Crumbs!... No, it's impossible!





Captain! ... Captain! ... I've got Calculus's hat!



Old Cuthbert's little round hat! ... That's why Snowy insisted on retrieving it! ... Look at the initials!

C.C.: Cuthbert Calculus! ... But then ...



Calculus wasn't taken aboard at Westermouth. It was here at Bridgeport ... But what ship? ... And what was her destination? ... That's what we need to know.

But how can we find out?



I've got it! We must try to find those two lads who played the trick with the hat.

Yes! I'll teach the young pirates a thing or two!



On the contrary, Captain, you'll be very nice to them ... After all, thanks to them we found the hat ... and we want them to tell us how they came by it themselves.

Oh, yes...



Good old Snowy; because of you we've made a wonderful discovery ... Now we want you to help us again ... We must find those two scamps ... you ran after them, remember?



An hour later...



Hey, what's bitten you?



Hello there!



Don't worry, we're not looking for trouble. We just want to know where you found this hat?

That hat? ... We were down in No.17 shed this morning ... where the crates were stacked for loading aboard ...



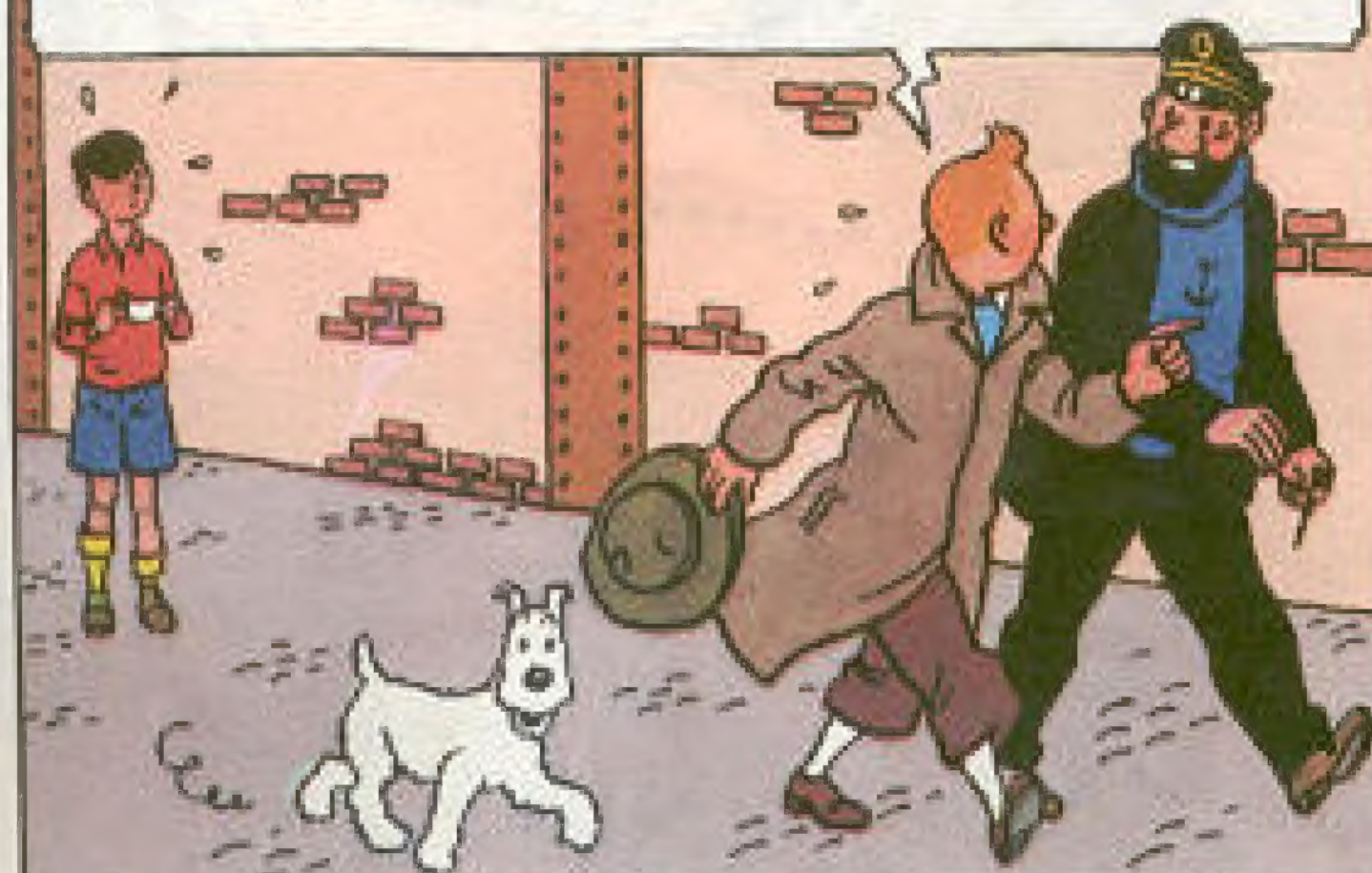
... the "Black Cat" ... When they lifted one of the crates out of the shed, I saw the hat underneath, all flattened out ... Honestly, it wasn't my idea to play that trick ... it was my friend ...



Well, your friend had a jolly good idea ... Didn't he, Captain?

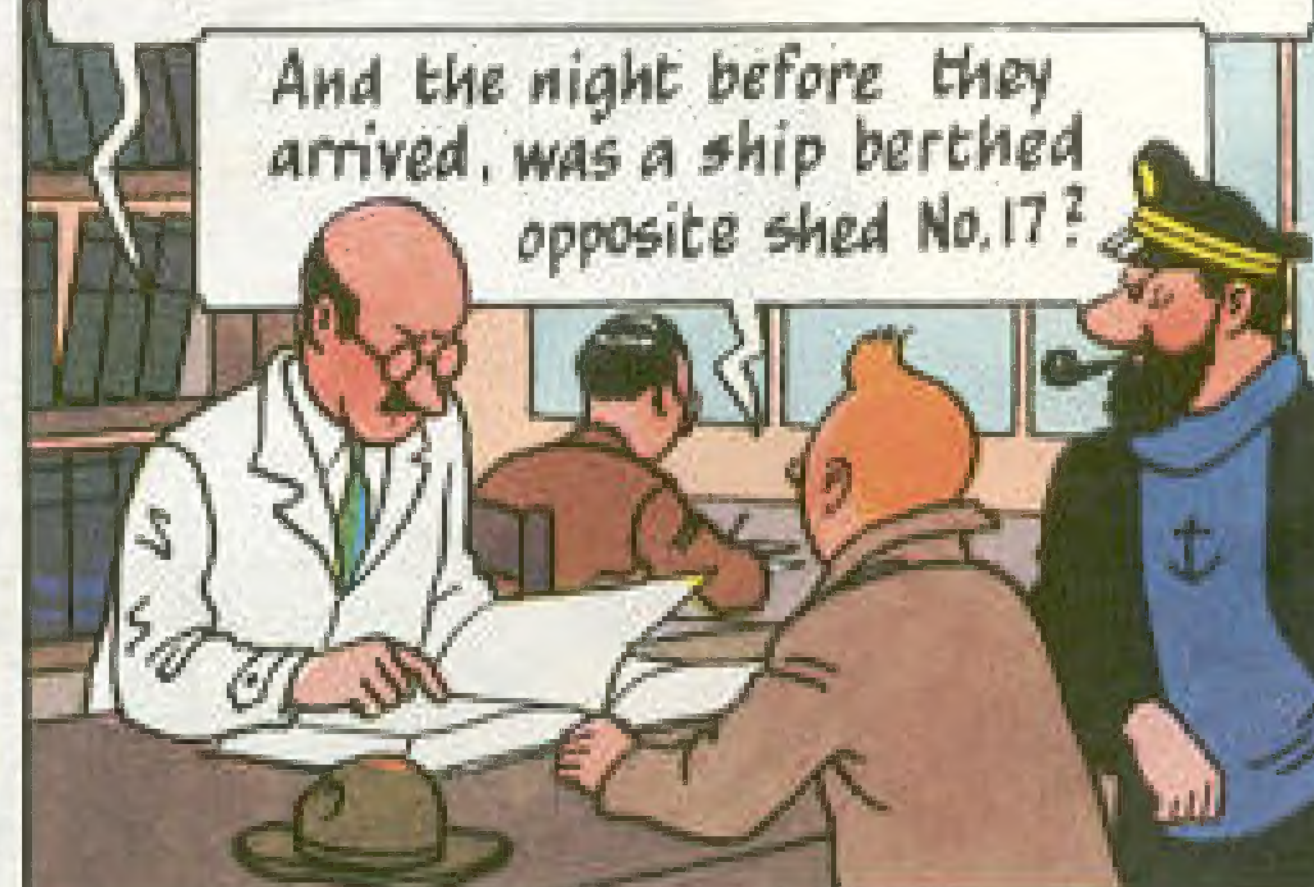


Now, Captain, to the harbour master's office. We'll ask them when the packing-cases came into the warehouse.



The cases? ... They arrived on the fourteenth, by rail ... This morning they were loaded aboard the "Black Cat."

And the night before they arrived, was a ship berthed opposite shed No.17?





On the thirteenth?... Let's see... Yes, the "Pachacamac" - a Peruvian merchantman. She arrived from Callao on the tenth with a cargo of guano; she sailed again for Callao on the fourteenth with a load of timber.

Fine. I'm most grateful to you.



As I see it, Calculus was kidnapped by Chiquito, a Peruvian Indian; he's aboard the "Pachacamac", a Peruvian ship, bound for a Peruvian port!

But, thundering typhoons, we must go after those gangsters at once! We must rescue him!



Agreed! We'll leave for Peru as soon as we can... Tomorrow, or the day after. Now I'm going to ring up the Inspector and tell him what we've discovered.

Good. And I'll telephone Nestor to tell him we're leaving.



Hello... yes, speaking... What? The Professor's hat?... You... Oh!... Yes... Of course... The "Pachacamac" for Callao... It seems a very strong lead... Yes, I'll make the necessary arrangements... What? You're going to Callao? But that's absurd!... As you like... When are you leaving? ... Right... Goodbye, and good luck!



The next day...



Excuse me, but that isn't the plane for South America taking off, is it?

Yes, that's her.

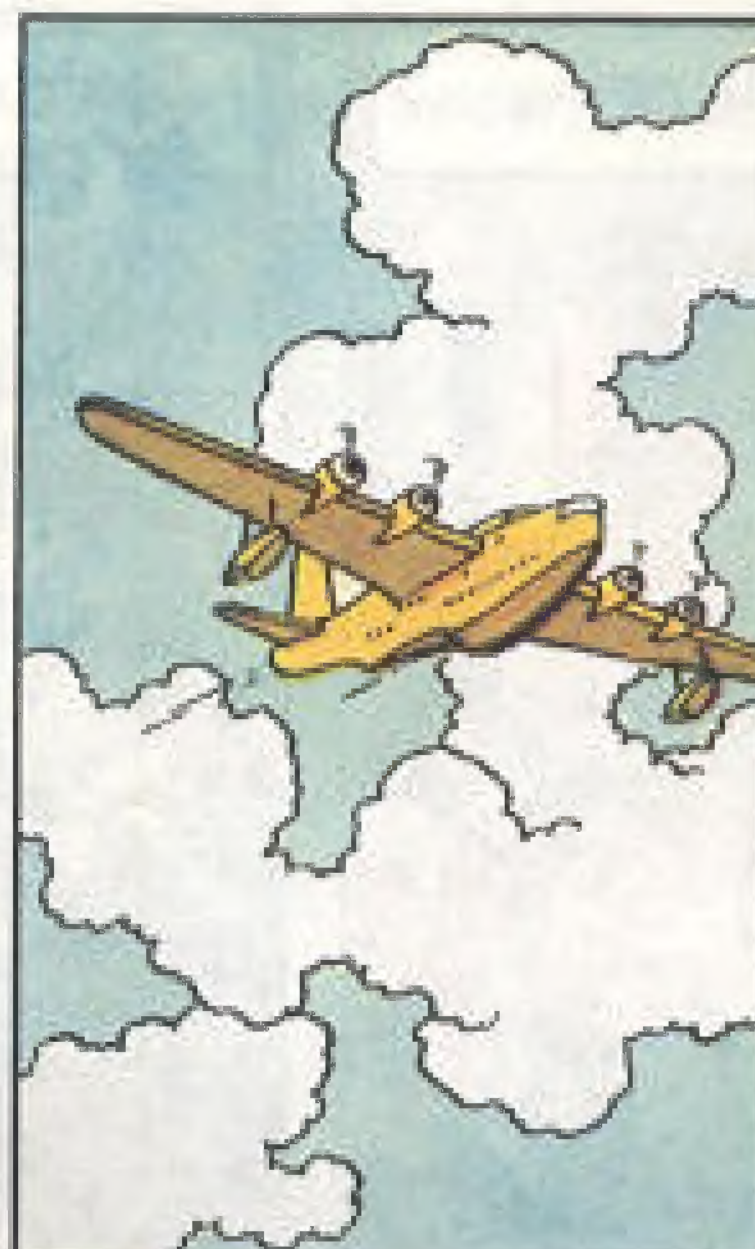


Oh dear! Oh dear! What a calamity! What a terrible calamity... The master! My poor, poor master!

What's up? Anything serious?

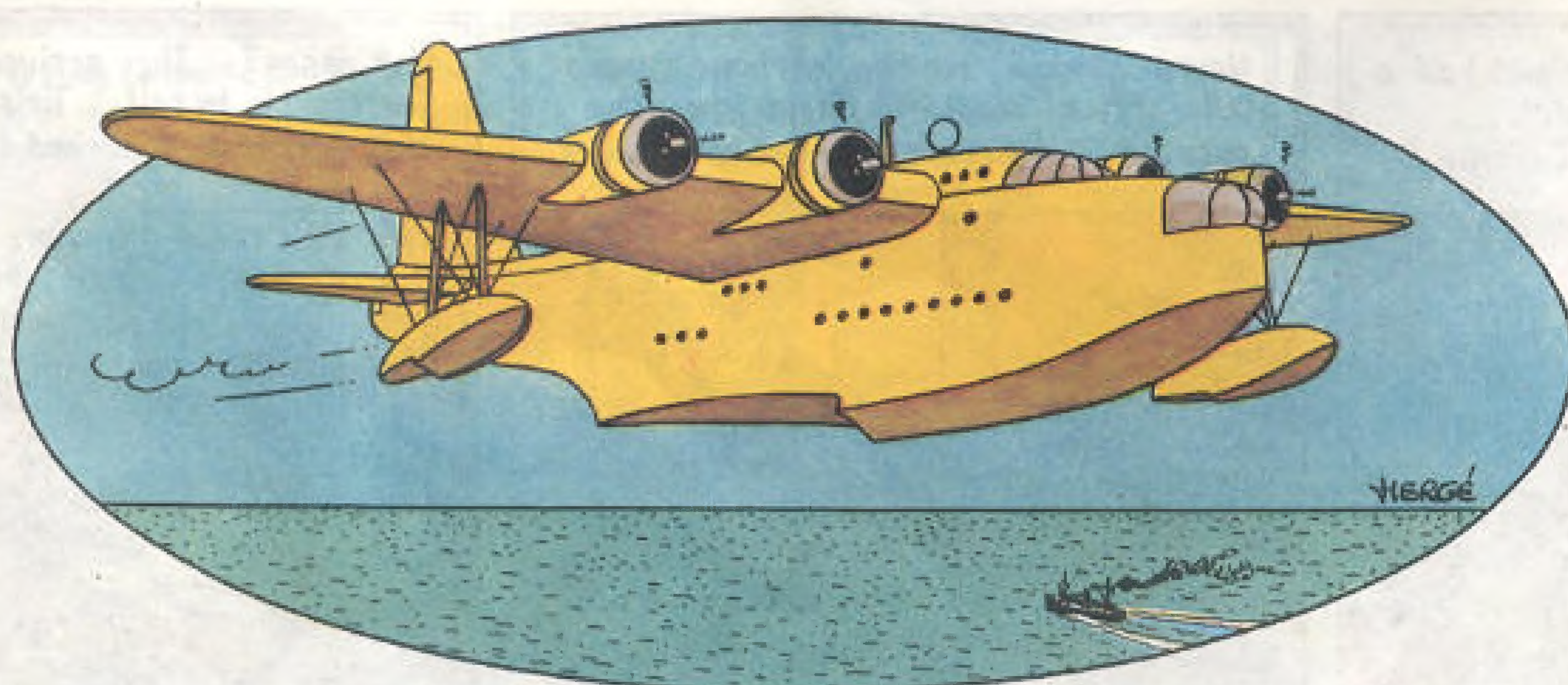


It is indeed! The master has left without a single spare monocle!



Now off to Peru!... We shall be in Callao well before the "Pachacamac". We'll get in touch with the police there at once, and as soon as the ship arrives, we'll rescue Calculus.

Yes, that's all very fine, but I wonder if it will be as easy as you think...



What will happen in Peru? You will find out in **PRISONERS OF THE SUN**